MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY,

COMPILED BY HIS SON:

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED

TWO SERMONS,

AND A

VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

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PREFACE.

It is well known by moſt of thoſe, into whoſe hands the following pages will fall, that he, who has undertaken to preſent them to the religious public, is abſorbed in the engagements of a profeſſion, which claims nearly the whole of his time and attention. This conſideration, and that alſo of ſome recent domeſtic afflictions, while employed in preparing it for the preſs, he hopes will be deemed by his friends a ſatisfactory apology for the long delay of the publication.

The Memoirs he was induced to take upon himſelf the taſk of compiling, becauſe he was the only perſon, who poſſeſſed the materials they required; which he had gradually collected during the progreſs of ſeveral years, but with no other intention at the time, than is common to every one, who feels an intereſt in the events of his own family. Conſcious that, from his near relation to the ſubject of them, he was in danger of falling into the common error of ſacrificing to his perſonal feelings, he has ſtudiouſly endeavoured to avoid a fault, every where pardoned with leſs reluctancy, than when it appears before the eye of the public. Should this diſpoſition, however, have been in any inſtance inadvertently betrayed, he truſts his readers will be diſpoſed, to treat it with that lenity and candour, which ſhould

ever be exerciſed towards a failing ſo truly natural, and ſo little injurious.

Senſible, therefore, of the peculiarities of his ſituation, and alſo of his incompetency as a writer, he has attempted nothing more than a plain and faithful detail of ſuch facts, as he conceived would prove moſt generally intereſting.

Of the two Diſcourſes, which follow the Memoirs, the firſt, publiſhed about twenty years ago, has been long out of print, and is inſerted in this volume, at the requeſt of ſeveral of his friends; the other never before appeared in Engliſh, but was tranſlated into Welch, and publiſhed in that language, at the particular requeſt of the Miniſters, who were preſent at its delivery.

The

The Poems and Poetical Epiſtles, adapted to the times and circumſtances which occaſioned them, written without any view to publication, and here preſented nearly in the form in which they came from his pen, will tend to illuſtrate the character of their Author, both as a Chriſtian, and as an affectionate and ſympathiſing friend. The Pieces contained in the Appendix are given merely as a ſpecimen of a ſtyle of writing, which was peculiarly natural and eaſy to him. To theſe a great variety of a ſimilar deſcription might have been added, but the ſerious complexion of the reſt of the volume was thought to render their introduction unſuitable.

His poetical talents were uſually exerciſed as a recreation, during the intervals of more important labours, and with a view of contributing

tributing to the conſolation or amuſement of his friends. Unambitious of the reputation of a poet, and uſefulneſs on all occaſions being his grand and avowed object, he was not ſolicitous, to poliſh or adorn his productions; but, having with the eaſe and rapidity of an *impromptu* conveyed his ſentiments in the plaineſt and moſt unſtudied language, diſmiſſed them from his attention without correction, and almoſt without review.

Auguſt 1, 1800.

MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY, &c.

Mr. Samuel Medley, the grandfather of the ſubject of theſe Memoirs, was a man of lively wit, ſound underſtanding, great penetration, and unaffected piety. The remarks he had made and collected, particularly during the laſt ten years of his life, ſtill remain in the family, and are of a very intereſting nature: they are the pleaſing monuments of a mind enriched by long obſervation, and a great acquaintance with mankind.

He was particularly noted for his cheerfulneſs, and was a pleaſing example of remarkable confidence in God, as it reſpected his providential diſpenſations, frequently ſaying, he never could fret five minutes in his

life, let things look ever ſo dark. This even diſpoſition, it appears, aroſe from a ſettled perſuaſion of the wiſdom, power, and goodneſs of that God, who governs, ſuſtains, and provides for all; eſpecially for thoſe who could claim ſo dear a relation, as it was his high honour and peculiar privilege to do, in calling this God his Father, which, with the ſimplicity of an affectionate child, he a hundred times repeats. Late in life he held a reſpectable ſituation in the ſuite of the earl of Kinnoul, in his embaſſy from the Britiſh court to Conſtantinople. Into this earl's ſervice he entered, as appears from his diary, on the 16th day of October, 1729; and in this ſituation he continued upwards of ſeven years, during which time he accurately recorded every remarkable circumſtance, natural, moral, political, or religious, which came under his notice, never ſuffering any uſeful hint to eſcape. His ſtation in life gave him the fulleſt opportunity of gratifying this his favourite propenſity; and here he collected the materials of a manuſcript, which he has entitled the Miſcellaneous Obſervations of Samuel Medley. The remarks we have mentioned above conſiſt, in general, of ſhort and ſtriking ſentences, intereſting

intereſting anecdotes, proverbial ſayings, and pious obſervations; many of them are by himſelf, ſome from the writings of ingenious men of former ages, and others from his contemporaries. Though the number of theſe ſelections is very conſiderable, there does not appear the leaſt trace of a ſour, contracted, or illiberal ſpirit among them.

The papers alluded to conſiſt of three manuſcripts; viz. a Diary, kept while in Turkey; his Miſcellaneous Obſervations; and thirdly, his more private experience as a Chriſtian. The laſt was begun when he muſt have been ſeventy years of age. This, as it reſpects the pleaſing teſtimonies of his ſterling piety, is indeed the moſt valuable of his remains. In it the ſhrewd and ſtriking remark gives way to the more important concerns of his ſoul before God; and ſincere repentance, deep humility, warm devotion, filial piety, and ſtrong faith, are it's delightful characteriſtics. It appears to contain the daily experience of his latter days: on one page he looks up to God for help through the engagements and duties before him; on the oppoſite he takes a retroſpect of the day paſt. As it may afford the reader ſome pleaſure, and perhaps profit, to

make a few quotations from theſe manuſcripts, I have ſelected for this purpoſe ſuch, principally, as may ſerve to give ſome idea of the ſpirit and ſentiments of the writer.

His Diary records, in general, who viſited his excellency Lord Kinnoul; remarks concerning the contemporary ambaſſadors reſident at the Porte; deſcriptions of the different cuſtoms and manners of the Turks; a minute account of the variations in the weather; the ſtate of health in the place, &c. interſperſed with appropriate and uſeful reflections. The following may ſuffice as a ſpecimen of the ſubſtance of this Diary.

"*Wedneſday, Nov.* 7, 1733.—The guns were fired round the harbour this morning, rejoicing, as we ſuppoſe, upon ſome news from Perſia—his excellency entertained a maſter of horſe to the Spaniſh ambaſſador at Vienna (he was a black), there were ſome other gentlemen of the German palace at dinner. My Lord ſupt at Sig. Pozonic's.

"*Nov.* 28.—I went to St. De Metree chapel, the funeral of Mr. Timoney's aunt, a young woman, where I ſaw more ſuperſtition than I ever ſaw before, too tedious and vexatious even to expreſs. A hundred or more

more popiſh prieſts, ſome hundreds of wax candles all the way, beſides flambeaux, incenſe, holy water, &c. Lord, enable me to keep my heart with diligence to thy truth, as it is in Jeſus, without ſuperſtition.

" *April* 8, 1734.—This day, to the beſt of my memory, I am 67 years of age. Lord, forgive what is paſt, and keep me from ſin by the power of thy grace, goodneſs, and mercy, the reſt of my days, and comfort me in my old age by thy divine preſence, and the guidance of thy Holy Spirit.

" *April* 13, 1734.—His excellency, madam, Mrs. S—ys, Mrs. C—lk, the two Swediſh gentlemen, Mr. Moncre, Mr. Lyle, jun. and moſt of us of the retinue of my Lord, paſt over to Conſtantinople early in the morning, to ſee the famous moſque called St. Sophia; and a very ſurpriſing building it is. We alſo went to the moſque called Sultan Accmet—we ſaw a grand collection of wild beaſts; alſo was at the Allmedon, a large place, were they ride and ſell horſes, all within the city, where is the famous obeliſk, the ſerpentine braſs pillar, and the ancient column.

" There is a vault on one ſide of St. So-

phia, where moſt of the Sultans are interred; and in another, near this, lies Sultan Selim, with his 120 children. The monuments are very poor, and indeed hardly deſerve to be called ſo at all.

"*Feb.* 22, 1734.—We hear from Stamboll, that ſeveral prophets (Turks) having propheſied, that the world is to be at an end this year, the Grand Seignior has put them in priſon, telling them, they cannot be long in confinement, according to their own knowledge——"

This will ſuffice, as a ſpecimen only is intended. A few quotations ſhall now be given from his Miſcellaneous Obſervations: ſome of theſe have been copied from favourite authors, and have the name affixed; but as they appear to be well choſen, and highly characteriſtic of his mind, a few of them, particularly of the poetic kind, may not prove unintereſting.

The greater number of theſe writings are without name, and doubtleſs many of them by himſelf: they are here accurately tranſcribed, and the name, or initials, added, or left out, juſt as they appear in the manuſcript.

"*A Hymn*

" *A Hymn to God by a Perſon in Foreign Parts.*

" While oft from clime to clime I go,
Ordain'd to travel too and fro,
To be my guard, by land and ſea,
Who have I, who, my God, but thee?

" And let me boaſt that glorious aid;
For who preſerves like him that made?
What armour ſhields, like thy defence?
And is there care like Providence?

" When on the deep I take my way,
And round my bark the billows play,
How ſhall I 'ſcape the greedy wave,
Wert thou not ready there to ſave?

" How ſhall I climb yon ſummit's brow,
And ſhun the yawning gulf below,
Wert thou not ſtill, my Saviour, by,
To fix my ſtep, and point my eye?

" I turn me oft, the labour paſt,
To view ſome ſcene behind me caſt;
An Alps perhaps, or Appennine:
I wonder; but the work is thine.

" By thee my feeble ſtrength ſuſtains
The height of hills, and length of plains:
By thee I track the mazy wood,
And ſmoothly paſs the rapid flood.

" If

" If now I urge my tedious courſe,
Till toil and day-light pall my force,
Thy hand brings on the evening cloſe,
And guards the hours of my repoſe.

" Or, if I ſtart ere morning light,
And now bewail the lingering night,
Thou bid'ſt the ſun his beams diſplay,
And look the darkneſs into day.

" In wilds, where ſteals the ſavage brood,
Or man, more ſavage, lurks for blood,
If theſe I fear, or thoſe decline,
'Tis by no art or power of mine.

" Here flames of lightning ſulphur riſe;
Here ſudden deluges ſurpriſe;
Here frequent earthquakes round me jar;
And here I breathe in poiſon'd air:

" But don't I every where advance
Thro' ambuſhes of death and chance?
Thou'rt ſtill my preſent help and ſtay;
For, oh, thou can'ſt not be away.

" I ſee thee, feel thee, all abroad;
And tho' 'tis nature acts, 'tis God;
Hail Maker and Preſerver, thou!
Thou chief above, and chief below,
Whoſe mercies, no where, never fail,
Hail Maker and Preſerver, hail!"

" There is nothing, which falls in with natural greatneſs and dignity, ſo much as religion; which not only promiſes the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

" It is againſt the light of natural religion, to imagine, that godly and virtuous men ſhould be more miſerable than the wickedeſt of men; yet ſo it muſt be, if there is not a heavenly inheritance reſerved for them.—J. M. R.

" It was well replied by a Chriſtian Emperor, when ſome informed him, that an old nobleman, above 90 years of age, was newly dead, and that he had been one of the vileſt characters that ever lived, yet had never met with any conſiderable affliction through the whole courſe of his life—Then (ſaid the Emperor) we may conclude, that divines tell us the truth, when they ſay there is another world beſides this wherein we now live.

" Man is a ſociable creature, and cheerfulneſs of converſation is that which gives a reliſh to every thing; even life itſelf would be tedious and inſipid without it.

" Princes treat about peace with the ſword in their hands: but God will not treat with

ſinners about peace till they caſt down their weapons.

" Theodorus, ſpeaking of Luther, ſays, I overheard him in prayer, but, good God, with what life and ſpirit did he pray! It was with ſuch reverence, as though he was addreſſing God; yet with ſo much confidence, as if he had been ſpeaking to a friend.

" *October* 1736.—About fifty years ago an eminent divine, who was moſt exactly well bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that, if they did not vouchſafe to give their lives a new turn, they muſt certainly go to a place, which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience.

" For men in the midſt of ſuch apparent cauſes of difference to reſolve to be of no religion, till all are agreed in one, is juſt as wiſe and rational, as if they ſhould determine not to dine till all the clocks in the town ſtrike twelve together.—Dr. J. Scott.

" Proſperity has been the ruin of many. This is indeed the nature of things: adverſity is the beſt guard againſt pride and wantonneſs; and nothing is more certain, than that wealth and power are never miſuſed before they are obtained.

" Virtue

" Virtue begins in the forſaking of vice, and the firſt part of wiſdom is not to be a fool.

" Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content;
In thought or act accountable to none,
But to himſelf, and to his God alone.

" Holland is a country where the earth is more pleaſant than the air, and profit more in requeſt than honour; where there is more ſenſe than wit, more good nature than good humour, and more wealth than pleaſure; where a man would chooſe rather to travel than live, ſhall find more things to obſerve than deſire, and more perſons to eſteem than love.—Sir W. Temple.

" Impatience is ineffectual to any good purpoſe, and always produceth ill effects: it doth not cure our wound, or aſſuage our grief: it removeth no inconvenience, nor repaireth any damage, but rather inflameth our diſtemper, and aggravateth our pain—more really indeed moleſting and hurting us, than the injury or affliction which cauſeth it—

thus

thus reaſon dictates to us the practice of all patience.

" The Greeks at Belgrade village have a curious way in finding out theft. They call the neighbours together, and all kneeling down in the ſtreet in a circle, each of them eats a piece of dry bread; (after ſomething is ſaid) they obſerve whether any of the company choak or not. I ſaw this on Midſummer day; but nothing was made out.

" Good words are cheap enough, and bad ones often happen to be dear.

" People give nothing ſo freely and ſo readily as good counſel.

" We eaſily forget our faults, when they are known to none but ourſelves.

" They who will not hear the voice of conſcience, ſhall be ſure to feel the worm of conſcience.

" Mithridates, king of Pontus, being worſted by the Romans, fearing he ſhould not eſcape, ordered that a great quantity of ſilver and gold ſhould be ſcattered in the way, which while the Roman ſoldiers were buſy in gathering, he made good his retreat.

" A divine, ſpeaking of the cauſes of atheiſm, ſays, That a head full of vain and unprofitable

unprofitable notions, meeting with a heart full of pride and ſelf-conceit, diſpoſes a man directly to be an atheiſt.

" The ſame divine obſerves, That, from Scripture inſtances, as well as from Providence, which he had noticed in his own days, if any began well in the ways of religion and godlineſs, and afterwards caſt off their profeſſion, and returned to profaneneſs again, uſually God ſets a mark of his diſpleaſure upon them by ſome viſible judgment in this world.

" The devil is never idle, he always goeth about. The world is his dioceſe, and he is every day on his viſitation.

" Degenerate minds, in mazy errors loſt,
May combat heaven, and impious triumphs boaſt:
But while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breaſt inſpires,
Grateful to heaven I'll ſtretch a pious wing,
And ſing his praiſe who gave me power to ſing.

SIR R. BLACK.

" He is no fool, who parts with what he cannot keep, when he is ſure to be recompenſed with what he cannot loſe.

" A divine, exhorting to ſecret duty, obſerves,

ſerves, That apoſtacy generally begins at the cloſet door—ſecret prayer, neglected and careleſsly performed—then frequently omitted, and after a while caſt off: then farewell God, Chriſt, and religion.

" When Chriſt came to free us from the yoke of the ceremonial law, he did not leave it in the power of any man, or company of men, in the world, to lay another upon our necks.

" He who repents every day for the ſins of every day, when he comes to die will have the ſins but of one day to repent of.

" There is nothing ſo formidable as a conſtant and uninterrupted proſperity: we are generally the worſe for being proſperous, and it is too often, that our vices and proſperity grow up together. The world does us the greateſt miſchief when it ſmiles.

" We always love thoſe who admire us; but we do not always love thoſe whom we admire.

" We meet with few people of good ſenſe, but thoſe that are of our own opinion.

" We ſeldom confeſs our own imperfections, but out of vanity.

" A man

" A man would have but little pleaſure, if he did not ſometimes flatter himſelf.

" Miſtruſt yourſelf, and you will not be deceived.

" A man is ſometimes a fool with wit, but he is never ſo with judgment.

" Behave thyſelf ſo as any one will truſt thee, but be ſure thou truſt very few.

" There is nothing ſo certain as death; and yet we act as if it was the only thing uncertain.

" Sorrow and diſguſt are remedies for nothing.

" The greateſt part of the incumbrances of old age are ordinarily owing to the ill uſe of our youth.

" If we do not from time to time retire, and reflect upon what we have heard, upon what we have ſeen, and upon what we have done ourſelves; if we do not inſtruct ourſelves in ſecret, and withdraw from tumult and every thing that may diſturb; it will be almoſt impoſſible to prevent having our hearts and underſtandings depraved by the continual converſation of the world.

" God ſends the poor to try us, as well as he tries them by being ſuch; and he that re-

 fuſes

ſuſes them a little out of his great deal that God gives him, lays up poverty in ſtore for his poſterity.

" The ſpirit of contradiction turns the ſweeteſt converſation into downright wrangling; it is almoſt impoſſible with ſuch a diſpoſition, to avoid offence on one ſide or the other.

" It was the ſaying of Pius Quintus, 'When I firſt entered into orders I had ſome good hope of my ſalvation, when I became a cardinal I doubted of it, but ſince I came to be pope I do even deſpair of it.'

" Let religion be thy food, as well as thy clothing; elſe warming thy body will ſtarve thy ſoul.

" Every fool thinks he has wit, and grows proud; but a wiſe man will doubt of his underſtanding.

" Boldneſs of ſpeech gives reputation to folly, but baſhfulneſs and fear make wiſdom diſeſteemed.

" The way of the world is, nothing ſooner loſt than ſincerity, and nothing harder to recover: though the want of it is the ſource of moſt of the miſeries of life; it renders ſociety

ciety a ſnare, buſineſs a trick, and religion a very ſhadow.

" They only have a right to cenſure, that have a heart to help: the reſt is cruelty and injuſtice.

" If thou haſt done an injury to any one, rather own than defend it: one way thou gaineſt forgiveneſs, by the other thou doubleſt the wrong and the reckoning.

" In our prayers we ſay, 'thy will be done;' but we too often mean our own—at leaſt we act ſo.

" Thoſe diſappointments, that come not by our own folly, are the trials and corrections of Heaven; and it is our own fault if they prove not our advantage.

" To repine at croſſes never mends the matter, it is only to fall out with our creator: but to ſee the hand of God in them with an humble ſubmiſſion to his will, is the way to turn our water into wine, and engage the greateſt love and mercy on our ſide.

" We muſt needs diſorder ourſelves, if we only look at our loſſes: but if we conſider how little we deſerve what is leſt us, our paſſion will cool, and our murmurs will turn into thankfulneſs.

" If our hairs fall not to the ground, leſs do we, or our ſubſtance, without God's providence.

" Nor can we fall below the arms of God, how low ſoever we fall.

" Avoid company, when it is neither profitable nor neceſſary; and on all ſuch occaſions ſpeak little and laſt.

" Silence is wiſdom, where ſpeaking is to no purpoſe, and always ſafe.

" In all debates let truth be thy aim, not victory; and endeavour to gain, rather than expoſe thy antagoniſt.

" Men are too apt to be concerned for their credit, rather than their cauſe.

" Nothing does reaſon ſuch juſtice as coolneſs in thoſe that offer it: for truth more frequently ſuffers by the heat of its defenders, than from the arguments of its oppoſers.

" Where thou art obliged to ſpeak the truth, be ſure to ſpeak out, for equivocation is half way to lying, and lying is the high road to Hell.

" Only truſt thyſelf, and another ſhall not betray thee: openneſs has the miſchief, though not the malice of treachery.

" Fear and gain are the great perverters of mankind, and where either prevail, the judgment is violated.

" Men commonly neglect examining and ſtudying themſelves with application; for they dread nothing more than a ſight of themſelves, for all they ſee there they ought indeed to be aſhamed of.

" God is ſerious, and exerciſeth patience towards us (as once a great ſtateſman obſerved to his friends); Chriſt is ſerious, who ſhed his blood for us; the Holy Ghoſt is ſerious, who ſtriveth againſt the obſtinacy of our hearts; the ſcriptures bring to our ears the moſt ſerious and important things in the world: the whole creation is ſerious in ſerving God and us; all in Heaven and Hell are ſerious; how then can we trifle in the midſt of ſo much concern!—*Sir F. Walſingham.*

" Dr. Goodwin ſpeaks of a holy man, who, when dying, expreſſed himſelf thus: Notwithſtanding I am aſſured that God loves me, and will receive my ſpirit, I ſhould nevertheleſs be afraid to appear before ſo glorious a perſon, did I not know that Chriſt is in Heaven to preſent me to him.

"Xenophon mentions an Armenian prince, who, being taken captive with his queen by Cyrus, and being aſked if he deſired his liberty, his kingdom, and his queen, to be reſtored, anſwered, 'As for my liberty and kingdom, I value them not: but if my blood would redeem my wife, I would cheerfully give it.' Afterwards, Cyrus having returned them all, he aſked his queen, what ſhe thought of Cyrus. The lady replied, 'I know not: my mind was ſo taken up with the man that would give his life a ranſom, that I could think of no other.'

"Our firſt parent Adam ſinned, when goodneſs did moſt abound: may it be a warning to all poſterity! He ſeemed to want but one thing, and that no ſooner granted, but all was loſt. O my ſoul, guard againſt repining at diſappointments! O guard againſt a proſperous ſtate! When we poſſeſs a delightful and pleaſant garden, and a beautiful Eve, let us beware of the ſerpent.—B. B.

"It is looked upon as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honeſt gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, ſhould take it into their heads to differ in their religion.

"It

" It is not always to be taken for granted, that every thing, which comes from a friend, ſhould be true, any more than that every thing, that comes from an enemy, ſhould be falſe.

" Prejudice, when it appears inveterate, like fulſome flattery, deſtroys its own credit.

" Beware of too much confidence in thyſelf, for thou mayeſt be deceived: whoſoever fears not is already fallen. How many after caution and conqueſt, yea after ſigns and wonders, have ſhipwrecked! witneſs Samſon, David, Solomon. O be not ſecure, be not high-minded, but fear.

" All ſcripture was indited by the Spirit, and the Spirit cannot contradict himſelf. Thou doſt but grieve the Spirit, whoever thou art, that pretendeſt to any revelation that agrees not with the word: nay the Spirit has revealed his mind in the word, and will give no other revelation; and whoſoever rebels againſt the light of the word, ſhall never have the light of the Spirit.

" It is a folly in a plain-dealing man to expect, that either his friends will reward him, or his enemies forgive him.

" The ſooner a man ſpeaks his mind, the

more complaiſant he becomes to the perſon with whom he communicates: upon obſervation I find, that for one man that ſpeaks to be underſtood, there are ten who talk only to be admired.

" It is ever want of ſenſe that makes a man guilty of ſwearing. It was well ſaid by one, that this folly had no temptation to excuſe it, no man being born of a ſwearing conſtitution. A few rumbling words and conſonants put together without ſenſe will make accompliſhed ſwearing.

" It has happened too often, that the errors of pious men have done greater diſſervice to religion than the moſt furious attacks of the moſt inveterate enemies of chriſtianity.

" It is related in the Hiſtory of the Bohemian perſecution, that a noble martyr, the lord Henry Otto, being condemned to death for religion (having appeared vigorouſly for the proteſtant intereſt in that kingdom) ſaid to his perſecutors and murderers, 'You may cut my body in pieces, yet I verily believe that my Saviour will gather them together again, and clothe them with ſkin, ſo that with theſe eyes I ſhall ſee him, with theſe ears I ſhall hear him, with this tongue I ſhall

praiſe

praiſe him, and with this heart rejoice in him for ever.'

" It is a ſad reflection, that many men have hardly any religion at all, and moſt men have none of their own; for that which is the religion of education, and not of conviction, is the religion of another.

" Our loſſes are often made judgments by our guilt, and mercies by our repentance. It is our great happineſs, if we can but underſtand it, that we meet with ſuch checks in the career of our worldly enjoyments, leſt we ſhould forget the giver, adore the gift, and terminate our felicity here, which is not man's ultimate bliſs.

" As we are not born purely for ourſelves and for ſolitude, ſo neither are we born to diſtract ourſelves continually in a hurry of buſineſs, or in the amuſements of ſociety. We ſhould firſt of all learn to live alone: he who does not know how to entertain himſelf, and be ſatisfied alone, will always be a ſlave to others, and by his eaſineſs become the ſport of their humour.

" The afflictions of a chriſtian are generally great, in number, variety, and bitterneſs; yet there is one ingredient that ſweet-

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ens them all, viz. the promiſe of a faithful God: 'I will be with thee in trouble, and deliver thee, thou ſhalt not be tempted above thy ſtrength: fear not when thou paſſeſt through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the floods, that they do not overflow thee: and when thou walkeſt through the fire, thou ſhalt not be burnt, neither ſhall the flame kindle upon thee.' O Chriſtian, be not afraid; for he that is in thee, is for thee; he that guides thee, will ſave thee; and though thou walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, he will be with thee, and thou eternally ſhalt be with him."

It remains now, that a few quotations be given from the third manuſcript mentioned, the ſubſtance of which has been hinted at.

" Thou haſt declared thyſelf (my God) to be the Lord, gracious and merciful, long ſuffering, and abundant in goodneſs and truth, keeping mercy for thouſands, forgiving iniquity, tranſgreſſion, and ſin. Lord, comfort my longing ſoul with theſe expreſſions of thy everlaſting love. May I call to mind my former tranſgreſſions, and be humbled before thee with all my heart. Lord, aid me with thy divine ſpirit, and ſanctify the deſires of my

ſoul,

ſoul, that I may pleaſe thee more and more, and in the path of my duty ever hope and delight in thee, my gracious God. May my inſtruction and profiting appear and abound more and more. But all my ſufficiency is of thee, even thy Holy Spirit, to lead and guide me. Almighty King of kings, who made the earth by thy power, eſtabliſhed the worlds by thy wiſdom, and ſtretched out the incomprehenſible expanſion. Thou, Lord of Hoſts, (I hope) art my father and my friend.

" The eyes of thee, O Lord, are over the righteous, and thine ear is open to my poor prayer. Thou wilt fulfil the deſire of them that fear thee. Thou, Lord, I hope, wilt hear my cry, and help me, wilt forgive my ſins, and heal all my wounds. Proſper and inſtruct me with thy wiſdom, that I may ſet my heart and ſoul to ſeek thee, the Lord, with reverence and godly fear; that I may be ſtrong in the grace that is in Chriſt Jeſus; that the power of godlineſs may be more in my heart; and that my ſoul may be cheered thereby. O Lord, give me faith, and reſt to my ſoul, in my latter days: make me more ſober and vigilant, and fix my heart on thyſelf. O that I could caſt all my care upon thee,

thee, my God; and hope, without preſumption, that thou, my gracious God, careſt for me. Let thy loving eye be upon me, and be thou my father and my guide unto death.

" My Father, thou haſt been my dwelling place wherever I have been; thou haſt preſerved and brought me hitherto. Lord, teach me ſo to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wiſdom, that I may dwell in the ſecret place of the Moſt High, and abide under the ſhadow of the Almighty. Lord, let not my fears move me to diſtruſt thy mercy, but work in my ſoul, to believe in thy promiſes, and thy gracious invitations, and ſeek and hope in thee, my Father, for help in all my time of need. Thou haſt ſaid, my God, I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee: let me never faint, but keep me ſtedfaſt, cheriſh my heart and my faith, and raiſe my drooping ſpirit. Thou, my God, haſt breathed into me the breath of life, ſo breathe into me thy Holy Spirit all my life, that my lips may ever praiſe and bleſs thee, and that I may lift up my heart and hands to thy name, whilſt I have a being.

" Let not darkneſs cover me, my gracious God, but let thy light, thy grace, and thy goodneſs,

goodneſs, ſhine upon me again. Let this hope be my reſt for ever. Lord, help me to lift up my ſoul to thy holy hill, and let thy favour be upon me in my old age. Thou, my God, haſt been my help and my preſerver in all my wandering days, and haſt kept me, unworthy me, both by ſea and land: bleſſed be thy holy name.

" Remember me, O Lord, and viſit my ſoul with thy ſalvation every day. My God, when my heart is faint, lead me to the rock that is higher than all mine enemies; for thou, my Father, haſt been my ſhelter all the days of my life; my deliverer, my gracious God, bleſſed be thy name for ever. My Redeemer hath ſaid, 'I came to ſave, and not to deſtroy.' Quicken my ſoul with this tender expreſſion of my Lord, and let me be juſtified by his name. Let gladneſs ſpring up in my heart, whenever I think of thee, my Father. Bleſſed be thy name, that thou haſt chaſtened me: thou wilt teach me out of thy law. When, O my Father, wilt thou give me reſt from the days of vanity? Thou, my gracious God, wilt not caſt me off for ever. Unleſs thou hadſt been my help, my ſoul had dwelt in ſilence: how often hath my foot ſlipped, but thy mercy

hath

hath helped me up again. O thou God of peace, that brought again from the dead my Lord Jeſus Chriſt, through the blood of the everlaſting covenant, make me perfect in every good work, to do thy will, working in me that which is well pleaſing in thy ſight, through Jeſus Chriſt, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

" Forſake me not, my Father; caſt me not off in the time of old age, but comfort my ſoul in my latter end. Lord, raiſe in my heart the remembrance of thy continued mercies, that I ſhew forth thy loving kindneſs every morning, and thy faithfulneſs every night. Let faith in thee, my Father, and hope in thy mercy through my dear Redeemer, refreſh my ſoul every day. I have often ſinned, but let thy merciful promiſes revive my poor heart. Lord, let me remember with joy I have an advocate with thee, the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous, who is the propitiation for all my ſins.

" My gracious God, let me never fret at or deſpiſe thy juſt chaſtiſement; but, Lord, make me humble, and more wiſe and watchful, under all thy diſpenſations: then thy mercy will, I hope, lift me up again. Lord,

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deal with me as one of thy poor, returning, repenting children, and help me to receive thy juſt correction with a ſerious reſolution to turn to thee with all my heart, that I may hear thy voice, O Lord, and draw near to thee every day, with hope in thy mercy through my dear Redeemer: and may I remember, that I am bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jeſus Chriſt.

" Lord, let my ſoul forſake all evil ways, and walk in the way of underſtanding with joyfulneſs under the ſhadow of thy wings. Lord, let my life be precious in thy ſight, and let my heart be ever in a right frame to fear thee, my Father, and keep thy commandments: may it be well with me and mine, and all thine, from henceforth, and for ever and ever. O happy are they whoſe God thou art: happy are they that are in ſuch a caſe: every day give me hope in thyſelf, and let me continually bleſs thy holy name, and find cheering protection from thy promiſes. Thou, my Father, wilt never turn away thy face from them that ſeek thee. Lord, ſubdue all my iniquities, then my days will be in proſperity, and my ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe. My

Lord and my God, encourage my ſoul, when-ever I wait upon thee.

" O my Father of heaven and earth, thou who commandeſt light to ſhine out of darkneſs, ſhine upon my poor dark heart, and deliver me from the terrors that ſo often ſurround me. Lord, enable me to overcome and be freed from the fooliſh wanderings of my heart: let me never neglect, but ever put forth the little ſtrength I have to my duty, and look up to thee, my God, for aſſiſtance. O my God, may I learn by prayer to pray unto thee: let not any diſcouragement ever hinder me in my duty. O that I may ſtrive as I am able, that I may hear as I am able, and ever pray as I am able, according to the meaſure of grace thou, my God, haſt given me. My Father, I believe with a weak faith; yet, Lord, I hope it is faith. Lord, ſtrengthen my faith every day. I endeavour in a feeble manner; yet, my God, I do, and would endeavour. Lord, help me. My Lord, my God, I love thee with a faint love: yet, Lord, I hope it is love. Lord, work thy love into my poor deſiring heart. Let me never want thy divine aid; let thy grace be ever with me, my God,

God. Lord, comfort my feeble mind, and bear with all my weakneſs; and in the wilderneſs of my fears ſpeak comfort to my poor heart. My gracious God, ſettle peace and hope in my heart: thou art ever nigh to them that call thee, to them that call upon thee in truth.

" I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulneſs haſt afflicted me: thou haſt puniſhed me far leſs than my deſerts. My Father, remember not againſt me my former tranſgreſſions: give, O Lord, faith and hope to wait on thee for the removal of my troubles.

" Lord, give me a meek, gentle, tender ſpirit, ever ſenſible of my own unworthineſs and meanneſs, of my natural frailty, poverty, and miſery, my actual offences, and numerous miſcarriages. My God, let me be always humbled under thy mighty hand.

" When dulneſs and weakneſs ſeize me, let me truſt in thee, the Lord, and ſtay upon thee, my God. Help me to ſtir up my heart to ſeek thee: let me ever fly to thee in the name of my Redeemer, who is the life of my life, and the ſoul of my ſoul.

" O that I may look back, and ſee how thou, my Father, haſt ſuccoured me in all my needs and ſtraits! thou all my days haſt provided for me thy miraculous preſervation, afforded me in my voyage over the great deep. O the patience and longſuffering of my God to me! may I ever remember, that thy hand has been with me, nor ever forget thy loving-kindneſs all my days!

" My God, whenever my heart is cold and ſinking, let me remember and meditate on the love of my dear Redeemer, who laid down his life for me, who died for the weak and the ungodly, and them that were without hope. O may I never forget this love.

" O my Father, whenever I ſeek unto thee, be found of me; and when I call for inſtruction, give me wiſdom and underſtanding: give me faith and hope in thee, through my Lord Jeſus Chriſt, my advocate and interceſſor: his precious blood has purchaſed ſalvation (I hope) even for ſinful me. O Lord, let my warfare be accompliſhed; let my ſins and iniquities be pardoned. Say to my ſoul, I am thy God. My place of defence is the rock of ages: thy mercy, and thy goodneſs,

will ever go with me: mine eyes ſhall ſee by faith, and my heart rejoice in the beauty of holineſs: yea, I ſhall behold the bleſſed land afar off. May I with the righteous rejoice in thee, the Lord of Hoſts, and be growing ſtronger and ſtronger.

" Make me ſee, my God, that what has come upon me is for my good, and that all is ordered in thy love. My Father, thy ſervant ſaid, Caſt me not off in the time of old age, forſake me not when my ſtrength faileth: let me ſay with thy ſervant, Thou haſt led me all my life long unto this day. O my God, thou haſt preſerved me from many dangers, delivered me out of many troubles, and healed all my wounds and diſeaſes: thou haſt given me my health and ſtrength, and brought me hitherto: bleſſed be thy holy name. My Father, thou haſt raiſed me up when I was caſt down, and haſt bound up my poor broken heart many and many a time; not for my deſert, but for thy goodneſs to unworthy me.

" Cheer my heart, O Lord, with hope every day: give me, that am athirſt for thy pardoning grace and favour, of the fountain

of the water of life freely: deliver me, when I call unto thee, for my heart often fails me: but thou, my God, art the ſtrength of my heart, and my everlaſting portion.

" I adore thy goodneſs, my Father, for bringing me to this hour. To what dangers have I been expoſed in this life! O my God, I am a poor guilty worm, and yet thou preſerveſt me. How happy I am under the ſhadow of thy wings! it is by thy grace and favour, my God, that I am what I am. Let my mountain ſtand ſtrong by thy protection alone: my Father, hide not thy face from me. O that I may be ſtill, and know that thou art God, and ever leave the carving of my portion and comforts to thy infinite goodneſs and unerring wiſdom. Lord, keep me from evil, and help me in the duties of this day. Endeavour, my ſoul, to attend to this: ſet the Lord always before thee, and be in his fear all the day.

" Lord, let me be aſſiſted by thy grace, and guided by thy holy Spirit: let my faith be fixed on thee, and let hope ever revive my drooping ſoul. Vouchſafe, my God, to dwell in me; and may I walk circumſpectly with

thee. Lord, own me at the great day, and may I obtain mercy in the day of judgment. But, O, let my confidence be all in thy grace. Lord, ſave me with the ſtrength of thy right hand: O let me behold thy face in righteouſneſs, then ſhall I be ſatisfied, when I awake up with thy likeneſs: let thy goodneſs follow me all the days of my life, and let me rejoice in thy mercy to all eternity.

" Lord, hide thy word in my heart, that I may not ſin againſt thee: by the words of thy lips keep me from the paths of the deſtroyer. O my God, how ſolemn a thing is dying! may I be prepared every day, that death may not prove a ſtartling meſſenger to me. Help me, O my God, to watch and pray always, that that day come not unawares. Lord, let me not be ſhipwrecked here! Now is the accepted time, now is the day of ſalvation. Endeavour, O my ſoul, to make ſure work for dying and eternity. O that I may die well, and not miſcarry in the laſt great change: help me, therefore, O my God, to ſecure this main point, to die with ſafety and comfort. O my God, I turn myſelf to thee.

" O my God, it is by thy grace that I have paſt ſo many dangers, and been ſo conſtantly upheld. O, my ſoul, look a little on the wonders of divine grace. It is by thy grace, O my God, I am made a chriſtian: that I enjoy the light and teachings of thy Spirit, and the many advantages of the goſpel diſpenſation. Still continue thy loving kindneſs, and thy protection; preſerve me in all temptations, dangers, and fears. O how often have I been dejected, troubled, and perplexed; and all juſtly the fruit of my ſin and folly! But, O my God, who comforteth thoſe that fear thee, comfort poor praying me, my Father. O guide me by thy counſel every day, and afterwards, receive me to thy glory, through Jeſus Chriſt, my dear Redeemer. O, my ſoul, wait thou only upon God, for from him cometh thy ſalvation. Lord, enthrone thyſelf in my poor returning heart, take fuller poſſeſſion of my ſoul, grant me the inheritance of thoſe that fear thee, the bleſſedneſs of thoſe that truſt in thee. My God, thy grace is my ſalvation, let it be my ſong for ever.

" Lord, may I never forget thy love, but remember all thy wonderful mercies, patience,

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and long-ſuffering to poor unworthy me. Let me never think much of contempt, reproach, poverty, and perſecution, for thy ſake. Thou, my God, knoweſt and pitieſt all my infirmities. Help me to make thy law my delight, and reſt in thy favour as my ſupreme happineſs. Let me ever make thee, my God, my refuge: in all my times of trouble may I cry to thee with my voice, and leave all my concernments with thee. O my God, when fear comes, let it be a time of prayer: when I am afraid let me put my truſt in thee. May I truly value, and with a ſuitable care and concern ſecure the intereſt of my immortal ſoul: may the thoughts of immortality dwell more on my mind. Lord, ſtrengthen me by thy grace: help me to think more on eternity, and be familiar with the thoughts of another world. Grant me, O Lord, a part in the firſt reſurrection: may I be truly dead to ſin, and let my life be hid with Chriſt, in thee, my God. Work in my ſoul to love thee, my Father; and give me reſt from all my fears. Ever make me remember, that my firm ground of hope and comfort is from the mercy and goodneſs of my God. O Lord,

deliver me from all my doubts and fears, and ſupply my heart with thy grace: give me the earneſt of thy Spirit, my Father; let my ſins be all forgiven; and let the light of thy countenance ſhine upon me. O ſeal my pardon by the precious blood of Jeſus Chriſt, which cleanſeth from all ſin! Say unto me, My grace is ſufficient for thee, I am thy ſalvation."

Mr. Samuel Medley ended his days at Pomfret, in Yorkſhire, in a good old age, *coming in like a ſhock of corn in its ſeaſon.*

His ſon, Mr. Guy Medley, early in life diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a ſcholar, and by his rapid progreſs in claſſical literature ſoon gained the notice of his contemporaries. He was choſen private tutor to the late duke of Montague, whom he afterwards accompanied on a tour through Europe. The high opinion the duke had conceived for Mr. Medley was ſuch, as would not permit him to give up his ſociety on their return to England. He accordingly choſe him his reſident companion. Mr. Medley lived* with his Grace in this flat-

* The place of his reſidence was the manſion at preſent occupied by the Britiſh muſeum.

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tering ſituation for a conſiderable time, witneſſing all the gayety, the ſplendour, and vanity of the age; into which, it appears, he entered with a ſpirit equal to any around him.

By the intereſt of the duke he was appointed attorney general of the iſland of St. Vincent's, where he did not long continue. On his return from the Weſt Indies, becoming acquainted with the things of God, and conſulting the intereſts of his ſoul, he determined at once to throw off all his former connexions, well knowing the utter impoſſibility of keeping up communion with God, and a conſcience void of offence, in the enchanting circle of ſinful pleaſure. Conſtrained by a higher authority, and influenced by better motives, he choſe rather to ſuffer affliction with the people of Chriſt, than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon.

Finding himſelf in every ſenſe well qualified to educate youth, he commenced a boarding ſchool at Cheſhunt, Herts; and about this time married the youngeſt daughter of Mr. Wm. Tonge, of Enfield, who was the maſter of a very conſiderable ſeminary at that place.

place. By this lady he had three ſons: Wm. Tonge, the eldeſt, who was ſhipwrecked in the Fanny, Cap. Macklan, on Portland beach, the 23d of Feb. 1760; Samuel, the ſubject of theſe memoirs; and Guy, the youngeſt, who was loſt at ſea near Halifax, in December, 1765.

Mr. Guy Medley, from the time of his converſion to God, experienced little elſe than a conſtant ſcene of afflictions, and thoſe of the moſt trying and painful nature. But theſe outward troubles were amply compenſated by a rich experience of the truth and efficacy of the things of God upon his own ſoul. His mind was moſtly calm and ſerene, and diſpoſed rather to look with gratitude on the mercies God had continued to him, than to repine at what in his wiſdom he had thought fit to take away. Some pleaſing teſtimonies to the truth and faithfulneſs of God to his promiſe he has left on record, to the honour of God, and for the encouragement of poſterity; a few quotations from which ſhall preſently be given.

As a man, he was grave, thoughtful, and ſedate; even in his temper, and of few words:

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but when he did converſe, his ſentiments were weighty, to the purpoſe, and generally well worth preſerving.

As a ſcholar, he poſſeſſed a fund of learning, ſeldom equalled. He underſtood, and converſed in nine languages, in moſt of which he was a maſter and a critic, particularly in the claſſical languages. I have manuſcripts by me, in which I find Latin, Greek, French, and German, apparently written with the utmoſt freedom. He had a great knowledge of natural hiſtory, chemiſtry, and experimental philoſophy; which qualifications introduced him to the acquaintance and friendſhip of Sir Iſaac Newton, with whom he has often ſpent many hours in private converſation. He is ſaid to have had a very conſiderable knowledge of the theory and principles of moſt arts and ſciences, practiſed or known in his day. At the requeſt of Sir Hans Sloane he tranſlated Kolben's preſent ſtate of the Cape* of Good Hope. This work is a tranſlation from the German, inſcribed to his patron the Duke of Montague, and dedicated to

* This work conſiſts of two vols. printed A. D. 1731.

Sir

Sir Hans Sloane, with a preface of conſiderable length by himſelf. He was alſo employed in reviſing the works of the late pious and excellent Mr. Hervey. The following are quotations from letters of Mr. Hervey to the late Rev. John Ryland of Northampton.

In a letter, dated Weſton Favell, March the 17th, 1753, he writes, " I thank you for taking the trouble of peruſing my manuſcripts, and I deſire Mr. Medley to accept my very grateful acknowledgments, for the improving remarks he has made. I beg of him to proceed to uſe the ſame kind ſeverity with the other ſketches, and render them, if it be poſſible, fit for the public view, meet for the Maſter's uſe*. I am ſenſible, that the pointing is inaccurate, and ſhall be much obliged for every correction in this particular. It will be no leſs beneficial to my piece, if he pleaſes to make free uſe of the pruning knife. Prolixity upon ſuch a ſubject will infallibly create diſguſt, eſpecially with the polite, for whoſe peruſal, and whoſe ſervice, I would wiſh my attempts were properly calculated. My cordial ſalutation waits upon Mr. Medley."

* The work alluded to is Theron and Aſpaſia.

" *Weſton*

"*Weſton Favell, April* 21, 1753.—"I hope Mr. Medley will not diſcontinue his labour of criticiſm and love, but proceed to poliſh thoſe rude ſketches, for which ſervice I ſhall be bound to wiſh, that he himſelf may be a poliſhed ſhaft in our divine Redeemer's quiver."

In another—"My cordial ſalutation and good wiſhes wait on Mr. Medley. May he that walketh amidſt the golden candleſticks, and has the ſeven ſpirits of God, proſper your united labours, that you may train up many youths for a life of diſtinguiſhed holineſs, and extenſive uſefulneſs, in the world below, and for a life of conſummate happineſs, and everlaſting glory, in the manſions above."

It appears, that he was very rarely prevailed on to exerciſe his talents in public, though frequently ſolicited; preferring the leſs diſtinguiſhed walk of a private chriſtian. Thus poſſeſſed of a maſs of knowledge and information, he was a child in the ſchool of Chriſt, ever retaining a meek, teachable, and quiet ſpirit, and never aſſuming any thing to himſelf on account of his ſuperior talents and improvement. He had indeed drunk deep into the genuine

genuine ſpirit of chriſtianity, and knew with the apoſtle how to account all things but loſs for the excellency of the knowledge of Chriſt, for whom he had ſuffered the loſs of all things. Like all truly wiſe men, he held mere human acquirements but of little value, unleſs they aſſiſted the poſſeſſor in the promotion of the glory of God, in the purſuit of his own ultimate happineſs, or in the ſalvation of the ſouls of his fellow creatures. "Knowledge," he would ſay, "makes a man but the greater fool, if with it he does not diſcover his own ignorance, inſufficiency, and weakneſs. Learning is the proud man's eye, by which he thinks he ſees; but it muſt be plucked out, if he would diſcern Chriſt."

The teſtimonial of the Rev. Mr. Ryland, who had an opportunity of the moſt intimate acquaintance with him, as they lived under the ſame roof together for a conſiderable length of time, ſhall conclude this account. Laying his hand one day upon my ſhoulder, with his uſual energy he ſaid: "Your grandfather, "Sir, your grandfather was one of the wiſeſt "and beſt men I ever knew; he was pro-"foundly learned, and rigidly pious; and "when

" when he converſed with freedom, he united
" at once all the excellencies of pleaſure and
" improvement."

This excellent man, after ſerving God and his generation, died in London, on the evening of the twenty-fifth day of October, 1760.

It is to be lamented, that the writings of this pious man are principally in ſhort-hand, ſome entire volumes of which are in my poſſeſſion. It is neceſſary here to premiſe what was hinted in the laſt account, that, though the greater part will appear from the face of the writings themſelves to be original, yet ſhould any thing here tranſcribed prove on a more minute inſpection to be favourite quotations, the reader may reſt aſſured it is without deſign: and though this ſhould appear to be the caſe, the end in view will nevertheleſs be anſwered, ſince by declaring what we chooſe and ſelect for ourſelves, we ſhow to others the texture of our own minds. The true character of a man is more faithfully exhibited in what he does, than in what another may ſay of him.

Having obſerved, that ſo great a portion of his

his writings is enveloped in an almoſt unknown character, little elſe than fragments can be expected; perhaps not fully anſwering the opinion, which the reader may already have formed of him. What I have ſelected will conſiſt of obſervations, ſentiments, inſtances of gratitude to God for mercies, &c.

" *Jan.* 20, 1740, *Cheſhunt.*—" Glory be to God in the higheſt; to God, my everlaſting Father in Chriſt Jeſus. He is the God of my life, and all my mercies; and by his care am I brought thus far, in the wonders of his goodneſs, in the riches of his mercy, through his love ſurpaſſing knowledge, and his grace beyond meaſure, by the almighty arm of his power, and the good hand of his providence, by the greatneſs of his patience, and the tenderneſs of his long-ſuffering, with more than father's pity, and more than mother's kindneſs. Look back, O my ſoul, and ſee, and be aſtoniſhed at the mighty things thy God hath done for thee; thy God in Jeſus Chriſt. Behold the beauty of his mercy, and be thou raviſhed with his love. How gracious is thy God! how amiable thy Saviour! how glorious, how good and true!

" *Feb.*

" *Feb.* 22, 1740.—" There is certainly this miſchief attending the publication of even pious books; namely, that they make the Bible, that book of books, the book of God, to be leſs read and conſidered; and how far, therefore, ſuch ſpecious and ſeemingly uſeful publications may be forwarded by Satan himſelf, as ſubſervient to his ends, (ſometimes by occaſioning needleſs debates and controverſies, and too often by dividing, and conſequently weakening, the attention of chriſtians) deſerves, I think, to be well weighed by all ſerious perſons. The writings of the experienced and judicious on the word of God, and the chriſtian life and warfare, are, and doubtleſs will be, always truly valuable. But theſe writings are always comparatively few, if compared with thoſe multitudes on divine ſubjects, which for experience give you learning and criticiſm (and they a hundred to one falſe); for grace, a ſmooth ſtyle and plenty of vanity; and common natural notions for the deep things of God. But with reſpect to books good and harmleſs, there are mighty numbers the church of Chriſt might very well do without.

" O, how kindly doth my heavenly Father manifeſt himſelf in his providence to me! O, his goodneſs, his bounty, his care! may the faithful memorials of his goodneſs be written on the tables of my heart. O, the precious blood of my dear Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt! O, the everlaſting love of my God in him! may I continually live as the child of ſuch tender mercies, and by my own experience (O, how rich and happy hath it always been) of the goodneſs of God. May my dear children be taught to put their truſt in God, and a gracious Redeemer; and love and ſerve him with their whole hearts. Grant this, my heavenly Father, for Chriſt's ſake. Amen and amen.

" *Nov.* 24, 1741.—Caſtalio, in the preface to the Latin Verſion of the Bible, or rather in his dedication to king Edward, obſerves upon the health and ſerenity of mind he enjoyed while he was engaged in that work (vid. preface), which held him about nine years. But is this obſervation in his favour? I ſuppoſe it is not. In civil caſes, and matters merely moral, the propitious concurrence of things does, without doubt, frequently argue the favour of Providence. But I queſ-

tion whether it does ſo in caſes evangelical, or what concerns the advancement of Chriſt's intereſt in the world. It will, perhaps, be found, that, ever ſince the firſt propagation of Chriſtianity, every firſt attempt to plant it by the true preaching of Chriſt hath been attended with many and great difficulties and dangers, even in places where ſuch attempts have ſucceeded, and been followed by the ſettlement of the moſt flouriſhing churches. All attempts to ſettle true Chriſtianity, will, I ſuppoſe, be found to be like the firſt; which, though oppoſed by all the power and malice of men and devils, was followed by the ſettlement of numerous and growing churches. With what difficulties, and dangers, and unaccountable confuſion, and diſtractions, was the goſpel firſt planted in New England; and where ſhall we find at this day more evangelical and flouriſhing churches!

"We ought to conſider the fall of Adam with equal filial ſympathy and love, as if he was our immediate father.

"In every man's lot there is the forbidden tree, which he muſt not touch.

"As for loſſes in temporal things, they are by no means judgments to a Chriſtian, they

are but gracious trials of his faith and patience, and the bleſſed means of purging him from ſin, and of drawing him into a nearer reliance on the heir of all things; ſo that his loſſes and croſſes do not now tend to undo him, but to awaken and transform him: 1 Sam. xxx. 6. In the midſt of his fears he is not forſaken; 2 Cor. iv. 9; but through his union with Chriſt he is ever in ſafe hands.

"O, the great deliverances we have partook of! how fully have our prayers been heard, and our fears removed! what a large catalogue of particular mercies may every Chriſtian draw forth and rehearſe! To attempt to number them would be as endleſs a taſk, as to number the ſtars, or the ſands on the ſhore; and ſhould a people of ſuch deep engagements be lazy in their returns?

"Who can poſſibly tell how much we are beholden to God? Is not a loitering performance of a few heartleſs duties, an unworthy requital of ſuch admirable kindneſs?

"Be not an unprofitable gadder abroad, but a good home keeper, and when thou comeſt into company have a conſcience of thy behaviour, to ſpeak and to do thoſe things

things which only may profit thyſelf and others in God. Beware of lightneſs and ſcoffing, and let thy words be pondered, that they may bring grace to the hearers.

" It is remarkable, that the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans came only into the hands of Chriſtians. The greatneſs of their underſtandings and learning ſhews, that no natural talents, however brilliant, or mere human knowledge, however profound, is ſufficient to lead men into the truth; and our fondneſs for the Greek and Roman learning, as ſuch, may be a work of Satan, to obſcure the New Teſtament, and oppoſe the truth and glory of Jeſus Chriſt, and ſeduce and darken the minds of Chriſtians.

" The intoxicating enjoyments of this world need the bitters of affliction, to make them wholeſome.

" The precious value of the Bible, and bleſſed effects of continually reading it, may be gathered from the hatred the enemy of mankind ſhews to it, by thruſting it out of his houſehold, popery; which may be rather indeed called his head quarters, in the war he wages againſt the church of Chriſt.

" It is grievous, indeed, to loſe our friends

and familiars. And he is fooliſh, who loſeth any thing, that he may keep with God. But it is a triumph of grace, when, for conſcience ſake, and faithful ſervice to God, we loſe them. They are not worth keeping, who cannot be retained with him; and he is not worthy of God, who will not forſake father and mother for him. Since I cannot pleaſe all, I will betake me to pleaſe one; and that one, who is better than all, for counſel, approbation, and reward. So long as God draweth all my thoughts to him, and calmeth them by ſweet contentment, I will not buy a fortune from fooliſh man. While he anſwereth my deſires, and communicateth himſelf more to me than I can expreſs, I will not vex myſelf in counting of man: whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides thee.—Pſalm lxxiii. 25.

"The injunction on Adam, Touch not, was a negative command; the injunction on thoſe to whom Chriſt is preached, Believe, is a poſitive command. With reſpect to the forbidden tree it is ſaid, In the day thou eateſt thereof, thou ſhalt ſurely die. So with reſpect to the Lamb of God, that precious and holy

holy one, which was given to God for our redemption, Jeſus Chriſt, who alſo gave himſelf for us, it may be ſaid, moſt truly ſaid, In the day thou eateſt of him, feedeſt on him by faith, thou ſhalt ſurely live. But here ſeems to be our caſe: as a falſe confidence drew Adam on to eat what was forbidden, ſo a falſe fear keeps us back from believing as we are bid. Adam was all light, and having no notion of darkneſs, had no apprehenſion of falling into it by diſobedience. We by the fall are become in a manner all darkneſs, and have no notion of the light, to which believing will finally bring us. Believing appears a ſtrange, and is found a moſt difficult work. Adam was full of confidence, as finding himſelf wiſe, good, and happy, and as having no experience, and conſequently no notion of their contraries. We are full of fears, as finding ourſelves fooliſh, bad, and miſerable, and as having no experience, and ſo no notion of the wiſdom, goodneſs, and happineſs, into which we ſhall by believing be finally tranſlated. Adam being overborne with light and confidence, ariſing from a ſenſe of his wiſdom, ſtrength, and happineſs, thought, I judge, his fall im-

poſſible to happen by ſo ſmall a thing as eating: and we, being overborn with darkneſs, and with fears, ariſing from a ſenſe of our guilt, folly, weakneſs, and miſery, are apt to think our recovery impoſſible to be accompliſhed by the bare act of believing, by ſo little a matter as this ſeems to be. But as Adam was proud of his graces, and unbelieving, ſo fell: let us be humble under our miſeries, and believing, ſo riſe again. We have indeed the advantage of Adam before he fell, in the matter of believing: we ſee and feel the event of his unbelief; we ſee and feel, that God's word is true in the prohibition. Let us, therefore, give glory to him, by believing it as true in the injunction. Does the matter of believing appear little to us, as too little to help us out of our miſeries? let us conſider, ſo it did to Adam moſt certainly as too little a thing, to throw him into them. But as he gave not glory to GOD before the event, let us, as we are enjoined, give glory to GOD after it, and labour daily by prayer for the ſpirit of all grace in Chriſt Jeſus, to enable us to do this. For let it be remembered (and here our corrupted nature ſadly deceives us), that little and trifling as

believing

believing may appear, and as ſurpriſingly ſhort as it may ſeem, as a means of the great things it is ordained to accompliſh, it is the greateſt and moſt weighty thing in the world, and is wrought in the hearts of believers by the Spirit of the Almighty God, in Jeſus Chriſt, and by him alone.

" *Enfield, Oct.* 29, 1747.—I know in my heart, and in my ſoul, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things, which the Lord, my God, my Father, in his beloved Son, my infinitely bleſſed Redeemer, hath declared in his precious and glorious promiſes. All are come to paſs unto me, and not one thing hath failed thereof to this day. Oh, my forgiving reconciled Father, my juſt and righteous God, who haſt delivered, defended, and kept me through my dear Redeemer; he is my Lord and my God; continue for his ſake thy divine fatherly care over me, and goodneſs towards me. Still let the unworthieſt of thy creatures taſte of thy ſalvation, and be preſerved in thy love, through Chriſt Jeſus. Oh manifeſt thyſelf to me, as thou doſt not unto the world, and grant, that I may live before thee all my remaining days in this evil world, to the praiſe and glory of thy

thy holy name, O my Father! And let the ſame bleſſings be freely given to my partner, and my dear children: be our God, and our Father, in everlaſting covenant, in Jeſus Chriſt, from this day. May we all from this day dwell continually in thy houſe, and in the ſecret of thy preſence: may we be bleſſed with all ſpiritual and everlaſting bleſſings, in heavenly things, in Jeſus Chriſt: and may we be made bleſſings one to another. Guide us by thy counſels, and hide us in the hollow of thy hand. May we be ſanctified, enlightened, comforted, and eſtabliſhed, by thy bleſſed Spirit: may we be delivered from the dominion of ſin, the power of Satan, the ſinful luſt of our fleſh, and the ſpirit of the world; and in newneſs of life, and to the end of our lives, give all glory to thee, our heavenly Father, by believing, walking, and rejoicing, in Jeſus Chriſt; who is our wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption; our all that we can poſſibly ſtand in need of as fallen ſinful creatures, in a ſinful miſerable world; our all in the want of all, our Lord, and our God. Bleſſed for ever more, Amen, and Amen.

" Seeſt thou a man, that is willing to give up

up temporal things (the favour of great perſons, ſupport of friends, a great eſtate to help againſt want), when it is to keep a good conſcience, when he is put to it—it is an evidence, that he reſteth on God, and truſts in him alone. Be aſſured, howſoever, that man may be under a cloud; and though it may be winter with him for a ſeaſon, yet he ſhall ſpring again, his light ſhall break forth, and he ſhall proſper—for light is ſown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart.

" I never read that God mightily ſtirred up the hearts of his people to ſeek him, but ſome great mercy and deliverance was at hand. Prayer is the harbinger of mercy; He doth not ſay to the ſeed of Jacob, ſeek ye my face in vain. When troubles ſend us to prayer, deliverance ſhall ſend us to praiſe.

" That Abel was accepted, and Cain not, may have been owing to this, that the bleſſed God had declared, that he was only to be approached in the way of worſhip by a bloody atonement, and that Cain would not conform or ſubmit to this.

" Did not God ſpare his own ſon, but give him up to death for us all? Then poſſeſs your hearts fully in the aſſurance of this great truth,

truth, that the greateſt and beſt of mercies ſhall not be denied or withheld from you, if you are in Chriſt. Lay it down as a ſure concluſion of faith, and build up your hope and comfort upon it; never was any truth better fortified, never any inference more ſtrongly drawn. Henceforth we may infer temporal, ſpiritual, and eternal mercies, all muſt be yours, if you are Chriſt's. O make ſure that Chriſt is yours, and never heſitate at any other mercy.

" How truly may God complain of us, as he did of Iſrael of old, Numbers xiv. 11. *How long will it be ere you believe me!* After all the atteſtations he hath given of his care and providence over us, after all the experiments we have had of the folly of our elections, we cannot yet be brought either to diſtruſt ourſelves or rely upon him: we are ſtill for chooſing our own lots, and look upon him as no farther concerned than as the executioner of our deſigns. This is certainly a ſtrange perverſeneſs, and ſuch as no ſenſible man would be guilty of in any other inſtance.

" It is no triumph of faith, to truſt God for thoſe good things which he gives us in hand:

hand: this is rather to walk by ſenſe, than faith: but to rely upon him when utterly deſtitute, *and, againſt hope, to believe in hope*, this is the faith of a true child of *Abraham*, and will be *imputed* to us, as it was to him, for *righteouſneſs*. Our patience, the moſt glorious accompliſhment of a Chriſtian, owes all its opportunities of exerciſe to our afflictions; and therefore we love our eſtate too well, if we are unwilling to buy this pearl at any price.

" Our gracious GOD ſtill walks upon the ſea, and moves in many a trackleſs path, in the deliverance of his church and people. How ordinary is it with him to make thoſe things, which in themſelves are deſtructive, to be helpful to the deliverance of his people! He that can find a way on the ſeas, wants no means to help and deliver his ſaints: and therefore let us never diſtruſt our God, whoſe arm is not ſhortened, that he cannot ſave, who can never be brought to a non plus, nor be oppoſed in his method of deliverance. He is not only able to raiſe deliverance out of the duſt, but out of nothing he can create the means of our help, and not only out of nothing, but out of contraries: he can make

contraries

contraries ſerve his ends, even his enemies are employed to accompliſh the purpoſes of his mercy. When God intends to deliver his church, he often appoints thoſe things, which are in themſelves deſtructive, to be ſubſervient in furthering his purpoſes. Yes, he can always find a way to his people in trouble, which way in itſelf may appear the greateſt poſſible hinderance. As phyſicians order poiſonous and deſtructive ingredients to medicinal and healthful purpoſes, ſo God often makes thoſe things work for us, which are intended as engines againſt us, making our enemies do his will with their own hands. Then ſince God hath ways enough, and can never be brought to the utmoſt of his thoughts: when your thoughts are at an end, learn to ſhut your eyes to things below, and turn them upwards to him, *who rideth on the heavens, for your help:* ſay with Jehoſhaphat, We know *not what to do, but our eyes are upon thee.*"

Mr.

Mr. Samuel Medley was born at Cheſhunt, Herts, on the 23d of June, A. D. 1738, and educated under his grandfather, Mr. William Tonge, at Enfield, a man of conſiderable learning and reſpectability in the religious world.

He early diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a lively capacity, and a ſtrong and retentive memory. His learning, ſo far from being a drudgery, was always his pleaſure and amuſement; a diſpoſition which followed him far into life.

About the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an oilman in Newgate Street, in which ſituation he met with many peculiar difficulties, ariſing partly from the temper of thoſe with whom he had to do, and partly from his active turn of mind. Finding himſelf entirely cramped in a ſphere ill ſuited to the vivacity of his character, and the extent of his ideas, he reſolved to get rid as ſoon as poſſible of his irkſome confinement. His wiſhes were much ſooner realized than he expected, by the breaking out of the war in 1755; when amongſt other offers, held out as an inducement for young men to enter into the navy, was that of apprentices being permitted to ſerve their time out in the king's ſervice, and certain companies came forward to ſecure the

freedom

freedom of the city to thoſe, who preferred the ſervice of their country. By this grant he became free of the clothworkers company.

This was of all others the moſt deſirable event that could have taken place. He at once made up his mind to the navy; and both his brothers being at this time engaged in the ſeafaring line, this ſtill tended to fix his mind more reſolutely on the ſame purſuit. It was in vain, that his pious father and grandfather urged their objections and remonſtrances. All the expoſtulations of his friends proving uſeleſs, and finding him fixed to his object, they exerted themſelves to render him every ſervice in their power.

He was now entered as midſhipman on board the Buckingham, a ſeventy-four gun ſhip, in which new ſituation he immediately ſtrove to recommend himſelf, by an unremitted aſſiduity to the duties of his ſtation. Determined to excel, he never would admit a rival, by which means he ſoon gained the notice and eſteem of his captain and officers. A very peculiar providence rendered his ſtation on board this ſhip very agreeable. His captain, in converſation with him, diſcovered, that he likewiſe had received his education under his grandfather Mr. William Tonge,

Tonge, a circumſtance which was entirely unknown to any of the parties concerned, when he entered the ſervice. Every friendly attention from this time was ſhewn to Mr. Medley, as far as propriety would admit; and as a proof of his captain's real friendſhip, he uſed to take every opportunity of inſtructing him in the nautical profeſſion.

From the Buckingham Mr. Medley was removed with the captain and officers to the Intrepid, another ſeventy-four, on board of which ſhip he was maſter's mate, and ſoon after ſailed with a ſquadron under the command of the Right Hon. Edward Boſcawen, admiral of the blue. Their deſtination was to the Mediterranean, where they were ſtationed for upwards of three years, occaſionally lying off Gibraltar, Minorca, Cadiz, and other ports in thoſe ſeas. Here he had an opportunity of ſeeing much of the world and mankind, nor did he fail making ſuch obſervations as were afterwards profitable to him through life; though at this time, it appears, he was in the zenith of his profaneneſs. How often, looking back to this period with contrition and gratitude, has he mentioned the awful lengths he was permitted to run, and how much he

was under the power and dominion of his corruptions, being at the greateſt poſſible diſtance from God, and utterly averſe from every ſerious reflection that might occaſionally intrude upon his mind!

Poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of claſſical learning, great wit, a fine conſtitution, and an unbounded flow of ſpirits, he was at once the life of the giddy circle in which he daily aſſociated, and univerſally prized as a companion in mirth. This lively and volatile turn of mind, he has many times ſaid, was at this time his greateſt ſnare, and led him into more evil than any other temptation. Thus flattered and careſſed by his light and profligate companions, he gave full ſcope to his reigning propenſities; acknowledging that he had neither the fear of God, nor man, before his eyes.

But, though loſt to every ſerious impreſſion, he was not totally without ſome flaſhes of conviction, which, in ſpite of all his mirth and jollity, would ſometimes caſt a momentary damp upon his pleaſure. As an inſtance of this, he one day, in the height of his profaneneſs, caſting his eyes on a favourite dog belonging to the captain, that lay by his ſide,

ſuddenly

ſuddenly wiſhed he was that dog, that he might have no ſoul to be ſaved. The effect of his religious education would appear alſo in his contempt of the groſs ſuperſtitions he had conſtant opportunities of obſerving, particularly in Spain: and although he pretended to no religion himſelf, yet ſo heartily did he deſpiſe the idolatrous worſhip of the hoſt, and the ſtupid proceſſions on theſe occaſions, that he would put himſelf to any inconvenience, rather than paſs by at ſuch times; and he verily believed, had he come to the trial, he ſhould as ſoon have ſuffered himſelf to have been inſulted or abuſed, as to have bowed his knees with the deluded populace. He alſo held a reſpectful notion of the piety of his father and grandfather, never doubting but they were honeſt and ſincere in their religious profeſſions.

During his ſervice he was engaged in ſeveral actions, but the moſt conſiderable, and the laſt, was the battle fought off Cape Lagos, on the memorable 18th of Auguſt, 1759, under admiral Boſcawen, againſt the French fleet commanded by M. de la Clue, Chef d'Eſcadre. This was a hard fought and obſtinate engagement, and the ſlaughter of the enemy,

owing to their cuſtom at that time of crowding their ſhips with men, was particularly affecting. On board of many of the French ſhips they ſtove in their barrels of flower, to abſorb the blood that flowed on their decks, in order to prevent the ſailors from ſlipping. The ſtation which Mr. Medley occupied during this action was on the poop, where he had a table and chair to take the minutes. From this elevated ſituation he had not only an opportunity of obſerving every circumſtance that happened on board the Intrepid, but could perceive the enemy drop as they were killed or wounded, the action was ſo cloſe. Thus ſurrounded by death, and in the moſt imminent danger, he has often ſaid he was ſo callous, that he had neither fear nor care. The firſt thing that ſtartled him was obſerving a ſhot ſhiver the mizenmaſt, while the captain, firſt lieutenant, and maſter, were converſing together, the former leaning with his arm againſt the maſt. None of them however were materially hurt.

A ſcene that affected him ſtill more was that of a wounded marine, carried off the deck by his comrade, to go to the ſurgeon. While at the top of the ladder a ſhot taking

taking the man in the bowels, who bore his wounded companion on his ſhoulders, they both inſtantly fell down into the hold together.

Not long after this the maſter turning himſelf round, cried out, Mr. Medley, you are wounded. On his looking down and ſeeing a quantity of blood, and the muſcles of his leg torn, his ſpirits felt a damp for the firſt time. Being a wound of ſuch a nature as required immediate aſſiſtance, owing to the loſs of blood, great part of the calf of the leg being ſhot away, he roſe from his ſeat and walked down to the ſurgeon *. The action continued ſome time after, but ended with the utmoſt ſucceſs on the ſide of the Engliſh. The following liſt contains the Engliſh and French lines,

* The ſurgeon, now Dr. Wright, phyſician to his Majeſty's forces, called on me but a few months ago, and told me the circumſtance of his attending my father on board the Intrepid.

English Line.

		Guns.	Men.	
2	Ships each	90	775	
1	- - - - -	80	650	
2	- - - - -	74	600	
2	- - - - -	70	520	
2	- - - - -	64	480	
3	- - - - -	60	420	
2	- - - - -	50	380	
and 3 Frigates.				
		956	7420	Total.

French Line.

	Guns.	Men.	
L'Ocean -	80	1000	run on ſhore.
Le Redoutable	74	815	burnt by the Engliſh.
Le Centaur -	74	815	taken.
Le Temeraire	74	815	taken.
Le Modeſt -	64	750	taken.
2 Ships each	74	815	eſcaped in the night.
3 Ships each	64	750	eſcaped in the night.
2 Ships each	50	500	eſcaped in the night.
and 3 Frigates.			
	806	8975	Total.

Mr.

Mr. Medley was now entirely incapacitated from attending the duties of his ſtation, and ordered to keep his bed; which to one of his active diſpoſition proved a very ſevere trial. His wound, inſtead of healing by the means uſed, daily grew worſe, which, together with his cloſe confinement, tended much to lower his ſpirits. The ſurgeon at length was under the neceſſity of informing him, that there was every appearance of gangrene, and that he feared the only means left of ſaving his life was amputation, which muſt be finally determined by the ſtate of the wound the next morning. This was ſtunning news, which at once overwhelmed his ſpirits; diſconſolate and alone, he now began to think ſoberly. Revolving in his mind the education, the advice, and the example he had had; the kind admonitions of his pious father and grandfather, their counſels and prayers began to find a place in his memory. He recollected alſo with what importunate anxiety they had conſtantly inculcated upon him the duty of perſonal prayer, as well by example as precept.

Conſidering his caſe as deſperate, it occurred to his mind, that prayer to God muſt be

his laſt reſource. This reflection was ſomewhat encouraged by what he had often heard his parents ſay, reſpecting GOD's hearing thoſe that called on him; conceiving there was no other courſe left for him, all human help now failing, he reſolved to betake himſelf to this experiment.

At this juncture it ſtruck him, that he had once ſeen a Bible in his cheſt, by whom depoſited, or when, he knew not; but he ſuppoſed it was by his father, or ſome of his relations *. For this long neglected book, which he, like many others, had never opened while in health and ſtrength, he now in trouble began to find a uſe. Immediately calling his ſervant, he gave him the key of his cheſt, and told him to bring a Bible he would find there: he opened this ſacred book in the devotional Pſalms, and read for a conſiderable time, but never could recollect which of the Pſalms it was he read on this occaſion.

The great agitation of his mind preventing his reſt, he ſpent the principal part of the night in wakeful anxiety, praying to God in his way very fervently for the reſtoration of

* This was one of the Society's Bibles.

his

his limb, and the preſervation of his life; theſe were indeed his only objects, for at this time he had not been taught the far greater danger he was in of loſing his ſoul.

As the morning approached he trembled for the conſequence. On the wound being opened, the ſurgeon, lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, the change was little leſs than a miracle. Pleaſed and ſurpriſed at this unexpected event, he did not fail to ſet it down as an anſwer to his importunate, and as he thought prevailing petitions; verily believing, that God had heard him on account of his prayers. At leaſt he could not help thinking, that there was ſomething more in what his friends had told him about religion, than he had been in the habit of conceiving. From this time he began gradually to recover, but as his health and ſtrength returned, his ſerious impreſſions in proportion wore away.

The fleet being ordered home, and being ſtill confined to his cabin, on his arrival in England he was permitted to leave the ſervice, till he was perfectly reſtored; and to return, or not, at his own option. But he ſtill entertained the higheſt ſentiments reſpecting his favourite profeſſion; and, fluſhed with

with the thoughts of ſo ſignal a victory, in the honours of which he was now ſharing, he reſolved he would never quit the ſervice, till he was made an admiral.

On his arrival in London, he was carried to the houſe of Mr. Tonge, his grandfather, where he continued for many months to keep his room.

Mr. Tonge was now retired from public life, having left Enfield, and was at this time a deacon of the Baptiſt church, under the paſtoral charge of the late Dr. Gifford. Mr. Medley, thus ſurrounded by his pious relatives and friends, was forced, much againſt his inclination, to hear many a faithful admonition, and many a ſolemn warning. His grandfather's manners, being rather rigid and ſtrict, made him, to one of Mr. Medley's temper, but a diſagreeable companion, which was an additional reaſon for his earneſtly deſiring his liberation, by returning again to the duties of his ſtation.

His wound being nearly healed, and his wonted vivacity beginning to return, he was pondering in his mind the moſt eligible mode of ſecuring his preferment. At this critical juncture, while he was laying his plans for this

this world, it pleaſed God to engage his heart for his own ſervice, by effectually calling him from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan to God. It has been hinted above, that his mind had relapſed into its former ſtate of levity on one hand, and inveterate diſlike of religion and the things of God on the other, which appeared more particularly in his rooted diſlike both of the company and communication of any ſerious perſon.

It had been the cuſtom of Mr. Tonge, frequently to read ſome religious tract to him in his chamber, particularly on the Lord's day. Mr. Medley being anxious to know one ſabbath evening, whether his grandfather were going out to worſhip, inquired of the ſervant, who told him, that Mr. Tonge was looking for a ſermon, and was coming to read it to him. Upon which he exclaimed, "Read a ſermon to me, he had better be any where elſe:" heartily wiſhing the old gentleman had ſome more profitable employment, than ſpending his own time, and wearying his patience, with ſuch unintereſting ſtuff. However diſagreeable theſe intruſive ſervices were, he had ſtill ſufficient pru-

dence, to preſerve a reſpectful outward deportment.

The piece choſen on this occaſion, was a manuſcript ſermon of Dr. Watts's, which was read to him alone. The words of the text were in the forty-ſecond of Iſaiah, and the ſixth and ſeventh verſes. "*I, the Lord, have called thee in righteouſneſs, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles: To open the blind eyes, to bring out the priſoners from the priſon, and them that ſit in darkneſs out of the priſon houſe.*" He heard at firſt with his uſual indifference. His attention was gradually raiſed, as the ſubject was opened, but when thoſe parts of the text, about opening the blind eyes, and bringing thoſe that ſit in darkneſs out of the priſon houſe, began to be explained, he heard, he more than heard, for every ſentence deſcribed his own caſe, and every word ſunk deep into his heart. At once convinced of his awful ſtate as a ſinner before God, and the imminent danger he was in as ſuch, with a heart broken under a ſenſe of his guilt and impenitence, and the aſtoniſhing forbearance of God towards him, as ſoon as he was alone he fell down

down before the Lord, and ſpread before him his mournful dangerous caſe.

He now began to go out, and as often as he was able heard Mr. Whitfield, and Dr. Gifford, accompanied by his grandfather. It appears from a few lines written in a manuſcript book, dated July 5, 1760*, that he ſoon received the comforts of the Goſpel, by

* The lines here noticed are altered from Dr. Watts, and have appeared in print years ago, juſt as they are here given: but as I find them dated in ſo particular a manner, and within a few weeks at moſt of his firſt ſerious impreſſions, I thought they would not be altogether unintereſting to the reader.

In all my troubles ſharp and ſtrong,
My ſoul to Jeſus flies,
My anchor hold is firm in him,
When ſwelling billows riſe.

His comforts bear my ſpirit up:
I truſt a faithful God.
The ſure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs ſing, my ſoul,
To my Redeemer's name:
In joy and ſorrow, life and death,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

a believing

a believing view of the fulneſs and ſufficiency of the atonement of the Lord Jeſus, a ſenſe of which followed him through all his labours to his dying day.

The change was viſible and ſtriking, and ſoon began to operate by altering his views of the navy, where he had ſo fondly built his hopes of future greatneſs. He had been promiſed a lieutenant's commiſſion immediately on the expiration of his time, of which there were but a few months to fulfil. This, flattering as it had been, was now voluntarily relinquiſhed. His natural diſpoſition receiving a new bias, he commenced a lively, zealous, and warm hearted Chriſtian. His excellent father had juſt ſurvived long enough, to ſee his earneſt petitions anſwered in the converſion of his now only child, as he died about four months after this pleaſing event. In the month of December, 1760, Mr. Medley made a public profeſſion, by joining the church in Eagle Street, under the paſtoral care of Dr. Gifford. Thus he, who was before a blaſphemer and injurious, obtained mercy, which almighty and ſovereign grace he did not fail to recommend by his converſation and example.

During

During his long confinement he had employed many of his ſolitary hours in refreſhing his memory by a ſtudy of the claſſics, a complete remembrance of which he ever after retained. He now turned his progreſs in literature to the ſtudy of the Holy Scriptures in their original tongues, of which, with the kind aſſiſtance of his grandfather, he ſoon gained a conſiderable knowledge. Athirſt for improvement, he applied himſelf to reading on all ſubjects, that could enlarge or improve his mind; and thus, by the peculiar providence of God, he was gradually laying the foundation of his future uſefulneſs. Indeed few had his advantages, having acceſs to a very excellent library belonging to Mr. Tonge, with the addition of a conſiderable philoſophical apparatus, the principal part of which he afterwards gave to his grandſon.

Having relinquiſhed all thought of the navy, by the advice of his friends he began a ſchool in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials. The education of youth being an employment of which he was particularly fond, he ſucceeded in it to a very great degree, and has left many ſurviving proofs of his attention

tion and aſſiduity to the duties of his ſtation.

On the 17th of April, 1762, he married, and removed to King Street, Soho; where his attention was amply repaid by an increaſing and reſpectable ſchool, which continued as long as the providence of God kept him in London.

For ſome years no particular change took place: but it ſeems that, for ſome time paſt, Dr. Gifford had formed ideas of Mr. Medley's abilities for the miniſtry; and one day, in converſation with him, put the queſtion, whether he had ever thought ſeriouſly on the ſubject. He was much ſurpriſed by this interrogation, not having opened his mind to any one, but confeſſed, it had been for a long time much impreſſed on his thoughts, and had lain on them with conſiderable weight. He was ſoon after heard by the church, according to the uſual cuſtom, and called by them to the public work of the miniſtry on the 29th of Auguſt, 1766.

His firſt public labours were in the neighbourhood of London, on a ſabbath day, and at other times, when he had leiſure from his uſual

uſual occupation. The vivacity of his temper, the warmth of his heart, and that degree of eaſy and natural elocution he poſſeſſed, together with his zealous attachment to the diſtinguiſhing doctrines of the goſpel, and the truth as it is in Jeſus, drew great numbers to hear him, and made his proſpects as a miniſter daily more pleaſing. The ſucceſs, alſo, with which it pleaſed God to attend his labours, encouraged him, in the ſtrength of his divine Maſter, to continue his efforts, by enriching his mind in a careful ſtudy of the Scriptures, to which now he devoted all his time and talents, that could poſſibly be ſpared from his other avocations, often encroaching on the uſual hours of repoſe. The fruits of theſe early exertions appeared through life, and in ſome meaſure accounted for that uncommon degree of ſcriptural knowledge, to which he attained, and in which he was almoſt without a rival.

On June 6, 1767, Mr. Medley accepted a call from the Baptiſt church at Watford, Herts, and on July 13, 1768, was ordained. The miniſters preſent and employed on the occaſion were as follows. Dr. Gifford introduced the buſineſs, aſked the uſual queſtions,

and received the confeſſion of faith. Mr. Robinſon, of Cambridge, offered up the ordination prayer; while himſelf, Dr. Gifford, Mr. James, of Hitchen, and Mr. Gwennap, of Saffron Walden, laid their hands on him. Mr. James preached to the people from the 13th of Heb. ver. 17: "*Obey them that have the rule over you, and ſubmit yourſelves. For they watch for your ſouls, as they that muſt give account; that they may do it with joy, and not with grief, for that is unprofitable for you.*" Mr. Meſſer prayed. Mr. Gwennap gave the charge from the 2d of Tim. ii. 15. "*Study to ſhew thyſelf approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be aſhamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.*" Mr. Medley concluded in prayer.

At Watford he ſtill continued the arduous taſk of education, and had a very reſpectable boarding ſchool; the exceſſive fatigues of which, together with his diligent attention to his more private ſtudies for the pulpit, that frequently occupied him the greater part of the night, ſoon injured a fine conſtitution, and laid the foundation of many complaints, which grew with his years, and to which may

may be in a great meaſure aſcribed that variation in his ſpirits, from this period ſo conſtantly experienced by him. Finding himſelf unequal to his ſituation, and not ſo comfortable in all reſpects as he could wiſh, he conſidered it his duty to follow the leadings of Providence, wherever a door might be opened. At this juncture, that late venerable and pious deacon of the church at Liverpool, Mr. John Liveſley, on a journey, heard of Mr. Medley, and was directed to him, as a ſuitable paſtor for the church to which he belonged, which was at this time deſtitute. After ſome letters had paſſed on the ſubject, the following invitation was ſent by the church in Liverpool.

DEAR SIR, Liverpool, Nov. 11, 1771.

IT was with great pleaſure I received your letter, and the contents increaſed it, as I hope the Lord will incline you to accept the invitation.

When it was read to the church, a pleaſure appeared in every countenance, which was ſucceeded by expreſſions of joy at the

thought of your coming. There has been many an earneſt cry ſent up to the Lord of the harveſt, that he would ſend by the hand of whom he would. We hope, dear ſir, theſe prayers will be anſwered in your coming.

There are many circumſtances that ſtrongly incline us to believe the hand of the Lord is in it. Brother Liveſley's hearing of you on his journey, and being directed to you, of whom he had not ſo much as heard, and alſo finding you ſo ſituated, as upon the whole ſeems not only probable, but expedient, that you leave Watford: ſuch things appear to us plainly, to be the voice of God in his providence and favour of your removal hither; and which may be an encouragement both to you and us, to proceed with becoming prudence to a ſtep, which we truſt will prove, under the divine bleſſing, a mercy and comfort to us, to you, and many others. You would ſee by brother Liveſley's letter, how deſtitute this place is of the goſpel: nevertheleſs we hope the Lord has much people to be called in this place, when he is pleaſed to ſend ſome one to prophecy over the dry bones.

As

As to the church here, that ſo earneſtly deſires a viſit from you, modeſty forbids them commending themſelves; but hope you will find them a people, that have taſted that the Lord is gracious, ſound in the commonly received doctrines of faith, lovers of experimental religion, and deſirous to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameleſs.

The Chriſtian love you ſent the church, together with the important duties you recommended, were kindly received, and hope in ſome good meaſure will be purſued: and it is more and more our united and moſt earneſt requeſt, that you will favour us with a viſit at the time mentioned, and make it as long as you can, that there may be a mutual knowledge of each other, and a conſideration of the things neceſſary and leading to your ſettlement among us, which we hope the Lord will accompliſh ſhortly. We ſhall only add our earneſt wiſh and prayer, that your mind may be influenced by the word and ſpirit of God in this very important buſineſs, and that you may come to us in the fulneſs of the bleſſing of the goſpel of Chriſt. We

join in Chriſtian love to yourſelf and family, hoping to hear from you, and ſee you ſoon, which will be a ſatisfaction hardly to be expreſſed by,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brethren

in the bonds of the Goſpel.

Signed as uſual by the deacons
and members, in behalf of
the whole church.

P. S. Dear Sir, you have this preſſing invitation heartily from the whole church, though only the brethren preſent ſigned it; and it would have been ſent immediately on receipt of yours, but that they could not ſo well be got together till the Lord's day. I hope you will find us when you come in a degree according to your wiſh, an affectionate people, lively in the things of God, and deſirous to make you happy and eaſy in temporal matters, without the fatigue of a ſchool.

In the latter end of December, 1771, Mr. Medley

Medley firſt viſited Liverpool, and was there two Lord's days. The following were the ſubjects from which he preached.

1ſt Sermon.—Iſaiah xl. verſes 1 and 2.
"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," &c.
2d Sermon.—Lamentations iii. verſe 58.
"O Lord, thou haſt pleaded the cauſes of my ſoul."
3d Sermon.—Acts xvi. verſe 14.
"And a certain woman named Lydia," &c.
4th Sermon.—Matthew xxiv. verſe 20.
"But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."
5th Sermon.—John i. verſe 29.
"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the ſins of the world."
6th Sermon.—John vii. verſe 37.
"In the laſt day, that great day of the feaſt, Jeſus ſtood and cried," &c.
7th Sermon.—Iſaiah xlix. ver. 14, 15, and 16.
8th Sermon.—Exodus xii. verſe 13.
"And the blood ſhall be to you for a token," &c.
9th Sermon.—Job xxix. verſe 13.
"The bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh came upon me."

Juſt before Mr. Medley's departure from Liverpool, the following call of the church was preſented to him.

To our much eſteemed brother, and ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt, Mr. Samuel Medley.

We, the church of Chriſt meeting at the bottom of Dale Street, in Liverpool, wiſh grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied to you, from God our Father, and our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

Dearly beloved in the Lord:

We thought it needful, before the providence of God called you away from us at this time, to return you our humble, hearty, and ſincere thanks, for the kind viſit you have made us, and more eſpecially for the word of God you have preached among us, which we muſt acknowledge, with thankfulneſs to God, hath been not only to our greateſt ſatisfaction in all reſpects, but alſo to the great comfort, quickening, and refreſhment of our ſouls, in the things of God; and we truſt has been bleſſed to many others, who have attended; ſo that we do ſolemnly, in the fear of God, and with all our hearts, give you this public

and

and united call, to come among us, ſtatedly to preach the word of God to us: believing, from the many remarkable footſteps of Providence, with which our interview has been attended, and the general approbation and bleſſing, with which your labours have been owned, that it is the will of the great head of the church, you ſhould be employed in this part of his vineyard: and knowing, that it is the will of God, that they, who preach the Goſpel, ſhould live of the Goſpel, ſo we, as the Lord ſhall enable us, do purpoſe to provide a comfortable maintenance for you and yours. We therefore conclude, hoping, and earneſtly praying, that, though you may be removed from us for a ſeaſon, it will only be, that we may receive you *for ever*. We remain, with our chriſtian love, wiſhing you a comfortable journey by the will of God, and a happy ſight of your family and friends,

Dear Brother,

Your affectionate Brethren,

for Jeſus' ſake,

Signed, &c. by the deacon and members in behalf of the whole church.

On

On the 15th of April, 1772, Mr. Medley and his family arrived in Liverpool; at which time he commenced his paſtoral office. Here as a miniſter he enjoyed the increaſing affection of a people, whoſe piety, unaffected love, and chriſtian zeal, were equalled only by their mutual confidence and attachment to each other. Perhaps, in this imperfect ſtate of things, few connexions have been formed under more auſpicious circumſtances, or more fully anſwered the warm and anxious hopes of all concerned.

It pleaſed God, alſo, powerfully to attend the word preached by the influences of his Holy Spirit, to the revival, comfort, and encouragement of his people, and for the converſion of many others; and this ſucceſs, bleſſed be God, was uniform to the laſt year of his life. Relieved from the anxious employment of inſtructing youth, he purſued his ſtudies without diſtraction, never ſuffering any thing to draw him from the main buſineſs of his life, that of preaching the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, which was at once his occupation and delight. Having full ſcope for the exerciſe of thoſe abilities, with which God had bleſſed him, his popularity continually

increaſed, not only in Liverpool and the neighbouring towns, but in London alſo, where prodigious numbers always attended, whenever he preached.

The congregation at Liverpool had increaſed ſo conſiderably, that in the following year, 1773, it was found neceſſary to enlarge the place of worſhip. This was accordingly done; and it was ſoon filled with attentive and conſtant hearers. From this period nothing more remarkable occurred till the year 1789, when the new meeting in Byrom Street was erected: unleſs we notice the remarkable peace, affection, and unanimity, with which that period of time was crowned; the dear remembrance of which will long find a place in many an affectionate boſom.

From the time of the opening of the new place of worſhip, to the final ſtroke that ſeparated the beloved paſtor from his flock, conſiderable additions have been made, and the word of the glorious Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt abundantly crowned with ſucceſs. Indeed it has with great pleaſure been obſerved by many of thoſe, who ſat under Mr. Medley's miniſtry from his firſt coming to Liverpool, that they never found the word more

bleſſed

bleſſed than it was the laſt ſix months they heard him.

During his annual viſits to London, where for a great number of years he regularly ſupplied the congregations of Tabernacle and Tottenham Court chapels, he had the pleaſure, not only of preaching with great acceptance, but of finding theſe his occaſional labours much owned and bleſſed; having reaſon to believe, that ſeveral, more or leſs, were called to the knowledge of the truth under his miniſtry in theſe places every journey; as he often heard of many pleaſing ſeals to his miniſtry, after his return home. As his health and ſpirits began to fail him, he found himſelf often unequal to the fatigue of preaching from place to place, as is the cuſtom with viſiting miniſters in London; which tended to unfit him for his public work, and to prevent that active exertion, for which he had been ſo remarkable in earlier life, and which, in the regular and methodical manner he conducted all his ſtudies at home, continued till his laſt illneſs, with little or no variation.

None could be judges either of his abilities or uſefulneſs, but thoſe who had an opportunity

opportunity of conſtantly attending his miniſtry in his own place, and particularly his more private lectures. I need but mention his monthly ſermons on prayer, delivered in the veſtry at his own place, to revive a pleaſing teſtimony in the breaſts of many, who have for years attended theſe ſervices with pleaſure and profit. It would indeed have been a very pleaſing circumſtance, had any of theſe diſcourſes been tranſcribed at length, as they would have conveyed an epitome of his labours: but this is a loſs not now to be redeemed. In delivering theſe lectures, he appeared like a father meeting his aſſembled family, opening his ſoul with the moſt unreſerved frankneſs, while ſolemnity and ſweetneſs united in every ſentence. The delightful attention of his audience on theſe occaſions was equally remarkable.

It would be improper here to omit mentioning the numerous ſocial meetings, at which he was in the habit of ſpeaking from ſome paſſage of Scripture, ſuited to the particular occaſion, with an affection and impreſſive energy peculiar to himſelf. He never ſeemed more at liberty than at theſe times; and few, who have witneſſed them, can eaſily

forget the things, that would flow from his lips. The laſt ſervice of this kind he ever attended was in a family, that had been delivered out of great affliction, and preſerved to great mercies. His diſcourſe was from thoſe words in the 1ſt of Samuel xii. 24. "*For conſider how great things he hath done for you.*"

His peculiar attachment to the intereſts of the riſing generation was a ſtriking trait in his character, both as a man and as a miniſter. He ſeldom enjoyed himſelf more than in converſing with young people, and inſtructing them, either publicly from the pulpit, or privately in the parlour. From this circumſtance it is not to be wondered, that he had in all places where he came the affection and confidence of the young. This was to him indeed no ſmall part of the reward of his work. The following paper, handſomely written and preſented to him while on a viſit at Briſtol, is ſo ſuitable to the preſent purpoſe, and contains ſo pleaſing a teſtimony to this part of his labours, that I thought it would not be altogether unintereſting in this place.

To

To the Rev. Mr. MEDLEY.

The young friends of the city of Briſtol, whoſe names are underwritten,

MOST humbly pray, that he will be pleaſed to accept of their unfeigned thanks for his truly benevolent and pious inſtructions, earneſtly imploring the Lord Jeſus, to make them an eternal bleſſing to their immortal ſouls, that each one of them may meet together in glory with their dear inſtructor,

There for ever to praiſe

Nov. 11, 1785. REDEEMING LOVE.

This paper is ſigned with 88 names.

To attempt entering upon a minute deſcription of his talents, manner, or doctrine, would ſwell this part of the work beyond the limits allotted to it. The reader cannot have a better or more conciſe idea on this ſubject given him, than by quoting the words of his favourite author Fanch. The general ſcope and object of all his labours, tending, "To humble the pride of fallen man, to exalt the grace of God in his ſalvation, and to promote real holineſs in heart and life."

For

For ſome years Mr. Medley's health was on the decline, but ſo gradually, as not to appear particularly ſtriking to thoſe about him; and this was greatly owing to the variation of his ſpirits noticed above. When conſiderably indiſpoſed, he would ſoon forget all his complaints on converſing with a friend; and his public labours often raiſed him above himſelf, acting the part of a ſalutary medicine. It is well known, that under theſe circumſtances, both himſelf and his hearers frequently enjoyed the beſt ſeaſons.

About the beginning of October, 1798, he was attacked with the firſt ſymptoms of the diſeaſe, which terminated his mortal exiſtence. Being engaged as uſual to pay his annual viſit to London, he attempted the journey, which heretofore had often proved ſerviceable to him in recruiting his ſtrength and ſpirits. Soon after his arrival in town his indiſpoſition increaſed, and the jaundice began to make its appearance, ſo that he was obliged for ſome time to give up his public labours.

From the firſt of his illneſs he was deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of his approaching diſſolution, and, under this apprehenſion, took a ſolemn and affectionate farewell of the congregations

gregations to which he had for ſo many years been in the habit of preaching, bearing a faithful teſtimony to the truth as it is in Jeſus, and telling all around him that they would ſee his face no more. The ſympathizing concern of his friends in Liverpool, during this painful abſence, much affected him: he never read their letters without tears of affection, and would many times break off while peruſing them to indulge his feelings.

The relief he obtained by the ſkilful medical advice he had was but of ſhort duration; before he left town his caſe became alarming, and it was doubtful, whether he would be able to return to Liverpool. With great fatigue, however, this was accompliſhed in the month of January. The ſabbath day after his arrival, he was ſo much revived, as to preach twice, which proved, as might be expected, too much for his now decaying ſtrength. From this time he was wholly unable to continue his public work, till the Eaſter Sunday following, when he once more attempted, for the laſt time, to addreſs his beloved congregation from the pulpit. The words he choſe as the ſubject of his diſcourſe were the 2d verſe of the 8th chapter of Deuteronomy, "*And thou ſhalt remember all the way, which*

the Lord thy God led thee theſe forty years in the wilderneſs."

Here his public labours cloſed, diſeaſe and conſequent weakneſs daily increaſed, till his complaints terminated in a confirmed dropſy, and all hopes of a recovery were given up. From the firſt of his illneſs he laboured under great depreſſion of ſpirits, ariſing partly from the nature of his diſorder, but more eſpecially from the frame of his mind, which was in general low and dark, mourning much on account of the loſs of ſenſible comforts. In this ſtate of languor and depreſſion he marked off the following paſſage out of Mr. Dorney's works, a book that had been for many years his cloſet companion: "Inward peace and rejoicing have been much bruiſed for certain days by weakneſs, guilt, and diſtraction, that have ſeized my heart. There they lie like a mountain of lead; when my thoughts would turn inward, I hear nothing but outcries of guilt and accuſation poſſeſſing my heart; I can find no ſhelter at home, I am forced abroad for lodging, company, and food. My heart is grown hard, dark, and weak; it prevails againſt my former ſenſe of the Divine preſence, and while it is thus filled with the clamours of death and confuſion, methinks I hear

hear the ſpirit of the bridegroom ſay, 'Come, ariſe, this is not your reſt—launch forth into the ocean of free grace, and let not thy expectation hanker towards thyſelf: though thy fleſh fail, and thy heart fail, GOD is the ſtrength of thy heart, and thy portion for ever."

During this trial he ſometimes would ſay, he feared he had only been inſtrumental in the ſalvation of others as a ſcaffold to the building, which, when completed, is taken down, as of no farther uſe.

It will appear, however, from the following hymn written while in the midſt of his affliction, that, although his mind was much depreſſed, his hope and expectation from God were unſhaken.

In my Affliction, in the year 1799.

With ſickneſs, pain, and languor great,
Depreſſing all my mortal frame,
My ſorrows I to GOD relate,
My God, who ever is the ſame.

The ſame his everlaſting love,
The ſame the promiſe of his word,
The ſame his cov'nant from above,
The ſame the mercy of the LORD.

True, I am made to feel his rod,
But 'tis the rod my father ſends;

And he, my wife and gracious God,
His glory, and my good, intends.

Tho' oft my ſoul is ſore caſt down,
And I am brought exceeding low;
No comfort or ſupport I own,
But what his promiſe makes me know.

Cheerful I give up all, beſide
His gracious, faithful, holy word,
And humbly ſtill on this confide,
This book of life, this ſure record.

Secur'd hereby, I'll wait and hope,
Tho' mighty foes my heart aſſail,
His truth ſhall bear my ſpirit up,
His faithfulneſs ſhall never fail.

Again my ſoul ſhall be reſtor'd,
And light, and peace, and joy return;
His gracious ſmiles he will afford,
And I ſhall ſing, tho' now I mourn.

In death my trials all ſhall end,
And ſin, their cauſe, be known no more;
But I eternity ſhall ſpend,
His name and goodneſs to adore. *S. M.*

His heart, full of affection to his ſurrounding connexions, ſuffered many a pang at the thought of parting; his family, the beloved congregation for whom he had ſo long laboured in the bonds of the Goſpel, and a valuable ſociety of dear friends of whom he was now about to take a final farewell, drew floods of tears from his eyes. He would ſay,

" It

" It is like tearing up an old tree by the roots: none knew how far they extended, or how firmly they graſped the earth, till they were likely to be torn up."

This dejected frame, bleſſed be God, did not long continue, though the change that took place was gradual. He again began to conſider God as faithful to his promiſe, unchangeable in his nature, and ever mindful of the word of truth, on which he had cauſed him to hope: and he would often ſay he found peculiar ſatisfaction in *waiting for God.* He was ſomewhat cheered by the ſuggeſtion of the following paſſages: " Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt." " Bleſſed are they that hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, for they ſhall be filled:" to which he added, " Bleſſed be God, I do hunger, I do thirſt after righteouſneſs." Again, " Caſt not away your confidence, which hath great recompenſe of reward:" and that ſcripture which was firſt made uſeful to him, now afforded him no ſmall ſhare of conſolation. Iſaiah xlii. 6, 7. " I the Lord have called thee in righteouſneſs, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the peo-

ple, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the priſoners from the priſon, and them that ſit in darkneſs out of the priſon houſe."

He now often looked back and ſpoke of his early experience, recalling with gratitude and pleaſure the wonderful train of providences, by which he had been led, and the more wonderful effects of divine grace on his heart, the comfort of which he was again beginning to taſte. He was much revived by the company and converſation of his Chriſtian friends, in the pleaſure of their ſociety for a while forgetting all his pains.

As his bodily infirmities increaſed, the gloom and darkneſs, under which he had laboured, were diſpelled, and the delightful dawn of an eternal day began to break forth. Thus while diſeaſe and death were making their rapid advances, and hourly crumbling down the earthly tabernacle, the inner man was renewing, day by day. His confidence and comfort in God, as his covenant-God in Chriſt Jeſus, conſtantly increaſed; and all he ſaid or wrote proved, that his ſoul was rationally and ſteadfaſtly ſupported, that his faith in God, founded on his eternal truth, was ſtrong,

ſtrong, clear, and abiding, and that his hopes were full of immortality. In his converſation and correſpondence he ſeldom omitted to mention with peculiar ſweetneſs the work of the Holy Spirit, and thankfully to acknowledge his agency in illuminating, quickening, and comforting his ſoul. Thus ſupported by the grace and love of his adored Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, he became more and more reſigned to the ſovereign will of his heavenly Father, caſting himſelf on the rock of ages, and patiently waiting the termination of his troubles.

The following, copied from a letter dated July 6, 1799, will give a brief ſtate of the general frame of his mind. After deſcribing the afflicted ſtate of his body, he adds, " Yes, I truſt I do find through grace, that my ſoul is built upon and ſupported by the rock of ages, even the foundation which God has laid in Zion; and this is all my ſalvation, and all my deſire, as revealed and declared in his holy, bleſſed, and precious word. I have not, I would not have any other foundation of comfort, in life, or in death; I daily long, and in my feeble way pray, for more and more of the power and influence of the Lord, the Spi-

rit, to explain, apply, and ſeal theſe great and glorious things to my ſoul. My frames of mind often change, but ſtill, I truſt, the language of my heart is, *none but Chriſt, none but Chriſt:* nor have I a wiſh or deſire above what the Apoſtle expreſſes, where he ſays, 'That I may win Chriſt, and be found in him, not having my own righteouſneſs, which is of the law, but that which is of the faith of God, the righteouſneſs which is of God by faith.' Thoſe words of the Pſalmiſt are often ſweet and ſupporting to my mind, where he ſays, 'I wait for the Lord, my ſoul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.' This may ſerve to give you a general hint of the preſent frame and experience of my poor mind, as now under the afflicting hand of my gracious God, and heavenly Father, in Chriſt Jeſus."

He frequently talked very ſeriouſly to the ſervant in the family, endeavouring to convince her of her loſt and undone ſtate by nature, warning her to flee to Chriſt, and reſt wholly on him for life and ſalvation; adding, "Part works, and part Chriſt, won't do: all I want for myſelf is to win Chriſt, and be found in him, that I may know him, and the power

of

of his reſurrection. O that I knew him more! O that I loved him more!"

Mrs. M. finding herſelf much indiſpoſed, ſaid, "I think I ſhall not be long after you." To which he replied, "Leave that with the Lord, he knows what is beſt for you; it is not for us to cut and carve our own trials, our times are in his hands: All that the Father hath given me, ſaith Chriſt, ſhall come unto me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wiſe caſt out." He then ſaid, "What a mercy it is, that I have been ſo freed from worldly cares, and that I have had ſo little to do with temporal concerns for ſo long a time. I have had ſuch confidence in the connexions that God has given me, that I could cheerfully reſign every thing into their hands but my ſoul. Truly goodneſs and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and now I am going to dwell in the houſe of the Lord for ever; I have had more than heart could wiſh, even of outward bleſſings."

The 17th chapter of John was peculiarly precious to him, he often read it during his illneſs. "It is indeed the Lord's prayer," he would ſay, "none but Chriſt could uſe that prayer." He was now gradually weaning from

from all the tranſitory things of time and ſenſe, and enabled wholly to caſt himſelf and all his deareſt earthly enjoyments into the hands of his covenant-keeping GOD, of whoſe diſpenſations he was wont to ſay, "He is too wiſe to be miſtaken, and too good to be unkind." Thus, though looſened to the world and all the comforts around him, his affections remained as tender, warm, and lively as ever. About this time the 62d Pſalm was very ſweet and refreſhing to him; he uſed to ſay of it with peculiar pleaſure, "That is one of my golden pocket pieces; I thank my God, though my memory is not what it was, it is not yet ſo bad, but I can readily turn here to a cordial, and there to a comfort, in his bleſſed word."

Being ordered by his phyſician to try change of air, he made an excurſion into Wales, accompanied by two of his daughters. The journey was accompliſhed with conſiderable fatigue and difficulty, and without any refreſhment of his health or ſpirits; and he returned to Liverpool in about ten days, with the dropſy greatly increaſed upon him. Soon after his return home he wrote to London. The following is a quotation from his letter, dated

dated July 10, 1799. "Bleſſed be God, he ſupports and upholds my mind on and by his good word and Holy Spirit. Though, as I have often ſaid to you, I have no raviſhing frames or flights of ſoul, yet I humbly truſt the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are his everlaſting arms." He then repeats thoſe words in the 130th Pſalm, "I wait on the Lord, my ſoul doth wait, and in his word do I hope."

It was thought proper, a ſhort time after this, in order to procure a diſcharge of water, to puncture one of his feet, which was followed by ſome temporary relief. On this day he wrote his laſt letter, dated July 13, 1799, only four days previous to his diſſolution. No change had taken place at this time, in the leaſt to indicate his ſpeedy departure; but, as directed by that hand which never errs, he writes like one who is juſt about to finiſh his courſe, filling his paper as full as poſſible with the affectionate breathings of paternal ſympathy, and the devotional expreſſions of a ſoul enjoying a lively hope and unſhaken confidence in God. After general information he writes as follows: "With reſpect to the preſent ſituation in which I am, as it relates to the

the earthly houſe of this my now poor, weak, and tottering tabernacle; I have only to ſay, that I ſtill continue to grow weaker and weaker, while my body ſwells ſo much, and is now ſo large and heavy, that I can ſcarce move myſelf along. I have quite done with going out, I am not now able to get into the garden, nor in general ſo much as to riſe out of my chair, when I have ſat down a little while in it, without the aſſiſtance of one or two perſons to help me. So that from the whole, could I relate to you every particular, you may, nay you muſt, moſt aſſuredly come to this concluſion, that there is not left the leaſt human proſpect or probability of my recovery. I am expecting ſhortly to undergo the operation of the trochar, in order to draw off the load of water from my body, though this is only to be done for the ſake of ſome preſent relief, and not with any proſpect of its producing a cure; as there is every reaſon to believe and expect, that, after this intended operation is performed, the parts affected will ſoon fill again. How long it ſhall pleaſe my gracious God, that I am to continue in this my now lingering condition, I cannot tell, nor am I anxious to know. My poor and

feeble

feeble prayer to him is, that I may be by his grace and love fitted for and reſigned to the whole of his bleſſed and holy will reſpecting me, both in life and death; ſo that I now ſay to you, my dear, dear children, as I did to B— and S— M., in my letter to them on Thurſday, that you may now begin to look upon every letter you receive from me as the laſt you ever will receive from my now weak hand, though by no means leſs affectionate heart. Do not let this thought caſt you down, I pray you; but endeavour to reſign me, for body and ſoul, for life and death, for time and eternity, where, as through grace, I truſt I am enabled to reſign myſelf, viz. into the hands of my heavenly Father in Chriſt Jeſus. Bleſſed be his moſt holy name, he does not leave me deſtitute of the ſupport of his good word and holy ſpirit in my ſoul. Though my frames, even in this reſpect, through my great and univerſal weakneſs of body and animal ſpirits, often vary much; *nevertheleſs, the foundation of God ſtandeth ſure*; and he is faithful, who has promiſed. And here, as he is pleaſed to enable me, I reſt it all; for he hath ſaid, *I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee.* Sin, as in me, is heavier far, than all

the

the weight and load of bodily affliction, that is now upon me. I hope ere long to be for ever freed from it all, and ſo, when abſent from this corruptible and vile body, to be preſent with the Lord.——And now, my dear, dear children, once more farewell: to God, as to your heavenly and everlaſting Father in Chriſt Jeſus, I entirely commit you, and all of you, remaining &c.

Write me again ſoon—farewell!

" P. S. Since I wrote the above, my medical friends have met here by appointment. They both agree in deferring, for the preſent, the operation of the trochar, but by their advice a ſlighter operation is performed on the upper part of the foot of my left leg, by making a dozen or more ſmall punctures in the ſkin with the point of a lancet; and which, though done only a few hours ago, has diſcharged a conſiderable quantity of water, and has already tended ſenſibly to relieve me. Our united love to you all. Once more farewell, my dear, dear children.

S. M."

On

On Lord's Day, July 14, he continued much as uſual, and ſpent the greater part of the day in holy retirement, with his Bible and his God. When he went to bed this evening, on bidding his family good night, he ſaid, "I am thinking on thoſe words of the Pſalmiſt, *For with thee is the fountain of life.*" To which was replied, "Then you will have a ſweet night." "Yes," ſaid he, "I ſhall ſoon be at the fountain head."

On Monday the 15th one of his daughters coming into his room, to inquire how he had reſted, he ſaid, "I have had as comfortable a night's reſt, as ever man had." But he was ſoon after ſeized with a ſhivering fit, which produced a great change in him. He alſo complained of a violent pain he felt in one of his feet, which he apprehended to be the gout. As the pain increaſed, it was ſoon diſcovered that his foot and leg were inflamed to a very great degree. The phyſician being immediately ſent for, and obſerving his ſituation, ſoon announced to his diſconſolate family and friends the near proſpect of his diſſolution. The inflammation proving, as was feared, the forerunner of a mortification, pain, diſeaſe, and extreme reſtleſſneſs, were now experienc-

ed by him with increaſing violence. But, though his fleſh and his heart were failing, his God was evidently fulfilling his own promiſe, by being the ſtrength of his heart, and his everlaſting portion; his conſolation and ſupports increaſing with his weakneſs. Being aſked if he would take a little wine, "No," ſaid he, "no more: I want the new wine of the kingdom." Being aſked, on the evening of this day, what he would wiſh to ſay to that part of his family, which was in London, "Tell them," ſaid he, "that I am very ill; that I never expect to write to them again; and that I am calm, reſigned, and happy in my ſoul."

At intervals, as ſtrength would permit, he addreſſed himſelf to bid a final adieu to his dear chriſtian friends, whoſe viſits were inceſſant. To a clergyman, with whom he had lived ſome time in the habits of friendſhip, he ſaid, "Farewell, God bleſs you; remember I die no Arminian, Arian, or Socinian. I die a poor ſinner, ſaved by ſovereign, rich, and free mercy." To another, whoſe occupation had formerly been in the ſeafaring line, he ſaid, "I am now a poor ſhattered bark, juſt about to gain the bliſsful harbour; and O how

how ſweet will be the port after the ſtorm!" To another very affectionate friend, whoſe eyes overflowed with ſorrow, he ſaid, "Why will you weep, and break my heart? Come, let us be cheerful; chriſtians ſhould part with a ſmile." To one, who ſaid, "The Lord be with you; God bleſs you, dear ſir," he anſwered, "He is with me: he does bleſs me; he does bleſs me indeed." At night, a young chriſtian friend coming to ſit up with him, he ſaid, "I am glad to ſee you;" and for a time uttered but little, being in much pain. It was with great reluctance he took what was preſcribed for him. Suffering much, he cried out ſeveral times, "What ſhall I do?" Then prayed earneſtly, that he might be kept from murmuring. His friend ſaid, "Ere long you will be better, ſir." To which he replied, with a ſmile, "Ah, my dear friend, I ſhall be better by and by, when I get to my Father's houſe above." He then complained of the depravity of his nature, and the remaining ſeeds of corruption, adding, "What a mercy it is, that I am not left to myſelf!" and then cried out, in thoſe ſweet words of Dr. Watts,

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room,

While thouſands make a wretched choice,
And rather ſtarve than come?"

About one o'clock in the morning of the 16th inſt. being very ill, he exclaimed, "Is there not an appointed time to man? Sweet Jeſus, thou art my ſtrength, my ſupport, my ſalvation, my ſalvation." His friend ſaid, "The pain you now labour under is not to be compared with the glory, that ſhall be revealed hereafter." To which he anſwered, "O! no, no!" then cloſed his eyes, and appeared to ſlumber a little. A few minutes after he awoke, he repeated ſeveral paſſages of Scripture, and particularly that in Hebrews chap. vi. ver. 19, "We have this hope as an anchor of the ſoul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt, and which entereth into that within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jeſus," ſweet Jeſus. He then prayed, and afterwards ſaid to his young friend, "The Lord keep you, and preſerve you; God bleſs you: remember me at the throne of grace. Tell my dear friends I am going; Jeſus is with me, and I am not at all dejected." He then took an affectionate farewell of him.

Preſently another young friend came in to ſee him, who ſaid, "How do you do, dear

Sir?"—"Do!" anſwered he, "if I had ſtrength, I could tell you a pleaſing tale of the Lord's goodneſs to me. My dear child, keep cloſe to Chriſt, you will find him your beſt friend, in ſickneſs and in health, in life and in death. Be you therefore ſtedfaſt and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labour ſhall not be in vain in the Lord." Others of his valuable friends then came in, whom he cheerfully welcomed, and to whom he ſaid, "You ſee me now on my dying bed; and a ſweet bed it is to me. What mercies am I now enjoying in it! Thanks be to God, I have now little or no pain. What bleſſings I have in my family! all my eight children a comfort to me, and ſo affectionate, they would, if it were poſſible, lay down their lives for me. With reſpect to myſelf, I am full of comfort and conſolation, and able yet to recollect God's precious word. The promiſes are like an army of ſoldiers; when I have done with one, another ſuitable portion preſents itſelf. I never ſaw ſo much of my own unworthineſs, or ſo much of the excellency, glory, and ſuitableneſs of Chriſt, as an all-ſufficient Saviour. I would wiſh, had I

ſtrength, to ſpeak of him till I die; particularly to my young friends, whom I always loved to addreſs. As to my ſentiments," he continued, "I am no ways altered. The doctrines I have preached, I am fully perſuaded, are of the truth. They are now the ſupport and conſolation of my mind. That Jeſus, whom I have ſo long recommended to poor ſinners, is my only comfort in my dying hours. His ſalvation is every way perfect and complete." After recovering from a fainting fit, he ſaid, "I am thinking on the laws of gravitation: the nearer a body approaches to its centre, with the more force it is impelled; and the nearer I approach my diſſolution, with the greater velocity I move towards it." A friend who ſtood by, ſaid, "Dear Sir, Chriſt is your centre." "Yes, yes;" he replied, "he is, he is." In another viſit from this valuable friend, he ſaid, "It is hard work to pull up an old tree by the roots. My dear family, my relation to the church of Chriſt, over which I have been ſo long time an unworthy paſtor, and my numerous connexions, are like ſo many ſtrong roots in the earth." But ſome time after he added, "They are all got up, and this world is now nothing

to

to me; I long to depart, and to be with Chriſt, which is far better."

The ſons of a much eſteemed friend, who now attended him, when he was told whom they were, for his ſight began to fail him, he affectionately embraced, ſaying, "I commit you to the care of God, who only can preſerve and bleſs you. I commit you to my covenant-God, who has preſerved me hitherto, and is my only comfort." He then prayed, that they might never want the conſolations he enjoyed, adding, "I am ſo exhauſted, I cannot ſpeak much." After remaining for a few minutes in ſilent prayer, with his eyes lifted up, he ſtretched out his hands, and deſired them to raiſe him; obſerving, that they were doing the laſt kind office for a dying friend. To one of the young gentlemen he then ſaid, "When I ſpoke at the family meeting occaſioned by your birth, I addreſſed your ſurrounding friends from thoſe words in the 48th chapter of Geneſis, and part of the 15th and 16th verſes. It was the prayer of your pious grandfather, and is now my dying petition for each of you. 'God before whom my fathers Abraham and Iſaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life

long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bleſs the lads." To one of the young gentlemen he ſaid, "My dear P——r, you have always been one of my greateſt favourites; I have ever had a peculiar regard and affection for you, and ſtill have. I now give you this advice, as the laſt inſtance of it. You are advancing into more ſlippery paths of life, than you have hitherto been accuſtomed to; receive this admonition from your dying friend. Truſt in and live near to that God, who has led you, and fed you, and brought you thus far; who can, and I hope and truſt will, lead you through all the dangers and trials, that may befal you, and at laſt bring you into thoſe manſions, which are prepared for them, who ſeek, and love, and fear him." Here he broke off, and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, remained a few minutes in fervent devotion; then affectionately embracing them, he bade them a laſt farewell.

His children now aſked him if he wanted any thing. "Want!" he replied, "I want Heaven, and eternal glory." On the evening of this day an evident change took place, and he lay for ſeveral hours in a ſtupor, ſo that it was

was not expected he would ever ſpeak again. But at two o'clock on wedneſday morning, the 17th, he revived, and with a ſerene and ſmiling countenance ſaid, "Look up, my ſoul, and rejoice, for thy redemption draweth nigh." He then added, "I am looking up to Jeſus—but a point or two more *, and I ſhall be at my heavenly father's houſe." His children now aſked, "Do you know us, dear father?" With great earneſtneſs he replied, "Know you! yes ſure I do." He then took a moſt affectionate leave of them all, and ſeveral friends, who ſurrounded his dying bed. Being aſked, what ſhall we ſay from you to the abſent parts of the family, mentioning them all by name; "Say, my dear love to them; and tell them, I am going home in peace to my dear Jeſus." He was ſoon after very reſtleſs, and frequently cried out, "*Help, help me! One grain of creature-mercy, Lord!*" His friends tried to help him, and ſaid with tears, "We cannot help you." "*No,*" ſaid he, "*help from above.*" When he ſaw his children weeping round him, he ſaid, "For ſhame! why will you weep? am I not in my

* Alluding to the compaſs.

own Almighty Father's hands? and he will take care of your poor old father." He often lifted up his hands and ſaid, "*My God! my portion! my portion!*" then, claſping his hands together, added, "I am looking up to Jeſus." Frequently his ſtruggles were violent. He would then ſay, "Take courage, my ſoul, take courage: *why art thou caſt down? why art thou diſquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him.*" Through the whole of his agonies, which were ſometimes extreme, he was not left to murmur. Once, when violently agitated, he ſaid, "It is hard work; I ſhall die, I ſhall die, and go to glory." Then, with his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed upwards, he added, "Are they not all miniſtering ſpirits* ? I am coming, I am coming." Puſhing the bedclothes with his hands, he ſaid, "Take it away, take all the world away, all but Chriſt." His ſtruggles were again violent, and again he cried, "for one grain of creature-mercy Lord! one grain!" then, lying more compoſed, he ſaid, "Well, this is a mercy;" and continued, "I wait for the Lord, my ſoul doth wait, and in his word do

* Heb. i. 14.

I hope!"

I hope!" laying a peculiar emphaſis on the laſt ſentence. About four o'clock in the morning he turned, and ſaid, "One more farewell, my dear children!" and affectionately embraced them all. From this time he continued quite ſtill and compoſed, looking tenderly on his ſurrounding family and friends, and repeating many portions of Scripture, which could not be diſtinctly heard. "Sweet Goſpel," often eſcaped his lips. No alteration took place further, till about half an hour before his departure, none of his family expecting to hear his voice more, when he opened his eyes, and with a ſmiling countenance, ſaid, "Dying is ſweet work! ſweet work! my Father! my heavenly Father! I am looking up, I am looking up to my dear Jeſus, my God! my portion! my all in all!" then with a dying voice he continued, "Glory, glory! Home, home!" till his voice failed, and with a ſmiling countenance, he yielded up his ſpirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, without a ſtruggle or a groan, about half an hour before 7 o'clock in the evening.

"Now ſafe arrives the heavenly mariner,
The battering ſtorm, the hurricane of life,
All dies away in one eternal calm.

With

With joy divine full glowing in his breaſt,
He gains, he gains the port of everlaſting reſt *."

He had juſt completed his ſixty-firſt year; had been in the ways of God thirty-nine years; thirty-three years had been a miniſter of the Goſpel; five years paſtor of the church at Watford, Herts, and twenty-ſeven years paſtor of the church at Liverpool.

Reader, may your life and mine be as uſeful, and our end as happy.

It would be improper here not to notice the reſpectful attention paid by the church and congregation to the remains of their deceaſed paſtor.

On wedneſday, july 24, 1799, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the miniſters, church members, and friends, aſſembled at the houſe, when the funeral proceſſion commenced in the following manner.

Rev. Mr. Hindle, ſince deceaſed, miniſter of the baptiſt congregation of Mancheſter.

* This favourite quotation from Mr. Fanch he was wont to uſe, when ſpeaking of the death of a Chriſtian. It will be very familiar to thoſe, who were in the habit of hearing him conſtantly.

Dr.

Dr. Currie, phyſician; Mr. M'Cullock, apothecary.

Church members and friends, four in a rank, and about fifty in number.

Pall bearers.

Rev. Mr. Simmons of Brounſtone, Rev. Mr. Smith of Mancheſter.

Rev. Mr. Sharp of St. Helen's, Rev. Mr. Bruce of Liverpool.

Rev. Mr. Shirley of Liverpool, Dr. Barnes of Mancheſter.

Mourners,

Mr. Zach. Barnes, Mr. Rowland Hunter.

The corpſe was carried, at the particular deſire of Mr. Medley, by ſome of the members of his congregation.

Great crowds of people followed.

Mr. Hindle delivered the funeral oration, and Mr. Bruce concluded in prayer.

The miniſters and people then went into the chapel, which was ſo crowded, that numbers went back, finding admittance impoſſible.

Dr. Barnes commenced divine ſervice by reading the 15th chapter of the Firſt of Corinthians, and gave out the 3d Hymn of the Second Book, Dr. Watts.

" Why do we mourn departed friends, &c."

Mr. Sharp prayed, and Mr. Smith preached from the Firſt of Corinthians, chap. xiv. ver. 19. " If in this life only we have hope in Chriſt, we are of all men moſt miſerable."

Mr. Smith then concluded in prayer.

On the following ſabbath day in the afternoon, a funeral diſcourſe was preached by Mr. Hindle, from the 37th verſe of the 37th Pſalm. " Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

In London every affectionate attention was ſhown. Two funeral ſermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. Mr. Groves, at Tottenham Court Chapel, from the fifth verſe of the 130th Pſalm, " I wait for the Lord, my ſoul doth wait, and in his word do I hope;" and in the evening by Dr. Rippon, at the Tabernacle, from the 19th and part of the 20th verſes of the ſixth chapter of Hebrews, " Which hope we have as an anchor of the ſoul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jeſus."

Dr. Rippon gave on the occaſion, a ſhort biography

biography from part of the 13th verſe of the firſt chapter of the firſt of Timothy, " But I obtained mercy."

The following lines, deſigned for an inſcription on his tomb-ſtone, were written by himſelf a ſhort time before his death.

S. M.

Prædicator Evangelii indigniſſimus,
Olim hujus Eccleſiæ Chriſti Paſtor,
Naturâ, et vitâ, peccator miſerrimus,
Sed gratiâ et ſanguinê Salvatoris redemptus,
Corpus hic reponi voluit,
Stellam illam ſplendidam et matutinam expectans.
Veni igitur, Domine Jeſu!
Natus, &c.
Denatus, &c.

Engliſhed as follows.

S. M.

An unworthy Preacher of the Goſpel, formerly Paſtor of this Church of Chriſt, by nature and practice a miſerable ſinner, but redeemed by grace and the blood of the Saviour, has here laid down his body, waiting for the bright and morning Star.

Come then, Lord Jeſus!
Born, &c.
Died, &c.

SERMONS.

The Spiritual Merchant deſcribed, and the Gain of true Godlineſs proved.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT THE

TABERNACLE,

NEAR

MOORFIELDS, LONDON.

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1777.

" The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Merchant, Matt. xiii. 45.
" But Godlineſs with Contentment is Great Gain," 1 Tim vi. 6.

PROV. iii. 14.

For the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

IF they are greatly and fatally miſtaken, who, as the apoſtle ſays, "ſuppoſe that gain is godlineſs:" they, on the other hand, are not leſs ſo, who imagine that there is no gain in godlineſs: for the ſame apoſtle tells us, that "godlineſs with contentment is great gain, having the promiſe of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." In what a ſtriking, beautiful, eaſy, and familiar manner is this truth ſet before us in the words of the text! If there were not another in the Bible, this alone is ſufficient to prove, that real religion, and true godlineſs, ought to be, and are, the principal concern of the heart, the conſtant and daily purſuit of the life and practice of the real Chriſtian. Indeed the words themſelves, without any expoſition, naturally and plainly afford and inculcate this truth.

When I look around me and conſider the diligence, care, and attention of men, who are engaged in the various branches of mercantile life, to the important and neceſſary duties of their ſtation, in order to make their trade, intereſt, and fortune ſecure, I am led to a painful reflection on the awful contraſt, which appears in comparing their conduct with that of many goſpel profeſſors in our day—of many of whom, I fear, it may with truth be ſaid, that they are by no means properly concerned, to make their calling and election ſure. Do not many ſuch trade for this world, as if there were no hereafter? Will ſuch perſons permit me, ſeriouſly and ſolemnly to addreſs them from the words of the text? O that they may be owned and bleſſed of God to their eternal benefit, in awakening them out of a ſtate of carnal ſecurity and falſe peace, and in bringing them to a knowledge and purſuit after this heavenly merchandize. May the true believer, the heavenly merchant, have his heart comforted, his hands ſtrengthened, and be enabled, with renewed vigour and delight, to purſue his holy, heavenly trade and calling—Happily knowing, as the text ſays, that "The merchandize of it is better than the

the merchandize of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." It ſeems ſufficient to obſerve reſpecting the connexion of theſe words, that they are ſpoken of that wiſdom, which the apoſtle James ſays " comes from above," &c.—By which is meant either the Lord Jeſus Chriſt himſelf, who is made unto all his people wiſdom, or the work of the Lord the Spirit on their ſouls, making them wiſe unto ſalvation through faith. Now the words of the text are allegorical; and the allegory, though natural and eaſy, is not leſs ſtriking and beautiful, than it is important and inſtructive.

In ſpeaking, therefore, upon the ſubject thus briefly introduced to you, I purpoſe, with the Lord's aſſiſtance, to conſider:

I. The real Chriſtian under the character of a merchant, and ſhew how he anſwers to that character.

II. The articles of his trade, or what he deals in.

III. The ſtock he trades with.

IV. The port he trades to.

V. The trials, difficulties, and loſſes, he is liable to in his trade.

 VI. The

VI. The manner in which his trade is carried on.

VII. What are the profits and gains of his trade, and prove, as the text ſays, that the "merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Laſtly, I ſhall conclude with an addreſs to the real Chriſtian under the character of a merchant, and alſo to the Chriſtleſs ſinner, who is both a ſtranger and an enemy to this heavenly calling and merchandize.

I. Conſider the real Chriſtian under the character of a merchant, and ſhew how he anſwers to that character.

And we need not heſitate a moment, to fix this character upon him, inaſmuch as our bleſſed Lord himſelf hath done it, for he ſpeaks of and deſcribes the real Chriſtian by it. Matt. xiii. 45. "The kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchantman ſeeking goodly pearls." And an evident alluſion to this character ſeems plainly to be had in the following paſſages of Scripture, Prov. xxxi. 14. where, ſpeaking of a godly woman, Solomon ſays, ſhe is like the "merchant-ſhips, ſhe bringeth

bringeth her goods from far;" alſo Solomon's Song iii. 6. "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderneſs—perfumed—with all powders of the merchant," which ſeems evidently ſpoken as deſcriptive of the church of Chriſt. But I now proceed to ſhew how the real Chriſtian, in his ſpiritual character and conduct, anſwers to this deſcription. It may be pointed out, and, I think, proved in the following particulars, viz.

1. A merchant is, and neceſſarily muſt be a living man: it is impoſſible, that any other can be a merchant. Now this is not more true in natural things, than it is in ſpiritual. None but ſpiritually living, or truly regenerate perſons, are, or can be, ſpiritual merchants. If they are not ſuch, they have no knowledge of, nor any benefit from the merchandize ſpoken of in the text. No more can be done by a ſpiritually dead ſoul in the merchandize of Heaven, than by a dead corpſe in any merchandize on earth. If men were to find on the exchange, in the cuſtom-houſe, on the wharfs, or in the compting-houſe, a number of dead corpſes, do you think they would eſteem them merchants? Would they not ſay, none but living perſons can be employed here, ei-

VI. The manner in which his trade is carried on.

VII. What are the profits and gains of his trade, and prove, as the text ſays, that the "merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

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ther in a way of getting good for themſelves, or doing good to others? So true is it ſpiritually, "except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." None but ſpiritually living ſouls are or can be ſpiritual merchants.

2. A merchant muſt be *a diligent man.* Drowſineſs and ſlothfulneſs will cover a man with rags. As it is naturally, ſo it is ſpiritually; he who would thrive muſt be diligent. Hence GOD's people are exhorted, to "give diligence to make their calling and election ſure:" and "not to be ſlothful in buſineſs, but fervent in ſpirit ſerving the Lord:" and again to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord"—and, as Solomon ſays, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Compare this with theſe paſſages, Heb. vi. 11. "And we deſire that every one of you do ſhew the ſame diligence to the full aſſurance of hope unto the end;" 2 Pet. i. 5. "And beſides this giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to your virtue knowledge," &c.—A thriving ſpiritual merchant muſt be a *diligent* man.

3. A merchant muſt be a man of punctuality and diſpatch; if either of theſe be neglected,

lected, his character, his credit, and his trade alſo, will be greatly injured. There is no earthly merchant in the world but will own this; and be aſſured it is not leſs true in ſpirituals. If punctuality and diſpatch are not uſed by the people of God, in their duty and walk with God, their ſouls will be much injured; therefore to this the ſaints are exhorted in the word of God, Eccl. ix. 10. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, nor wiſdom in the grave, whither thou goeſt." If you are a heavenly merchant, let nothing, which it is in your power to prevent, hinder, or even interrupt the regular, conſtant, ſtated duties of your walk with God; and I will venture to ſay, without fear of being miſtaken, you will ſurely find your comfort maintained, and your ſpiritual profit increaſed by it.

4. A merchant muſt be conſtant and regular in his correſpondence; if this is neglected, all will go wrong, and his affairs will be thrown into perplexity and confuſion. Nor leſs ſo will it be with thy ſoul, believer, if thou art not conſtant and regular in thy correſpondence with Heaven by prayer: neglect of prayer will be the bane of thy peace and

comfort. Hence you are exhorted in Scripture, "always to pray and not to faint—to be inſtant in prayer—and to pray without ceaſing."—As you value your comfort or profit, do attend to this; be conſtant and regular in your correſpondence with Heaven by prayer.

5. A merchant muſt know and be attentive to the ſtate of his affairs. And this is beſt come at by frequent examination, poſting, and balancing his books. If this be neglected, he will never know how matters ſtand with him. So, believer, it is of equal moment and importance for thee, to know and be attentive to the ſtate of the affairs of thy ſoul, by frequent and ſerious reading and ſearching of the word of God, and then examining and comparing thy heart and life with it; and herein thou wilt find thy judgment eſtabliſhed, thy conſcience pacified, and thy heart ſweetly comforted.

6. A merchant is a man of a truly honourable and reſpectable calling. It was ſaid of the merchants of Tyre of old, what is true of many in Great Britain—"That her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth." Thus they ever have

have been, and juſtly are, looked upon as men of a truly honourable and reſpectable calling in the world. Nor are the ſaints of God leſs ſo in their ſpiritual calling, however they may be deſpiſed and contemned. A ſaint of God is a truly honourable character, as the pſalmiſt ſays, "This honour have all the ſaints;" their connexions and buſineſs are truly honourable, and their end will be everlaſting honour and bleſſedneſs.

7. A merchant is a man of a very uſeful calling, not only to himſelf, but to others alſo: merchants are the ſupport of a nation, and exceedingly uſeful to ſociety, in the many and various parts of their employments. Indeed it may be ſaid, what ſhould or could we in this land do without them! It muſt be granted, that our merchants are men of great uſefulneſs. Nor in any ſenſe is the ſpiritual merchant, the true believer in Chriſt, a leſs uſeful perſon. He is a bleſſing, a ſpecial and ſpiritual one, to all around him, to the church, the world, and himſelf—Believers are called in Scripture the "ſalt of the earth," no doubt to intimate their great uſefulneſs; nor are they leſs ſo as ſpiritual merchants. The world ſtands for the church's ſake, and when the

trade

trade of all God's ſpiritual merchants is ended, this world will ſoon, very ſoon be burnt up. Little do the carnal men think, how much they are indebted to the ſaints and people of God upon earth.

8. A merchant is a man of a profitable calling: he has ſomething in view in undertaking and proſecuting the various duties of it; and many find very great advantages ariſing from it. But here it muſt be obſerved, that this is by no means the caſe with all earthly merchants; ſome of them, it muſt be granted, trade much, but gain little or nothing. Nay not only ſo, but they find ſometimes, that they are engaged in a very unprofitable trade, and really ſuffer very great loſſes; however this not only may be, but is the caſe oftentimes with earthly merchants, yet it is by no means ſo with the ſpiritual merchant. Let who will ſuffer, loſe, break, or be ruined, he is ſure to gain. And gain greatly, for ſaith the apoſtle, "Godlineſs with contentment is great gain:" thus it is with reſpect to the comfort and pleaſure, which the ſoul enjoys from it, even here on earth; and thus it will be hereafter, for then the believer will be put into the certain and happy poſſeſſion

of

of eternal life and glory. Great gain this indeed! Thus you ſee a ſpiritual merchant is a man of a truly profitable calling. But I ſhall have occaſion hereafter, to ſpeak more particularly of his gains.

9. A merchant muſt prepare for and expect to meet with many trials, difficulties, and ſome loſſes, notwithſtanding his trade may be good and lawful, his conduct honeſt and upright, and his gain, in general, great. Something of this ſort muſt the ſpiritual merchant prepare for and expect. But as I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more particularly upon theſe things hereafter, I forbear to enlarge at preſent, and paſs on to the ſecond thing propoſed, viz.

II. To conſider the articles of his trade, or what he deals in.

Here let it be obſerved, that he trades not in toys, trifles, or vanities; much leſs in falſehood, deceit, and lies. But he trades in the moſt rich, valuable, glorious, and everlaſting realities; ſome of which, as mentioned in the word of God, I ſhall briefly ſpeak of.

1. He trades in gold, by which we may underſtand the love and grace of God. Thus,

Rev.

Rev. iii. 18. "I counſel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayeſt be rich." He is doubtleſs a thriving and proſperous ſpiritual merchant, who deals much in this gold, for it does and will make him rich towards God, and rich to all eternity. By gold alſo we may underſtand the Scriptures, or word of God, which are frequently compared to gold; and true, bright, precious, pure unmixed gold they are. Pſal. xix. 10. This is gold, which can never be diminiſhed in its weight, or reduced in its value, nor will it ever be called in, to have its ſtandard altered, or be new coined, which is often a loſs to earthly merchants. This is gold of which he cannot be too covetous, nor can he have too much. O let ſpiritual merchants think of this, and purſue this branch of their heavenly trade with the greateſt eagerneſs, diligence, and care.

2. He trades in jewels and pearls; by which I underſtand the Lord Jeſus Chriſt himſelf, and all his gracious and glorious bleſſings and benefits. For he it is, who is emphatically called the "Pearl of great price," to which he himſelf plainly refers in Matt. xiii. 45, 46. No man can poſſibly be a ſpiritual merchant, who deals not in this article,

of

of infinitely more worth and value than the jewels and pearls upon earth. The luſtre of them can never decay, the worth of them can never decreaſe. Chriſt is not only a pearl, but a collection of pearls; ſuch are the graces and glories that are in him. O let all ſpiritual merchants make much of this article of their trade, and pray and ſtrive to enlarge and increaſe it every day; they cannot here over trade themſelves, nor need they fear going too far.

3. He trades in wine and oil; by which may be underſtood the ſweet and gracious influences and comfort of the Holy Ghoſt. They may be compared with wine for their ſweetneſs and refreſhing nature, and to oil for the honour which they confer; and indeed in this very view they are frequently ſpoken of in the Scriptures. So the pſalmiſt expreſſes himſelf, Pſal. xxiii. 5. "Thou anointeſt my head with oil," &c. Prov. xxi. 20. "There is treaſure to be deſired and oil in the dwelling of the wiſe." Alſo Jer. xxxi. 12. "Therefore they ſhall come and ſing in the height of Zion, and ſhall flow together to the goodneſs of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil," &c. God promiſes,

promiſes, in his word, to give his people the oil of joy for mourning, &c. So in the ixth of Proverbs, Wiſdom is ſaid "to have mingled her wine." This is a very comfortable and pleaſing, as well as profitable, part of a ſpiritual merchant's trade. O it is well indeed, when the ſoul is ſweetly refreſhed with the wine and oil of God's comforts, there are none like them.

4. He trades in all pleaſant fruits, even thoſe of the tree of life, which are ſaid to be twelve manner of fruits; and by them may be intended, The ſweet and ſoul-refreſhing bleſſings of the Goſpel of Chriſt. Spiritual merchants have often happy and bleſſed occaſion, to expreſs themſelves as the church of God did of old. "I ſat down under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte." They are always in ſeaſon, for the tree of life brings them forth conſtantly. By theſe pleaſant fruits may alſo be underſtood, what the apoſtle to the Galatians calls the "fruits of the Spirit," Gal. v. 22, 23. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, faith, meekneſs, temperance." Theſe fruits will never rot or decay, but laſt and endure

endure for ever. Happy, happy thoſe ſpiritual merchants, who deal much in and have very large ſtocks of them; they have their fruit unto holineſs, and their end everlaſting life.

5. He trades in fine linen and goodly apparel, even the fine linen pure and white, which is called "the righteouſneſs of the ſaints," Rev. xix. 8. of which alſo the evangelical prophet Iſaiah ſo ſweetly ſpeaks, Iſa. lxi. 10. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my ſoul ſhall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of ſalvation, and covered me with the robe of righteouſneſs, as a bridegroom decketh himſelf with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herſelf with jewels." This is indeed a moſt bleſſed and glorious part of his trade. He deals in no patched garments, for if you will be pleaſed to admit of the expreſſion, he is too humbly proud to wear any ſuch filthy rags.

6. He trades in arms and ammunition, even the whole armour of God; nor can he poſſibly carry on his trade without theſe. He well knows, that there is a neceſſity for his dealing in this armour, and that he is exhorted to

take it unto him and gird it on him, for without it he cannot ſtand, as the apoſtle ſays, Eph. vi. 11. &c. Though he will not, as ſome do in our day, or at leaſt would do if they durſt, furniſh the king's enemies, even rebels with arms, (though this by the by) the ſpiritual merchant cannot do without his ſword, ſhield, helmet, breaſt-plate, &c. &c. O let all ſuch merchants look well to this article of their trade, and ſee to it that their ſpiritual armour be in good order, bright and clean, and fit for immediate ſervice, when called for.

7. He trades in all rich and precious ſpices; by which I underſtand the duties, walk, and practice, of evangelical holineſs, which are as the ſpices of Lebanon to truly gracious ſouls; yea the holineſs of the Goſpel is more odoriferous and fragrant than all the ſpicy groves of Arabia. The goſpel holineſs of a real Chriſtian leaves a ſweet ſavour wherever he comes, and under this very idea the church is ſpoken of and deſcribed in Solomon's Song iii. 6. "Who is this that cometh out of the "wilderneſs like pillars of ſmoke perfumed "with myrrh and franckinceſe, with all pow-"ders of the merchant?" So alſo Solomon's Song iv. 13, 14, where the church is ſaid to

"produce

" produce camphire with ſpikenard, and " ſaffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all " trees of frankincenſe, myrrh and aloes, " with all the chief ſpices." O that the favour and holineſs of our lives and converſations may prove to all around us, that we deal in rich and precious ſpices. The good Lord help us to increaſe in this, and in every other article of ſpiritual trade, more and more, that we may be growing rich for a bleſſed eternity.

III. Conſider the ſtock he trades with.

Here I muſt obſerve he does not trade with any ſtock of his own, for he has none, but he trades with the whole ſtock of another, viz. the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that is, with all his fulneſs and unſearchable riches; and though he trades, as he moſt certainly does, all upon credit, yet ſuch a rich and inexhauſtible fund has he, that he cannot break. He is not only ſet up in trade by another, but he is ſupplied out of, and carries on his trade by the riches and credit of another, as will appear from his trading.

1. With the love of Chriſt, and this is both eternal and unchangeable; this is indeed a

moſt bleſſed and precious part of his ſtock, it is ſo great, mighty, and wonderful, as to be beyond knowledge or comprehenſion, for the apoſtle, ſpeaking of it, Eph. iii. 19, ſays, that "the love of Chriſt paſſes knowledge." This is the life, comfort, and joy, of his ſoul, in his carrying on ſpiritual trade. O how happy is he, when made to ſee, that he is intereſted in, and has a right and title to the love of Chriſt! Here, if I may ſo ſay, he lays out much, and receives much daily; and though he loves and delights in this part of his ſtock, yet he neither does nor dares abuſe or trifle with it. He has great dependence upon, and alſo great expectations from it, nor ſhall he, nor can he, ever be miſtaken, deceived, or diſappointed. O believer, trade much and conſtantly with this part of your ſtock, by faith, prayer, love, hope, dependence, and expectation. You are indeed a rich ſpiritual merchant, who have the love of Chriſt for your ſtock.

2. He trades with the power of Chriſt, and this is omnipotent and invincible, which made the apoſtle Paul, who traded much with it, Phil. iv. 13. ſay, "I can do all things "through Chriſt, who ſtrengtheneth me."

This

This power of Chriſt is made perfect in all his dear people's weakneſs, 2 Cor. xii. 9. And of ſuch neceſſity and importance is it to them, that "they can do nothing at all without it," John xv. 5, for they "are not ſufficient of "themſelves, to think any thing as of them-"ſelves, but their ſufficiency is of God," 2 Cor. 3, 5.—In all their duties, trials, diſtreſſes, and difficulties, they trade only with this power. And this they have always found ſufficient to help, ſupport, and ſave them. O believer, make large draughts upon this part of your ſtock every day; it is, I fear, a poor, dark, and miſerable day indeed with your ſoul, if you are not drawing upon and trading with the power and ſtrength of Chriſt.

3. He trades with the wiſdom of Chriſt, and this is certain, unerring, and infallible. Hence the Lord Jeſus Chriſt is ſaid in Scripture, to be made unto his people wiſdom; and he it is, who does, and who only can, make them wiſe unto ſalvation, through faith in him. Neither natural wiſdom, or what is in Scripture called the wiſdom of the fleſh; nor the wiſdom of this world, is ſufficient for carrying on this trade. It muſt and only

can be carried on by what the apoſtle James calls, " the wiſdom that is from above:" and this the ſpiritual merchant, ſo apt is he in himſelf to err and miſtake continually, feels his need of. Moſt happy is he to find, that the wiſdom of Chriſt is engaged for him, and that he has warrant and liberty to apply for, and to make uſe of it every day.—This makes him ſay, that he knows Jeſus is too wiſe to be miſtaken, too good to be unkind. And thus he daily trades with the wiſdom of Chriſt.

4. He trades with the truth and faithfulneſs of Chriſt. Theſe can never change, or be in any ſenſe broken. Nay ſo great are they, that God ſays, concerning this part of a believer's ſtock, Iſa. liv. 10, " It is as the waters of " Noah unto me, for as I have ſworn, that the " waters of Noah ſhould no more go over the " earth, ſo have I ſworn, that I will no more " be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For " the mountains ſhall depart, and the hills " be removed, but my kindneſs ſhall not de- " part from thee, neither ſhall the covenant " of my peace be removed, ſaith the Lord, " that hath mercy upon thee." This truth and faithfulneſs of Chriſt ſtand engaged for him,

him, and therefore he never can, or ſhall fail. He cannot poſſibly depend too much upon them, nor expect too much from them; they have always been found great, and ſufficient for all the people of God. O let every ſpiritual merchant rejoice and glory in this bleſſed part of his ſtock, and beg to be enabled more and more to trade with it.

5. He trades with the merit and righteouſneſs of Chriſt, and theſe are infinite, inexhauſtible, and invaluable. His very life, honour, and comfort lie in this, that he is warranted and enabled to ſay, "Surely in the "Lord have I righteouſneſs and ſtrength." To this merit and righteouſneſs of Chriſt, as he carries on his holy, heavenly trade, he is happily obliged to make large and continual applications: and well for him it is, that, of God, Chriſt is made unto him righteouſneſs; for if this part of his ſtock were not good and firm, all the reſt would be of no value to him; if it were not infinite and inexhauſtible, it would do him no good. They muſt be a merit and a righteouſneſs infinite in their value and efficacy, and inexhauſtible in their riches and fulneſs, that can ſuit or ſatisfy the heavenly merchant; and bleſſed be God

ſuch are theſe. O believer, be diligent in your application to them; uſe them daily, and be thankful for them.

6. He trades with the offices and characters of Chriſt, and theſe are various, ſweet, and ſuitable. He is a Redeemer, brother, advocate, ſhepherd, friend, counſellor, prophet, prieſt, and king. And hence ariſes much of his honour and happineſs in this heavenly trade. Herein he ſees all his intereſt and comfort laid up in good hands, he can and does truſt his all with Jeſus, and this inſures his ſucceſs—there is nothing which he cannot or would not put into his holy, wiſe, kind, bleſſed, and faithful hands.

7. He trades with the glorious exaltation and interceſſion of Chriſt, who is his head and repreſentative above, who lives, who ever lives to make interceſſion for him; and becauſe his Jeſus lives, he ſhall live alſo, here by grace, and eternally in glory. He knows, that Jeſus will never leave nor forſake him, or his beſt intereſts; and is happy, that he has "an advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt "the righteous." His Jeſus is kindly, conſtantly, wiſely, and faithfully, managing and carrying on his concerns in Heaven, and many precious and valuable remittances he makes

to

to the believer while here below. A bleſſed ſtock indeed!

IV. Let us now conſider the port he trades to. Herein he eſſentially differs from all other merchants on earth, for while they trade to earth, and upon earth, he trades to Heaven, the port and world of eternal glory. What the apoſtle ſays of the believer's converſation is true of his trade, "It is in Heaven," Phil. iii. 20. Now this heavenly and glorious port may be thus conſidered.

1. As a diſtant port, far beyond the ſight, knowledge, and thought of carnal men. And in this ſenſe it ſeems to be alluded to by the prophet, Iſa. xxxiii. 17. "And thou ſhalt behold the land that is very far off." But though a diſtant port, yet he is often near to it, and as it were, within ſight of it, in the outgoings of his ſoul. Indeed the ſpiritual merchant is himſelf bound to it, and notwithſtanding its diſtance, he moſt certainly and ſafely ſhall arrive at laſt: whilſt on the voyage, he often receives very great, gracious, and precious conſignments from it of pardon, peace, comfort, joy, ſtrength, and aſſurance, &c. &c. &c.

2. As

2. As a rich port, where there is every thing which he can ſtand in need of. To which the apoſtle alludes, when he ſays in the fourth chapter to the Philippians, 19th verſe, "But my God ſhall ſupply all your need according to his riches in glory by Chriſt Jeſus." It is from this port that he receives out of the fulneſs and from the unſearchable riches of the Lord Jeſus, and grace for grace. All his true riches and treaſure are fetched from thence, and ſo great are the riches of it, that they can never be exhauſted. The riches of Golconda, and the mines of Mexico and Peru, will and muſt one day fail. But the riches of this port, to which the ſpiritual merchant trades, never will, never can fail.

The port is as rich as ever, there is no coming empty away from it; notwithſtanding all that has been drawn from it, there is no diminution of its riches. They are ſure to get fortunes, yea eternal ones, who do through grace trade to this port; for it is ſaid to and of all ſuch ſpiritual merchants, they ſhall be "enriched in every thing," 1 Cor. i. 5. 2 Cor. ix. 11.

3. The port to which he trades is a ſafe port, where both his intereſt and his property

are ſecure, nothing is or can be loſt, embezzled, or taken away from him; ſuch are the honour, truth and juſtice he is always ſure to find, never was there, or can there be any deceit or fraud; the ſpiritual merchant not only may, but does alſo venture his all here, he need not fear overtrading himſelf at this port, or that what he ventures is or can be unſafe; or that needful, ſuitable, juſt, and equitable returns ſhall not be made him, for it is ſaid, Prov. xxix. 25, "Whoſo putteth his truſt in the Lord ſhall be ſafe." But O, how extenſive this ſafety! ſuch are ſafe for time, and ſafe for eternity, all is as ſafely ſecured, as it is kindly, and wiſely ordered for the people of God. O that the conſideration of the ſafety of our concerns with a gracious, faithful, and covenant-keeping God, may be a means of our being daily more and more concerned for the increaſe and enlargement of our ſpiritual trade and merchandize.

4. The port he trades to is a free port, there are no taxes, no fines, no port charges, no cuſtoms to be paid; in order to carry on this heavenly trade, all is open and free; nay, there is no trade ſo much ſo, it is free for all who are made willing to engage in it: in the receiving

ceiving and enjoying the benefits and profits of it, they cannot make more free than welcome; there is never any embargo laid on, there is no ſhutting of the port, but the trade is always open and always free to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, under Heaven. O comforting conſideration this! that it is a free port, all that trade to it are freely loved, freely juſtified, freely ſanctified, freely ſupplied, and ſhall be freely and everlaſtingly ſaved. O that we may be by grace more free, and more diligent in our trading to this free port.

5. The port he trades to is a royal port, and the reſidence of king Jeſus; all the bleſſings and privileges of it are truly royal: this ſpiritual trade is carried on with the king himſelf. From this king what thouſands of royal favours and bleſſings are conferred and beſtowed upon the children of God? They are all ſpiritual merchants, and trade to this truly royal port, and are known, beloved, bleſſed, preſerved, and honoured by the king himſelf; they are all nearly related to, peculiarly intereſted in this king; they are honoured with the company of the king, and enjoy holy fellowſhip and freedom with him. They receive

ceive all their inſtruction, ſkill, and ſucceſs, in their heavenly trade, from the king: for he it is who guides, guards, bleſſes, and ſaves them; and who will at laſt receive them to himſelf, and their eyes ſhall ſee the king in his eternal glory and beauty, and be for ever with him, near him, and like unto him.

6. The port he trades to is a heavenly port, where, contrary to the cuſtom of moſt merchants on earth, he will (when his trade is ended) go and ſettle and dwell for ever. For the end, the happy bliſsful end of all his trade, will come to this, viz. "So ſhall we be for ever with the Lord." In ſhort, this is what he has in view in the whole of his ſpiritual merchandize, viz. To gain the haven, the bliſsful wiſhed-for haven, of perfect felicity and everlaſting repoſe. Or as the late pious Mr. Fanch beautifully expreſſes it,

"Now ſafe arrives the heavenly mariner;
The battering ſtorm, the hurricane of life,
All dies away in one eternal calm:
With joy divine, full glowing in his breaſt,
He gains the port of everlaſting reſt."

V. I am to ſhew what trials, difficulties, and loſſes, he is liable to in his trade.

Here

Here I would obſerve, that he is not liable to a bankruptcy, miſery, and ruin, which are ſo much dreaded, and the very thought of which often makes ſo many earthly merchants tremble; yet, notwithſtanding this, the ſpiritual merchant has his trials, difficulties, and loſſes, a few particular inſtances of which I ſhall juſt mention.

1. He meets with trials and difficulties from ſtorms and tempeſts. Such are all ſeaſons of affliction, temptation, perſecution, and outward diſtreſs, which aſſail him while here below, and theſe ſtorms and tempeſts are ſometimes very long, and very violent, yet ſhall he through mighty and glorious grace bear up under, and weather them all. And though theſe in themſelves are trials indeed, yet ſhall they all work together for good, yea for the beſt to the ſpiritual merchant. We often read in Scripture of the people of God being in theſe ſtorms and tempeſts, and we always alſo read of their being, by a gracious, faithful, and covenant-keeping God, brought ſafely and well through them all; for thus it is written, "many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all:" and again it is ſaid of them when

arrived

arrived ſafe in port, " theſe are they which came out of great tribulation."

2. He is liable to trials, and ſometimes to great loſſes from bad ſervants. Earthly merchants often ſuffer much from this quarter, ſo the ſpiritual merchant has at leaſt two, very bad and very wicked ſervants, from whom he often ſuffers in the beſt things: they are a ſinful body, and a wicked heart; the ſloth of the one and the pride of the other are intolerable. And add to this, they are both of them as vilely diſhoneſt, as they are abominably proud and ſlothful; ſo that the ſpiritual merchant is ſure to ſuffer from them, and to be ſenſibly injured by them in his peace, duty, and comfort. And, bad as this is, there is a worſe circumſtance attends, and that is, that he cannot get rid of or diſcharge theſe bad ſervants: add to this they claim a very near relation to him, though ſervants, ſo that he cannot turn them out as he would; and, what is worſe than all the reſt, theſe bad ſervants often play a wicked part, and act the maſter, or rather the tyrant, over him, get for a ſeaſon the better of him, overcome, inſult, and abuſe him to his face. O how much have many truly ſpiritual merchants ſuffered from

from theſe two bad ſervants, a ſinful body and a wicked heart. Read Paul's experience in the ſeventh chapter to the Romans, reſpecting what he felt and ſuffered from theſe two bad ſervants, and then ſeriouſly aſk your own ſoul, if you do not find ſomething like it. Indeed, if you are a ſpiritual merchant, you need to look well about you, conſidering to what you are expoſed, and are daily liable to ſuffer from two ſuch bad ſervants as theſe.

3. He is liable to great loſſes from thieves and robbers; and they are principally theſe two; viz. 1ſt. a preſent evil world, and 2dly. Satan. And O how often do they rob and have they robbed, poor believer, the ſpiritual merchant of his peace and comfort! They are ever watching their opportunity, to be either ſlily pilfering, or downright plundering him. David in the 119th Pſalm knew ſomething of this, for he ſays in the 61ſt verſe, "The bands of the wicked have robbed me;" ſee Dan. xi. 14. He who has never ſenſibly ſuffered from theſe thieves and robbers, it is to be feared, knows little or nothing of being a truly ſpiritual merchant. If the world and Satan never rob thee, to thy ſorrow, ſhame, and grief, before the Lord, it is juſtly to be feared

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it is becauſe they think thou haſt nothing to be robbed of, but thy precious ſoul, and that they have in poſſeſſion already. Well, let the ſpiritual merchant watch and pray; and he may rejoice, that, though they are permitted to rob him, they ſhall not deſtroy him. O bleſſed be God for this!

4. He is liable to ſad impoſitions, and often to very conſiderable injury, from falſe and pretended merchants, that is, from the many formal and hypocritical profeſſors, who ſometimes even ſwarm around him. Hypocrites often wound ſincere ſouls to the very heart, and the more ſo, if ſuch truly gracious perſons have had any former confidence in and connexion with them, hoping and believing they had been real ſubjects of the grace of God. When ſuch characters are detected and diſcovered, it is hardly poſſible, but that ſome of God's real ſaints will find themſelves to have been impoſed upon and deceived by them; real ſpiritual merchants in our day had need to be much upon their guard in this reſpect, and eſpecially young ones, as they are moſtly liable to fall a prey to, and be deceived and impoſed upon by ſuch falſe and pretend-

ed merchants. Judas and Simon Magus ſeem to have been ſuch.

5. He is liable to injury and damage from wars and piracies, that is, from the contentions and ſad ſinful ſtrife, which is but too, too often to be found among God's profeſſing people. And theſe things have often been the occaſion of much ſorrow and diſquiet to his ſoul. Sad it is to ſay, but moſt true, that in this reſpect it has often come to paſs, that ſpiritual merchants have robbed one another; or, if you will admit the expreſſion, they have in theſe ſad inſtances been privateering one againſt the other. All God's own people, who get engaged in carnal ſtrife and contention, are ſure to be ſufferers. The ſpiritual merchants of the church of Chriſt at Corinth were great ſufferers in this reſpect, as appears from the apoſtle's reproving them in the third chapter of his firſt epiſtle. It is a great mercy in carrying on our ſpiritual trade, to be enabled to avoid and ſteer clear of ſuch enemies as theſe. But, alas! they are ſo numerous, that very few indeed, if any, totally eſcape them.

6. He ſometimes ſuffers a good deal (but in

in the end he ſhall be no loſer) from calumny and falſehood. Earthly merchants ſometimes ſuffer from theſe, by wicked men who attempt to hurt their credit by blackening their character, and ſo, if poſſible, put a ſtop to buſineſs. Such enemies the ſpiritual merchants meet with. Violent, cruel, and mercileſs perſecutors, will ſay all manner of evil of them falſely, for the name and ſake of their dear and adorable Lord Jeſus. Yea ſome have loſt all they have had in the world, and life itſelf alſo; yet in the end have happily experienced, that they have been no real loſers, but gainers, for their dear Lord has bleſſed all who are perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake; for he has ſaid, theirs is the kingdom of heaven; and if ſo, it muſt and ſhall be well with them at laſt.

VI. Conſider the manner in which his trade is carried on.

Here I would obſerve reſpecting the manner, that it is carried on. I. By Books. II. By Letters. III. By Good Bills. IV. By Running Caſh.

I. By Books.

1. The Bible. There is no doing without this book, for it contains the whole art, myſtery, and rules of his heavenly trade. His inſtruction, encouragement, and comfort, in going on in it, are all derived from hence. Of ſuch uſefulneſs and importance is it to all true ſpiritual merchants, that it informs them, "Whatſoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the ſcriptures might have hope." Yea this book of books is "able, to make them wiſe unto ſalvation through faith." And without attending to it and conſulting it, no profitable trade can poſſibly be carried on.

2. His memory, which is his day book. A truly ſanctified and a naturally retentive memory is to a ſpiritual merchant a very valuable bleſſing, and conſidered as one of his books, it is a very uſeful one indeed to him; not a day paſſes, but he finds he has need to make uſe of it, either to refer to tranſactions paſt, or to record ſomething new. The apoſtle Paul in his epiſtles frequently reminds the people of God of the uſefulneſs and importance of this book, 1 Cor. xv. 2. 1 Cor. iv. 17. 1 Tim.

1 Tim. iv. 6. So 2 Pet. i. 12, 13, 15. There are many daily occurrences both in reſpect of providence and grace, which are, or ought to be plainly, faithfully, and carefully recorded there. But though the neceſſity and benefit of this book is ſo great, yet alas! how often are our poor memories like an ill-kept, or at leaſt like an over crowded day book, blurred and blotted! How many things are found therein, that have no buſineſs there, and which indeed often do real hurt, while ſcarce room is to be found for the things of the greateſt importance to this heavenly trade! This often fills us with confuſion. O Lord, grant grace, that this book may be better kept!

3. His judgment, which is his journal. Herein the articles and circumſtances of his trade are or ſhould be more diſtinctly and particularly entered, than in his day book. A ſanctified judgment is a happy, uſeful, and comfortable journal to a ſanctified memory. Memory without judgment is only confuſion; judgment without memory is a contradiction. We ſhall find this book frequently ſpoken of and referred to in Scripture, as of very great importance and uſe to the dear children of God, ſee Pſal. cxix. 66. Prov. xiii. 23.

1 Cor. i. 10. Phil. i. 9. If the book of a ſound ſanctified judgment is neglected by thee, as it is by many profeſſors in this day, depend upon it thy ſpiritual concerns will unavoidably be in a ſtate of confuſion. If thy judgment is not eſtabliſhed, and in ſome happy manner ſcripturally regulated, both thy conſcience and thy conduct alſo will betray thee. O it is a good thing, that the heart and judgment be eſtabliſhed with grace; there is as much connexion between a believer's judgment and his conſcience, as between a merchant's journal and his ledger. O think of this, I pray you.

4. His affections, which are his caſh book; and here he has the joy and pleaſure of looking over his ſpiritual ſtock, his incomes, his returns, his profits, and he happily finds, that he has much in hand, but more in hope; and that herein he ſhall not be diſappointed or deceived. The apoſtle Paul ſeems to allude plainly and immediately to this, when he ſays, Col. iii. 2, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on earth." This is alſo, I apprehend, much of what the apoſtle means in the eighth chapter of the Romans, where he ſays, "To be ſpiritually minded is life and peace:"

peace:" and our dear Lord himſelf ſeems to me plainly and undeniably to refer to this, when he ſays, "Where your treaſure is, there will your heart (or affections) be alſo." Happy and comfortable indeed when the affections are thus ſpiritually affected and employed. We need not be afraid of loving, valuing, or prizing our heavenly riches and profits too much. O may our ſouls in this manner be more and more daily and delightfully employed.

5. His conſcience, which is his ledger, where his ſpiritual accounts are ſettled, and how the matter ſtands between God and his ſoul, clearly and fairly drawn out, and poſted ready for a final and a cloſing balance. It would be happy and well indeed for God's people to keep their conſcience, as careful honeſt merchants do their ledgers, clean and free from errors and miſtakes. A pacified, purified, well kept conſcience muſt needs be a good conſcience. A neglected ledger argues a dangerous ſituation of outward circumſtances, and a neglected conſcience argues, and proves too, a very diſmal, dangerous ſituation of ſoul. It is ſaid of unregenerate men, Titus i. 15, "That their mind and

conſcience is defiled," and in another place that " their conſcience is ſeared with a hot iron." The apoſtle Paul, who was truly a ſpiritual merchant, knew what ſuch a ledger was, and through grace he was enabled to keep it well towards God and man alſo. Rom. ix. 1. " My conſcience alſo bearing me witneſs in the Holy Ghoſt." And in Acts xxiv. 16. he ſays, " And herein do I exerciſe myſelf, to have always a conſcience void of offence towards God and towards men." And in 2 Cor. i. 12, there is a ſweet proof how well his conſcience was kept, for he ſays of himſelf and other miniſters of Chriſt, that " their rejoicing was this, the teſtimony of their conſcience, that in ſimplicity and godly ſincerity, not with fleſhly wiſdom, but by the grace of God, they had had their converſation in the world in general, and towards them in particular." When a merchant's outward affairs are in a flouriſhing condition, he loves to look into and examine his ledger: and ſo when the ſouls of God's people are in a ſpiritually flouriſhing condition, they love to look into and examine their conſciences, and find pleaſure and comfort in ſo doing. O! of how much importance will this be, at the final cloſe and

balance before the bar of God! May the good Lord in infinite mercy grant, that we may each know what this book is, and that it is well kept; there cannot poſſibly be any ſpiritual thriving without it.

II. By Letters.

For there is no carrying on this heavenly trade without. The neceſſity and uſefulneſs of them in worldly buſineſs need no proof; they are not leſs needful or uſeful in ſpiritual buſineſs. But what are theſe letters? ſay you. I anſwer prayer; and, profeſſor, if thy ſoul is in a thriving, flouriſhing condition, thou wilt find much happy and comfortable experience to conſiſt in this. A merchant cannot be without correſpondents. If he has not any correſpondence, he has not any trade; ſo a Chriſtian cannot trade without prayer. If you are truly a ſpiritual merchant, you are honoured and privileged with this happy correſpondence. God often hears from you by prayer, and you alſo hear from him in the methods of his providence, and in the ſweet, rich, and comfortable ſupplies of his grace. O what a ſweet and bleſſed correſpondence is this!

may

may the Lord keep it up in our ſouls. Sweetly ſings Dr. Watts,

" Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
Where doubts and fears can never come,
Thy comfort let me often ſee,
And often thou ſhalt hear from me."

III. By Good Bills.

It is a great matter in this day, for a merchant to hold good bills; by holding bad ones, many have broke and come to nothing. Now the good bills, by which the ſpiritual merchant carries on his holy and heavenly trade, are the promiſes of God. And truly good ones they are; they are God's promiſſory notes to his dear children, and they are of infinite ſervice to the ſpiritual merchant. Were it not for theſe good bills, and the faithful, and rich and free bank of the glorious undiminiſhed fulneſs of Chriſt, he muſt have been a bankrupt long ago: nay, had it not been for theſe, he had never been ſet up in this heavenly trade. O how much is it for the comfort and happineſs of the dear children of God, to ſee and know, that all theſe good bills, theſe exceeding great and precious promiſes of God, are regularly drawn, plainly ſigned, divinely

ſealed, properly indorſed, and will never be refuſed, but always duly honoured. Abraham of old carried on much of his trade this way; for, being ſtrong in faith, he "ſtaggered not at the promiſe of God through unbelief." O that we were more like him! Lord, increaſe our faith, that we may deal much in and with thy promiſes.

IV. By Running Caſh.

By which I mean the preſent ſenſible comforts, with which their God and heavenly Father is pleaſed to favour and indulge them. This depends altogether upon his holy, wiſe, ſovereign, and good pleaſure, for he affords them what he ſees and knows will be beſt for them. The ſpiritual merchant ſhall have a ſufficient ſupply of running caſh, or ſenſible comfort, to ſupport him and bear his expenſes, while here below; and more is not needful: but he ſhall be ſure at laſt to poſſeſs, and through a bleſſed happy eternity to enjoy, all his ſtock of glory above. Here he ſhall find, that as his day his ſtrength ſhall be; that divine grace is and ever will be ſufficient for him; that all things ſhall work together for his good; that God will guide him by his counſel,

counſel, and afterwards receive him to glory; that his dear Jeſus will never leave him, nor forſake him. And from theſe and ſuch like ſweet and gracious words, he draws the running caſh of his ſenſible comforts while here. O let us be thankful for every pound, for every penny, yea for every mite of this, for it moſt aſſuredly is much more than we deſerve.

VII. I come now to ſhew what are the profits and gains of his trade, and prove (as the text ſays) that the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

The profits of this heavenly trade and merchandize are truly great, nay it is not too much to ſay of them, that they are inconceivably, and therefore inexpreſſibly great; for "eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God has promiſed to and prepared for all them that love him." And indeed this holy and heavenly profit is more than hinted at in ſeveral paſſages of the word of God, viz. Job xxviii. 15, 19. "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither ſhall ſilver be weighed for the price thereof; the topaz of Ethiopia ſhall not equal

equal it, neither ſhall it be valued with pure gold." Prov. viii. 11, 19. "For wiſdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be deſired are not to be compared with it. My fruit is better than gold, yea than much fine gold, and my revenue than choice ſilver." Alſo Prov. xvi. 16. "How much better is it to get wiſdom than gold, and to get underſtanding rather to be choſen than ſilver." But I proceed to conſider the words of the text. And,

I. The merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver, which I think will appear in the following particulars, viz.

1. The merchandize of ſilver is uncertain, both in the merchandize itſelf, and in all the profits, pleaſures, and enjoyments of it; for how often are the words of Solomon verified in them, where he ſays, "For riches do certainly make unto themſelves wings and fly away as an eagle towards heaven?" Uncertain indeed! but the heavenly merchandize is ſure, and therefore better; ſure as the love, wiſdom, power, truth, and faithfulneſs of a covenant God can make it. Sure in the profits, the pleaſures, and the eternal enjoyment of

of them in glory. Bleſſed trade indeed, wherein the parties engaged are ſure to be gainers, yea everlaſting gainers. Moſt true is that obſervation, that has frequently been made, viz. That though many have loſt for Chriſt, none ever loſt by him; thus then the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver. It is ſure and certain.

2. The merchandize of ſilver is unſatisfying: thus ſays the word of God, Eccleſ. v. 10. "He that loveth ſilver ſhall not be ſatisfied with ſilver, nor he that loveth abundance with increaſe," this alſo is vanity. But the heavenly merchandize is ſoul-ſatisfying, and is therefore better than the merchandize of ſilver. In the true ſpiritual merchant that word is fulfilled, which ſays, Pſal. lxiii. 5, "My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied as with marrow and fatneſs, and my mouth ſhall praiſe thee with joyful lips." And that paſſage alſo, Jer. xxxi. 14, "And my people ſhall be ſatisfied with my goodneſs, ſaith the Lord." Solomon ſays, Prov. xiv. 14, "A good man ſhall be ſatisfied from himſelf." That is (as I apprehend) from the grace and love of God to, and in his ſoul; for by the good man Solomon, no doubt, means the truly gracious man;

man; and ſuch can in no other ſenſe be ſatisfied from themſelves, but as in Chriſt, and as partakers of his unſearchable riches. Lord, grant us to be the happy partakers of theſe ſoul-ſatisfying riches.

3. The merchandize of ſilver is ſhort, and will ſoon have an end. For thus God ſpeaks to all poor worldlings, who are panting after the duſt of the earth, and who are loading themſelves with the thick clay thereof, James iv. 13, 14, "Go to now, ye that ſay, To-day or to-morrow we will go into ſuch a city, and continue there a year, and buy and ſell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what ſhall be on the morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away." Short indeed! Thus the rich man in the parable was dreadfully alarmed with this awful and tremendous meſſage, "Thou fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee." O how ſhort was his time! Ah, worldlings, you can have at leaſt but a ſhort, a very ſhort time of it. But now the heavenly merchandize is as long as eternity, the ſpiritual merchant trades for an eternity, and an eternity he ſhall have to enjoy the profits of his happy,

py, bleſſed, and proſperous trade. O then ſurely in this inſtance alſo the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver.

4. The merchandize of ſilver is often really hurtful to him, who is poſſeſſed of it; the wiſe man ſeems plainly to advert to this, where he ſays, Eccleſ. v. 13, "There is a ſore evil that I have ſeen under the ſun, namely, riches, kept for the owners thereof to their hurt." The riches and profits of this world often prove a great, dreadful, and deſtructive ſnare to many poor ſouls. Hear what Paul ſays, 1 Tim. vi. 9. "But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a ſnare, and into many fooliſh and hurtful luſts, which drown men in deſtruction and perdition." Can any thing be more hurtful than this! But now the heavenly merchandize is beneficial. And of this alſo Solomon informs us, Prov. xxii. 4, "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life." Nay ſo very beneficial is this trade, that our dear Lord has aſſured every ſpiritual merchant, that he ſhall "receive an hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlaſting." Succeſsful trade indeed! Good

Lord,

Lord, grant we were all truly and ready engaged and employed in it.

5. The merchandize of ſilver can afford no true peace and comfort at death; when death comes all is over with him, who has only traded for this world; neither the trade nor gains of this world can then give eaſe or relief. What is the hope of the poor worldling, when God taketh away his ſoul? neither gold nor ſilver will ſtand in any ſtead, for, as Solomon ſays, "riches profit not in the day of wrath." So the pſalmiſt, Pſal. xlix. 16, 17, "Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his houſe is increaſed. For when he dieth he ſhall carry nothing away, his glory ſhall not deſcend after him." Alſo Eccl. v. 15. "As he came forth from his mother's womb, naked ſhall he return to go as he came, and ſhall take nothing of his labour which he may carry away in his hand." But the heavenly merchandize affords the greateſt and ſweeteſt peace and comfort at death, ſo as to cauſe the ſoul to triumph over death, and all the gloomy horrors of the grave. Yea it is then they have often the ſweeteſt moments on this ſide eternity, and can ſing with Dr. Watts,

Go now and boaſt of all your ſtore,
And tell how bright you ſhine:
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

And elſewhere,

Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

6. The merchandize of ſilver can never aſſure a man of heaven and eternal glory. What will a man be profited in the next, if he gain this whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? It may juſtly be ſaid to ſuch, What will ye do in the day of viſitation—To whom will ye ſeek for help, and where will you leave your glory? But the heavenly merchandize is an aſſured earneſt, and a ſweet and bleſſed fore-taſte of glory. Yea to ſuch it is ſaid, Rom. ii. 7, "But unto them who by patient continuance in well doing, ſeek for glory, and honour, and immortality, eternal life." Surely then the profits of this ſpiritual merchandize appear to be better than the merchandize of ſilver.

II. And

II. And the gain thereof than fine gold.

The truth of which, I think, plainly and fully appears in the following particulars, viz.

1. By this his ſpiritual merchandize he gains true peace in his conſcience, and ſurely this is better than fine gold, than much fine gold, yea than all the fine gold on the earth, for the fineſt of the fine gold on earth never contained in it, and therefore never could convey any true peace to the conſcience. But the peace, which the ſpiritual merchant gains, is called emphatically the peace of God: yea, it is ſaid to paſs all underſtanding, and to keep the hearts and minds of the people of God, Phil. iv. 7, and the peace of God, &c. The peace of conſcience, which he gains, is alſo ſaid to rule in his heart: and well it may, for it is a heavenly, holy, ſolid, durable, and ſoul-ſaving peace. Many an earthly merchant has gained much fine gold, who never gained nor ever enjoyed one grain of true peace in his conſcience; but on the contrary, with all his gains he has found his own ſoul pierced through with many ſorrows, the labour in getting, the care in keeping, and

the fear of loſing his fine gold, takes away all his peace, both by night and by day. How remarkably does Solomon prove the truth of what I am now ſaying, Eccl. v. 12, "The abundance of the rich will not ſuffer him to ſleep." I have read of a poor worldling, who, when he lay a dying, called for a large bag of gold out of his cheſt, and laid it near his heart, hoping ſome comfort from it; finding it to be inſufficient, he called haſtily for another, and a larger, which was brought; and when this was laid by the other, he ſuddenly cried out and ſaid, O take it all away! take it all away! it will not do! it will not do! The apoſtle Paul, who was a true ſpiritual merchant, happily experienced the truth and ſweetneſs of this part of the gains of his trade, eſpecially where he ſays, "For I know whom I have believed, and I am perſuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed to him againſt that day." And elſewhere he ſays, "For I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finiſhed my courſe, I have kept the faith, henceforth is laid up for me a

crown of righteouſneſs, which the Lord the righteous judge ſhall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing." O it is ſweet living, and happy dying, with this part of our ſpiritual gain comfortably experienced on the heart; ſuch will joyfully and thankfully ſay, the gain thereof is better than fine gold.

2. He gains true holineſs of heart and life; and this alſo is better than fine gold. For often it appears, that thoſe, who have moſt fine gold, have not only the leaſt, but indeed are totally deſtitute of true holineſs of heart and life. But this ſpiritual merchant is one, who is called and enabled to "ſerve the Lord in holineſs and righteouſneſs all the days of his life," Luke i. 75. "Yea, he is one who is created in righteouſneſs and true holineſs by the work of God's holy Spirit upon his ſoul," Eph. iv. 24. He is one who is "called unto holineſs," 1 Theſſ. iv. 7. He is alſo deſcribed as one who has "fruit unto holineſs." Rom. vi. 22. And what is remarkable, he accumulates much of this bleſſed part of his gain in times of affliction; ſo ſays the apoſtle, Heb. xii. 10, "But he for

our profit, that we might be partakers of his holineſs." Which he ſpeaks of as the happy and bleſſed end of truly ſanctified afflictions. This made a good miniſter ſay, that he learned more of God, Chriſt, Holineſs, and Heaven, in ſeven days affliction and illneſs, than he had done in ſeven years preaching. O this is a bleſſed and precious part of his gain, which he ſhall enjoy in perfection to all eternity in glory.

3. He gains true fellowſhip and communion with God, and this is better than fine gold, for what the apoſtle John ſays is verified in the experience of every ſpiritual merchant, 1 John i. 3. "And truly our fellowſhip is with the Father, and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord." Carnal men know nothing of this, nor does it make any part of their gains; all ſpiritual merchants are ſons of God, and becauſe they are ſo, the apoſtle ſays, Gal. iv. 6, "God hath ſent forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying, Abba Father." Now this part of the gain of a ſpiritual merchant conſiſts in a filial boldneſs before God, a holy freedom and familiarity with God, a ſteady, humble, unſha-

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ken confidence, and a ſupreme, happy delight in God. All which is attended with a ſincere and univerſal aim and endeavour to pleaſe God, which is the very life and eſſence of real and cloſe walking with God, and this extends to, and is in ſome degree manifeſt in the whole of his conduct, in all the various ſtations, relations, and duties of life. This the ſpiritual merchant will ever eſteem a moſt precious and valuable part of his gain. O that we might all grow rich in this holy fellowſhip and communion with God!

4. He gains true comfort, joy, and aſſurance of Heaven. And this is better than all the fine gold on the earth: his comfort is the comfort of God, and comes from the God of all comfort; his joy of the holy Ghoſt; and his aſſurance is founded in and built upon the free, faithful, and unchangeable love and grace of God, who he knows abideth faithful, and neither will, nor can, break his promiſe, or deny himſelf. And therefore he is emboldened to ſay, that, "becauſe Jeſus lives he ſhall live alſo." There are many earthly merchants, who have much gold, and much fine gold, yet have not a ſingle grain of this com-

ſort or aſſurance, nor can all their fine gold ever procure it for them. Nay they have no aſſurance of the enjoyment of the fine gold they have ſaved and treaſured up on earth; many have been awfully and ſuddenly called away at midnight from it all, as the rich fool in the Goſpel, Luke xii. 20.—or elſe Solomon's words have been fulfilled in them, and "their riches have made unto themſelves wings, and fled away as an eagle towards Heaven." O how much better is a believer's gain than all this!

5. He gains a glorious victory and triumph over death and Hell, for even here "he is made more than a conqueror, through him that loved him." And the language and experience of Job and Paul alſo are his, for by this bleſſed part of his gain he can join with them in ſaying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my ſkin worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God, whom mine eyes ſhall behold for myſelf, and not for another:"—and "O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory," &c. when he knows that God, as the Pſalmiſt ſays, "has redeemed and ſhall redeem his ſoul from the power of the grave, for he will receive him." But this

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no fine gold can give to a poor Chriſtleſs impenitent ſinner, though poſſeſſed of ever ſo much of it; for " riches profit not in the day " of wrath," and ſuch a day is the day of death to all unregenerate perſons. O how have many, who have gained much fine gold in this world, trembled even to deſpair, at the realizing view, and near and felt approach of death, judgment, and eternity; but here, where a wicked man muſt part with, and loſe all his gains, here the happy believer, the ſpiritual merchant ſweetly poſſeſſes and comfortably enjoys all his. O what a precious part of his gain is this! ſurely this is better than fine gold.

6. He gains a glorious and joyful reſurrection, for at that awful, but to him auſpicious morning, when Chriſt, who is his life, ſhall appear, he ſhall appear with him in glory, for that which " was ſown in corruption ſhall " then be raiſed in incorruption, what was " ſown in diſhonour ſhall be raiſed in glory, " what was ſown in weakneſs ſhall be raiſed " in power, what was ſown a natural body " ſhall be raiſed a ſpiritual body." O how will his gains begin to ſhine on that great and glorious day, to which, no doubt, the prophet

phet Malachi alludes, when, ſpeaking in the name of God concerning his ſaints, he ſays, " And they ſhall be mine, ſaith the " Lord, in the day when I make up my " jewels, and I will ſpare them as a man " ſpareth his own ſon that ſerveth him, then " ſhall ye return and diſcern between the " righteous and the wicked, between him " that ſerveth God, and him that ſerveth him " not." But O what a dreadful contraſt will then be ſeen in the wicked, however great or rich, for it is ſaid of ſuch, that " they ſhall " hide themſelves in dens and in the rocks " of the mountains, and ſay to the moun- " tains and the rocks, Fall on us, and hide us " from the face of him that ſitteth upon the " throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, " for the great day of his wrath is come, and " who ſhall be able to ſtand?" Surely then the gains of the ſpiritual merchant are in this reſpect alſo, as the text ſays, better than fine gold.

7. He gains eternal life and glory in Heaven; and here he attains to the very ſummit of his wiſhes; this is what he has had through grace in his eye in all his ſpiritual trade and merchandize—this, if I may be allowed ſo to

ſay, was the fortune and eſtate he was trading for, and with leſs than this he never intended to ſit down ſatisfied. With a view to the enjoyment of this it was, that he was by divine grace ſo diligent, earneſt, zealous, careful, painful, laborious, and watchful in his ſpiritual and heavenly trade. And now when he comes to the enjoyment of this bleſſed part of his gains, he will never repent of all or any of his holy pains, labour, and diligence. Now ſhall he find the ſweet fulfilment of that happy word—" ſo ſhall we be for ever " with the Lord." Ah, ſays the gracious ſoul, this is gain enough indeed—well, for the comfort of all ſuch, who are happily engaged in the heavenly trade, let them reflect upon it. It is ſaid, Rom. ii. 7, " To them who " by patient continuance in well doing ſeek " for glory, honour, and immortality, eternal " life." But not all the fine gold on earth can bring a ſoul to this. O that the Lord may help poor Chriſtleſs periſhing ſinners to conſider this, and lay it to heart before they periſh for ever. But this brings me to the laſt particular intended in the diſcourſe, which was,

To conclude with a few words of ſerious addreſs

addreſs to the real Chriſtian, under the character of a merchant, and alſo to the Chriſtleſs ſinner, who is at preſent both a ſtranger and an enemy to this heavenly trade and merchandize.

I. *To the real Chriſtian.*

1. Be diligent and punctual in the duties of your heavenly trade and merchandize. O watch and pray againſt a ſlothful, careleſs ſpirit; drowſineſs will cover a man with rags in more ſenſes than one. Remember, and O attend to the apoſtle's exhortation: "Not "ſlothful in buſineſs, fervent in ſpirit, ſerving "the Lord;" if ſloth and negligence get the better of thee, depend upon it thou art ſuffering ſome ſad loſs in thy ſoul. "Give diligence," ſays the apoſtle, "brethren, to make your calling and election ſure," and "the hand of the "diligent," ſays Solomon, "maketh rich." "Whatſoever ye do, then, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men; let all public, private, ſecret duties, be carefully and diligently attended to, as you wiſh to thrive and increaſe in durable riches and righteouſneſs. Merchants who neglect their public attendance

attendance on the exchange, ſoon begin to be ſuſpected. Let this thought put thee in mind of the neceſſity of a conſtant and diligent attendance on all the public ordinances. Merchants who are ſeldom ſeen in their counting-houſes, or neglect correſpondence with their more diſtant, or converſation with their nearer friends, give great alarm to ſuſpect matters are not right with them. Let this put thee in mind of the neceſſity and importance of a clear, regular, and conſtant attendance upon private and ſecret duties.

2. Look carefully over, and examine frequently into, and poſt your books.

And this is quite conſiſtent with the advice given by the apoſtle Paul, " examine yourſelves." When an earthly merchant neglects his books, it is a ſure ſign things are bad with him; if his books are neglected, his trade and profits muſt decay; and thus will it be with the believer, if he continues wilfully to neglect the advice here given him. The advice I would explain thus, 1. Search the ſcriptures ſeriouſly, conſtantly, and diligently; 2. Daily ſtore your memory as your ſpiritual day-book with ſomewhat truly good, and endeavour not to blot it by the indulgence of

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ſinful vanities. 3. Labour after and pray for a clear and ſcripturally eſtabliſhed judgment in the things of God, ſo that you may, as the apoſtle ſays, "be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wiſdom and ſpiritual underſtanding;" this will prove a good method of keeping your ſpiritual journal. 4. Daily keep your eye and watch over your affections, and this as cloſely and as carefully as a merchant does his caſh-book, that he may ſee and know what is going out, and what is coming in. May the Lord enable us to attend to this book. 5. Do as Paul did in Acts xxiv. 16. "Exerciſe yourſelf to have a conſcience void of offence toward God and toward men." A well poſted ledger, and a truly pacified conſcience, a clean ledger and a pure conſcience, an open ledger and a well informed conſcience, are no unfit emblems one of the other; and I may venture to ſay, that if our conſciences are through grace thus kept, it will be much for our ſpiritual comfort, peace, and profit. 6. Keep up a good circulation of bills, and do not fear the negotiating of them at all times with the bank of Heaven; they are all good, you will never be a ſufferer by this kind of paper currency, if I may be allowed

allowed the expreſſion; I mean the precious promiſes of God. 7. Neglect not ſtated and regular correſpondence by letter. In other words, continue inſtant in prayer. Let that dear and glorious Lord, with whom you trade, hear from you in this way, not merely every day, but many, very many times in the day. 8. Daily aſk for a needful ſupply of running caſh, that is, of ſenſible comforts, but then leave your gracious God to beſtow them when and how he ſees needful and beſt for you.

3. Labour to extend and enlarge your heavenly trade and merchandize as much as ever you can. You never need fear having too much of it; many earthly merchants have been obliged to ſtop and break, merely becauſe they have over-traded themſelves: but not ſo the heavenly merchant; with ſuch a one it is a ſure and ſweet maxim, "The more trade the more riches:" it is not, it never was, or ever will be, a loſing trade. It cannot be overdone by too many engaging in it; labour therefore, O believer, to extend and enlarge it more and more daily, in a way of knowledge of, love to, and communion with the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and to this the people

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of God are exhorted in his word by the apoſtle, Rom. xv. 13, "That ye may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghoſt." 2 Cor. viii. 7, "Therefore as ye abound in every thing, abound in this grace alſo. 1 Theſ. iv. 1, where the apoſtle exhorts the people of God, that "as they had received of him how they ought to walk and to pleaſe God, ſo they would abound more and more." So alſo, Phil. i. 9, "That your love may abound yet more and more." So 1 Theſ. iv. 10, "But we beſeech you, brethren, that ye increaſe more and more." O then labour to extend thy ſpiritual trade, and do not fear having too much of it.

4. Let no trials, loſſes, or difficulties, which thou mayeſt meet with, diſcourage thee. Ever remember, that whatever thou mayeſt be called to loſe for Chriſt, yet moſt aſſuredly thou ſhalt be no loſer by Chriſt. Yea thou art told in the word of truth, that whatſoever thou loſeſt in this world for Chriſt, is inſured for thee in a better world by Chriſt, who will aſſuredly repay thee, and with good intereſt alſo. Ye have his own bleſſed word for it, Matt. xix. 29. "And every one that has forſaken houſes or brethren, or ſiſters, or father,

ther, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's ſake, ſhall receive an hundred fold, and ſhall inherit everlaſting life." Yea, when it has gone farther than all this, when ſome of the ſpiritual merchants have been called to lay down their very lives for the Lord Jeſus and the Goſpel's ſake; yet even here they have been no loſers, and this alſo he has aſſured them of in his word, Mark viii. 35. "But whoſoever ſhall loſe his life for my ſake and the Goſpel's, the ſame ſhall ſave it." Go on, fear not to maintain thy heavenly trade, thou moſt aſſuredly ſhalt be an eternal gainer at laſt.

5. Rejoice in the hope, proſpect, and ſweet aſſurance of enjoying all thy gain at laſt in an eternal world, and in an eternal weight of glory: for this thou moſt aſſuredly ſhalt do at laſt. There is, O believer, a manſion prepared, and a hope laid up for thee in Heaven, where thou, when thou haſt ſerved God, and thy generation, by his will, ſhalt certainly arrive: then wilt thou ſing with ſweet Dr. Watts, where he ſays,

O glorious hour, O bleſt abode,
I ſhall be near and like my God,

And fleſh and ſin no more control
The ſacred pleaſures of my ſoul.

And elſewhere:

Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below,
And every hour find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Now they deſire, and then they ſhall poſſeſs and enjoy the better country, the heavenly; of this hope and proſpect they need not to be aſhamed, for the God of their hope is not aſhamed to be called their God, for he has provided for them a city. O happy trade! O ſweet, bleſſed, and eternal gain! O believer, may thy ſoul be much inſtructed and eſtabliſhed in this bleſſed trade.

II. *To the Chriſtleſs ſinner.*

1. Think, O think ſeriouſly, what a miſerable, what a wretched, what a loſing, what a ſoul deſtroying trade, thou art at preſent engaged in. All the pleaſure and profit thou art ſeeking is in ſin, and this is every day at the peril and danger, and, except rich grace prevent, muſt and will be at laſt attended with

with the awful, the irreparable loſs of thy poor ſoul. O how much have you poor Chriſtleſs ſinners, many of you at leaſt, it is to be feared, loſt already by the dreadful trade you have been carrying on all your lives long! O how much of your precious time is loſt, and loſt irrecoverably too! How many of your natural talents are loſt, buried, abuſed, or vilely proſtituted to, and in the ſervice and drudgery of ſin and Satan! how many precious opportunities, ſeaſons, and means of grace loſt! And may it not be ſaid of thee, and may I not now ſay to thee, O poor ſinner, that all thou haſt gotten in thy trade and dealing with ſin and Satan is, "thou haſt deſtroyed thyſelf?" In no reſpect art thou wiſer, or really better, for all thou haſt been doing, or in thy dreadful trade getting all thy life. O may it be ſet home to thy awakening and converſion.

2. Let me entreat you to conſider, though you profit ever ſo much by your earthly trade and buſineſs, that awful and awakening word ſpoken by our dear Lord, which is directed to proſperous worldlings, who are ſtrangers and enemies to this heavenly trade and merchandize, Matt. xvi. 26. "What is a man

profited if he gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?" Ah, poor ſouls, let me intreat you to conſider, what will all your earthly wealth and riches do for you in a dying hour, and that hour, however the thought of it ſometimes makes thee tremble, muſt and will come, and then where, and what wilt thou be? Riches, as Solomon ſays, profit not in the day of wrath; and ſuch a day is the day of death to Chriſtleſs impenitent ſinners. When our dear Lord, in Luke xii. 20, calls the poor ſenſual worldling a fool, he immediately adds, "ſo is every one who layeth up for himſelf treaſure upon earth, and is not rich towards God." The prophet Jeremiah, chap. xvii. 11, in ſpeaking of worldly riches, ſays, "he ſhall leave them in the midſt of his days, and at the end ſhall be a fool." O ſirs, the unſearchable and inexhauſtible riches of Chriſt are the one thing needful, to make poor ſinners rich, and miſerable ſinners happy. May the Lord help you to conſider this, to your ſouls eternal welfare and ſalvation.

3. Seriouſly reflect, how much of thy precious time is loſt and irrecoverably gone from thee for ever. And O how uncertain

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is the period of thy exiſtence here! O that the Lord the Spirit may ſavingly convince thee of thy ſin and folly, in having thus abuſed and miſpent it; and by his grace mayeſt thou be helped to enter upon the profeſſion and practice of heavenly merchandize. If every moment of thy paſt time, poor ſinner! had a voice, and they were all now to ſpeak to thee, and of thee, not one of them could bear witneſs of any thing thou knoweſt of, or haſt ever done, in this ſpiritual and heavenly trade and merchandize, nor could they all aſſure thee of one ſingle moment more to be granted to thee. Indeed, if a conſideration of theſe things is by the power and grace of the Spirit of God ſet home to thy ſoul, thou wilt take the alarm, ſee thy danger, and mourn and tremble, and be happily brought to experience ſomething of the truth, beauty, glory, and reality, of this holy, heavenly, and truly profitable trade, which I have been endeavouring to ſet before thee, and recommended to thee. O that the Lord may bleſs it to this end!

4. Remember what a diſmal and dreadful account muſt and will be brought againſt you at the great and awful day of judgment,

if you live and die in your preſent Chriſtleſs impenitent ſtate. That day will be to you a dreadful, but a juſt and an eternal balancing of your accounts before God, the judge of all. And O poor ſinner! remember that on that day, as the prophet Daniel expreſſes it, "The judgment will be ſet and the books will be opened." And O, however the books of thy ſoul have been neglected, and are all confuſion and darkneſs, God's books are not ſo, his are rightly and well kept, as will, except grace prevent, dreadfully appear to thee, and againſt thee, on that awful day; there will be two eſpecially dreadful books open againſt thee in that day, viz. the book of God's holy, juſt, and righteous judgments, and the book of thy guilty and ſelf-condemning conſcience. Nay, the book of life itſelf will be dreadful to thee, as thou wilt have no part nor lot in that matter. O that the conſideration of theſe things may be bleſſed to thy ſoul for thy awakening and converſion!

5. Remember it is not too late, thou art yet on mercy's ground, once more under mercy's joyful ſound, and within mercy's mighty reach. O may the Lord own and bleſs the things here mentioned for thy conſideration,

ſideration, and may he by his holy Spirit quicken thy poor dead ſoul, and help and enable thee now to begin this bleſſed and heavenly trade, ſo that at the laſt thou mayeſt through grace give up thy account with joy, and not with grief and ſhame. Remember, for thy encouragement, that many poor ſouls have, in conſequence of being called and renewed by the grace of God, in this bleſſed and heavenly trade, gained much in a little time; yea, gained Heaven and eternal glory. O mayeſt thou through that grace be enabled to go and do likewiſe.

And now, brethren, I conclude, by commending you to God, and the word of his grace. May he own and bleſs theſe few broken hints, which have been dropped among you, to your preſent and eternal benefit. I add no more, but pray the Lord may command his bleſſing. Amen and amen.

Scripture Promiſes of future Bleſſings to God's People, the matter of their preſent Faith, Wonder, and Praiſe.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT

GLYNN CEIRIEOG,

IN

DENBIGHSHIRE, NORTH WALES,

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1779,

Before the Miniſters and Meſſengers of the ſeveral baptized Churches met there in Aſſociation.

"Unto me who am leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints is this grace given, that I ſhould preach among the Gentiles the unſearchable riches of Chriſt."

EPHES. iii. 8.

To the miniſters, meſſengers, and brethren of the ſeveral baptized churches of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, met in aſſociation at Glynn Ceirieog, in Denbighſhire, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th days of June, 1779, Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, be multiplied.

Honoured and dearly beloved Brethren,

When I was invited to your annual aſſociation, and to attempt, in my poor way, to offer a word of inſtruction and comfort to you on that ſolemn and pleaſing occaſion, little did I think of meeting with ſuch a requeſt, as was made to me by ſeveral of my dear and honoured brethren in the miniſtry, to put this weak effort to the preſs. And as it is well known, it was with great reluctance I conſented thereto, ſo it is now with diffidence and trembling, that I take up my pen, to attempt the fulfilment of the promiſe I was then conſtrained to make.

Conſcious I am of my unfitneſs to appear in ſo public a manner as from the preſs, either before the churches of Chriſt, or in the world;

world; and, as an apology for myſelf in this matter, can only ſay as the apoſtle Paul did upon another occaſion, "Ye have compelled me."—I have endeavoured to expreſs myſelf as near as I poſſibly could in the language, which I uſed in the pulpit. My aim, Heaven knows, was then in preaching, as, I aſſure you, it is now in writing, not to tickle your fancies, or pleaſe your ears, but addreſs your conſciences, inform your judgments, and comfort your hearts, in the faith and holineſs of the Goſpel. And if a good and gracious God ſhall be pleaſed to ſmile upon this attempt for theſe important ends, all glory and praiſe be given to his holy name.

To the care and benediction of our triune covenant God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, I moſt affectionately commend you, praying that every bleſſing of his peace, power, comforts, and preſence, may be with each of you, in time and to eternity; and I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your affectionate brother and
willing ſervant in the Goſpel of Chriſt,

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Liverpool, June 30, 1779.

ZECH. ix. 16, 17.

And the Lord their God ſhall ſave them in that day as the flock of his people: for they ſhall be as the ſtones of a crown, lifted up as an enſign upon his land. For how great is his goodneſs, and how great is his beauty! Corn ſhall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.

I HAD no ſooner read theſe words to you, my dear hearers, as the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe, but I was led to reflect upon the ſweet and comfortable declaration of the apoſtle Peter in his 2d epiſtle, i. 4. where ſpeaking of what the ſovereign grace and "divine power" of God had done for, and given to his dear people, he obſerves, as a part of the "all things" which pertain to life and godlineſs, that he had given to "them exceeding great and precious promiſes, that by theſe they might be partakers of the divine nature." Now I conſider the words of my text as a very peculiar and delightful part of theſe promiſes, written and left upon record

cord for the inſtruction, encouragement, and comfort, of the church and people of God to the end of time. Yea that theſe are ſome of thoſe precious things, which, though they were written aforetime, yet were they written for our learning, that we (even as my brethren in this day) through patience and comfort of the ſcriptures might have hope. And if theſe words are by the power and influence of the eternal Spirit applied to our ſouls, they will beget and maintain in us that hope, which, as the apoſtle ſays, "Maketh not aſhamed, becauſe the love of God is ſhed abroad in our heart by the Holy Ghoſt, which is given to us." Rom. v. 5.

The prophet Zechariah was to the Jewiſh church one of the latter-day prophets, and as ſuch he ſpake and propheſied much, and principally of the latter-day glory of the church of God. Though, no doubt, ſome of his prophecies have already had their accompliſhment, as that particularly in the 9th verſe of this chapter, ſee Matt. xxi. 4, 5, alſo John xii. 14, 15; in both which paſſages the evangeliſts declare this prophecy to have had its certain and preciſe fulfilment, in the memorable event of our divine Redeemer, riding

publicly into Jeruſalem upon a colt, the foal of an aſs: Yet I ſay, notwithſtanding all this, there are doubtleſs many good and gracious things ſpoken of by the prophet, relating peculiarly to the Jewiſh church, and which are yet to have their accompliſhment. Nor can I doubt that the words of our text, as they relate to the latter-day glory of the church of Chriſt and the calling of the Jews, remain yet to be fulfilled, or that they moſt aſſuredly will be ſo, in the Lord's appointed ſeaſon. A moſt bleſſed time it will be, whoever ſhall live to ſee it, when theſe ſweet words ſhall be in their figurative and ſpiritual ſenſe fulfilled, in thoſe now rejected, hardened, unbelieving people. The good Lord haſten it in his time.

Yet all this, I humbly conceive, does by no means reſtrain or hinder the application of them, in a ſpiritual and experimental way, to the dear church and people of God among the Gentiles in our day. And I do cheerfully hope they are fulfilled in many precious ſouls among the mountains of Wales, where we are aſſembled this day, as well as in various other parts of the world, wherever the Lord has a people called by his grace. It is

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in this view of the words therefore, my dear hearers, that I ſhall now attempt their conſideration and improvement; and O that they may be made indeed a word in ſeaſon to each of our ſouls; while, as the Lord the Spirit ſhall be pleaſed to help me, I purpoſe in ſpeaking from them to attend to the following heads of diſcourſe, viz.

I. Attempt to deſcribe the ſpiritual and internal character of thoſe perſons, to whom theſe promiſes are made.

II. Conſider the near and dear relation in which God the promiſer ſtands to them, as expreſſed in the text.

III. Explain the ſeveral gracious and precious promiſes made to them in the words, and obſerve the manner how, and "the day" when they are fulfilled in their experience.

IV. Shew whence the whole of this rich and abundant grace and mercy ſprings; and what it cannot but lead all thoſe who are intereſted therein, to admire and adore.

V. Conclude with a few reflections from what ſhall have been ſaid, ſuitable to the preſent occaſion.

I. Let

I. Let us attempt to deſcribe the ſpiritual and internal character of thoſe perſons, to whom the promiſes in the text are made.

I have already obſerved, their primary reference is to the Jews, reſpecting whom, as a nation, I think they are yet to have their accompliſhment. But when we reflect upon what the apoſtle ſays reſpecting the promiſes of God, 2 Cor. i. 20, "For all the promiſes of God in him are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us," it moſt certainly proves the Gentile church's intereſt in thoſe promiſes, which were primarily made to the Jews.

In conſidering more particularly, therefore, the ſpiritual and internal character of the perſons, to whom theſe promiſes are made, I ſhall refer to the following deſcription, as found in the text and preceding context.

The paragraph, of which my text is a part, begins at the 12th verſe, in which the perſons referred to are ſtyled "priſoners of hope." In the 13th they are ſtyled "ſons of Zion;" in the 16th "his people;" and in the 17th verſe, "young men and maids."

1. They are "priſoners of hope," not priſoners of condemnation and deſpair. As priſoners

ſoners while here below (and it is only while they are here below that they can be ſtyled priſoners) they feel the body to be a priſon, and a mournful one it often proves to God's dear people. What with pain, illneſs, affliction, and above all, the ſin they find in it, it proves a priſon indeed to them, ſo that they are frequently brought to cry out with Paul, who was a priſoner in this priſon once, "O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death," or this dead body, which is as a priſon to my poor ſoul? Ye ſaints of God, do ye not feel that you are in this priſon, the body? Again, this world is a priſon to the ſaints, they are ſtraitened in it, they do, in a ſenſe, find and feel it to be a place of confinement; they breathe after, and long for, a larger, brighter, better world; where they ſhall enjoy true liberty of ſoul; ſee Heb. xi. 16. "But now they deſire a better country, that is, an heavenly." When a ſaint leaves this world, he gets out of a priſon into a palace. Ye dear ſaints, do ye not love to hear of this? you ſhall be, ere long, for ever out of the priſon of this world. Again, the afflictions, temptations, and trials, which the ſaints meet with here below, are a priſon,

and all the ſaints know ſomething alſo of being priſoners in this reſpect. This ſeems to have been the caſe of David, when he ſo earneſtly cried, Pſalm cxlii. 7, "Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy name." This priſon has often proved a very dark one to God's dear people; and not only ſo, but they have ſometimes had chains and fetters put upon them, in ſome of theſe dark dungeons, I mean ſlaviſh fear, and diſtruſt of God, which have often proved a heavy chain to many a dear child of God while in this priſon. Again; the grave is a priſon, dark, gloomy, and diſmal, to nature; it is called the houſe appointed for all living, and a priſon-houſe it is; but it muſt be broken open one day, and diſcharge its priſoners; and the believer's body, while a priſoner there, is a priſoner of hope; for by virtue of his intereſt in, and relation to Jeſus, his fleſh alſo, like that of his great head, ſhall reſt in hope, Pſalm xvi. 9. Now in all theſe particulars, God's people, though priſoners, are priſoners of hope; for, 1. the God of their hope ever lives. Pſalm xviii. 46. "The Lord liveth, bleſſed be my rock, and let the God of my ſalvation be exalted." 2. The ground of

their hope ever ſtands, for it is as the apoſtle ſays, "The anchor of their ſoul ſure and ſtedfaſt," Heb. vi. 9; it never can nor will make them aſhamed. 3. The bleſſed end and enjoyment of their hope is ſafe and certain; for they ſhall at laſt be brought out of every priſon, and turn to the ſtrong holds of Zion above, where they ſhall eternally praiſe his name. Bleſſed be God for this deſcription of them, priſoners of hope.

2. They are ſons of Zion. That is, they are truly regenerate ſouls, ſpiritually born in Zion, Pſalm lxxxvii. 6, 7. "And of Zion it ſhall be ſaid, This and that man was born in her, and the Higheſt himſelf ſhall eſtabliſh her. The Lord ſhall count when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there." So alſo, Lamentations iv. 2, the ſaints of God are called "the precious ſons of Zion." Now they are ſons of Zion, as the God of Zion is their holy, heavenly, loving, gracious, forgiving, reconciled, everlaſting father. 2. They are ſons of Zion as they are intereſted in, and have a right to all the honours, privileges, bleſſings, and immunities of Zion here below. 3. They are ſons of Zion as they are heirs to, and ſhall at laſt be made partakers of the God

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of Zion, the inheritance of Zion, and the glory of Zion, to a bleſſed eternity above.

3. They are " his people;" and under this relation the ſaints of God are ſpoken of all throughout the book of God. As ſuch, therefore, I will obſerve, that they are his choſen people, his beloved people, his redeemed people, his called people, his ſanctified people, his preſerved people, his highly honoured and peculiarly privileged people, and ſhall be his eternally glorified people, of each of whom it may be ſaid, as the Lord by his prophet ſpeaks, Iſa. xliii. 21, " This people have I formed for myſelf, and they ſhall ſhew forth my praiſe."

4. They are compared to young men and maids: to young men, to denote their ſpiritual ſtrength, courage, zeal, activity, and diligence, in the ways of God. They who anſwer to this character in Scripture, are ſaid to be ſtrong, and that " the word of God abideth in them. And they have overcome the wicked one," 1 John ii. 14. They are compared, alſo, to maids, or virgins; and under this character the apoſtle Paul deſcribes the church at Corinth. 2 Cor. xi. 2. " I have eſpouſed you to one huſband, that I

may preſent you as a chaſte virgin to Chriſt. They are compared to maids or virgins therefore, to denote their ſpiritual purity and chaſtity; as alſo their ſtrong affection for, and true love to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in his perſon, glory, doctrines, ordinances, word, and worſhip. And under this character alſo they are to be conſidered as oppoſite to, and diſtinct from the Papal Antichriſt; which is in Scripture emphatically ſtyled the Great, and we may now alſo call her the Old Whore; from all whoſe witchcraft and filthy whoredoms good Lord for ever deliver his ſaints. But as I ſhall have occaſion to mention this particular character again, in the latter part of the diſcourſe, I forbear to enlarge at preſent, and proceed to conſider,

II. The near and dear relation, in which God the promiſer ſtands to the perſons deſcribed in the text.

" The Lord their God!" A near and dear relation indeed! How ſolemn! how ſweet! The word of God is full of it from one end to the other. A few particulars included I ſhall juſt mention, and briefly enlarge upon. And may the Lord ſo bleſs the attempts, by applying

plying the truth to our ſouls, that we may be enabled to ſay, " This God is our God for ever and ever."

1. This relation, the Lord their God, is a peculiar relation, founded upon peculiar love, fixed upon peculiar people, revealed and applied in a peculiar manner, full of peculiar honours, bleſſings, and privileges, and ſhall be completed in a very peculiar and bleſſed end. The relation in which God ſtands to his ſaints is ſo peculiar, that he ſtands in no ſuch relation to any creature he has made beſides them. See Exod. xix. 5. Deut. xiv. 2. Pſalm cxxxv. 4.

2. This relation is a holy and heavenly relation. Holineſs and heaven ſhine all through it; indeed it is the very fountain and foundation of all true holineſs in the people of God. " Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy," Levit. xix. 2. Never was, never will, any one ſon or daughter of fallen Adam be made truly and acceptably holy before God, but by virtue of this relation. Nor is it leſs a heavenly relation; it comes from Heaven; it reveals and applies (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) Heaven to the ſoul; it begets and maintains a holy intercourſe and familia-

rity with Heaven; it tends to and will be perfected in Heaven, for to be in Heaven is to be for ever near, for ever like the Lord. In this relation holineſs will at laſt be perfected; and Heaven, at laſt, eternally enjoyed.

3. This relation is a covenant relation, confirmed by the oath and promiſe of the Lord, ſealed by the blood of the Son of God. It is founded upon, and makes an eſſential part of that ſure and well ordered, that unchangeable and everlaſting covenant, which is all the ſalvation and all the deſire of the ſaints of God. As it is a covenant relation, God has bound himſelf to ſtand to it, and in ſo doing has certainly and infallibly ſecured the ſalvation of all thoſe who are included in it; ſee Heb. vi. 17, 18. "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to ſhew unto the heirs of promiſe the immutability of his counſel, confirmed it by an oath. That by two immutable things, in which it was impoſſible for God to lie, we might have ſtrong conſolation, who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope ſet before us."

4. This relation is a wonderful relation; much more ſo than any relation in nature can poſſibly be: it is a wonder to angels, and

a part of the things which they desire to look into, as they most certainly do, with pleasing wonder and holy joy. In this relation it is, that the believer is a wonder to himself, to his fellow saints, to the world, and even to devils. This made the Psalmist say, "I am as a wonder unto many, but thou art my strong refuge," Psalm iv. 21. But it is peculiarly a wonderful relation, if we consider how opposite the parties, how wise the plan, how faithful the compact, how glorious the consummation. But again,

5. The Lord their God is a kind and condescending relation, on the part of God. Herein is kindness and condescension indeed; not that we loved him, but he loved us. When we think and speak of God as standing in this kind and condescending relation to each and all of his dear saints and people, well may we, if we are truly gracious persons, express ourselves in the language of the prophet, Isa. lxiii. 7, "I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness towards the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude

tude of his loving-kindneſſes." O what an amazing ſtoop in God, to become the covenant God of his people! Surely this is, and only can be, according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving-kindneſſes.

6. The Lord their God is a ſweet and comfortable relation; it will never cauſe grief, tears, and woe (as many earthly relations have done, and ſtill do, as many can truly and mournfully tell), but, on the contrary, the longer it is experienced the more ſweet, and ſoul-comforting it proves; if the preſence, ſmiles, and bleſſing of Jehovah can make a relation ſweet and comfortable, then this is the moſt ſweet and comfortable of all relations. Well might pious and ſeraphic Dr. Watts ſweetly ſing

"There's nothing like my God."

For O it is life eternal to know him the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt, whom he has ſent.

7. The Lord their God is a high and honourable relation. And yet it is true, that "this honour have all the ſaints;" ſuch are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jeſus Chriſt.

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Can any thing be more high or honourable than this? Carnal hearts often make a great ſtir in the world reſpecting their high and honourable relations. But not the greateſt of the great ones upon earth can in this reſpect vie or compare with the leaſt, pooreſt, weakeſt child of God. A ſaint of the moſt High God is the moſt high and honourable relation a creature can poſſibly ſtand in to God. See then, ye dear ſaints, what you have to value yourſelves upon. O bleſs, bleſs, bleſs him for this relation.

8. The Lord their God is a comprehenſive relation, and includes in it every thing elſe. The father, the huſband, the friend, the portion of his people; it includes and comprehends every thing, which the people of God can receive or enjoy from him, in the way of his providence, in the methods of his grace, or in the riches of his glory. In ſhort, this relation comprehends that in itſelf which is quite incomprehenſible to the ſaints here below, and will be the matter of their eternal wonder and everlaſting ſong in a brighter, better world, for "eye hath not ſeen, nor has ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what the Lord

their God has prepared for them that love him," becauſe he firſt loved them.

9. The Lord their God is an unchangeable and an everlaſting relation. It will be conſummated in, and enjoyed through, a happy and bliſsful eternity. All earthly relations terminate at death; not ſo this; it is, and muſt be like himſelf, without the leaſt variableneſs, or ſhadow of turning. He who is his people's God is ſo for ever and ever. Bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed, be his holy, holy, holy name for ever and ever. But it is time I proceed,

III. To explain the ſeveral gracious and precious promiſes, made to them in the words, and obſerve the manner how, and "the day" when, they are fulfilled in their experience.

The promiſes in the text are four, viz. 1. He ſhall ſave them in that day as the flock of his people. 2. They ſhall be as the ſtones of a crown. 3. They ſhall be lifted up as an enſign upon his land. 4. Corn and new wine ſhall make them cheerful. Surely theſe are exceeding great and precious promiſes indeed!

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I ſhall therefore briefly treat of, and explain them in the order in which they lie.

1. Promiſe. "He ſhall ſave them in that day as the flock of his people." The church and people of God are very frequently in Scripture alluded to and ſpoken of under the idea of a flock, and God himſelf is frequently called their ſhepherd. See Pſalm lxxx. 1; and the whole of the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel. Now they are called a flock, to denote the propriety and intereſt God has in them; the care he has of them; their being a gathered, collected body, and the mutual love and affection they have, or ſhould have, to each other. But the promiſe is, he will ſave them as the flock of his people, which denotes the following particulars, viz. that, 1. "He knows and loves the flock of his people." John x. 14. "I am the good ſhepherd, and know my ſheep, and am known of mine;" and this his knowledge of them ſtands inſeparably connected with his love to them, which, to each and every one of his flock, is eternal, everlaſting, ſovereign, free, and unchanging love; he ſo knows and loves them, even from eternity, that he will moſt aſſuredly, in the fulneſs of time, bring all of them

them to know and love him, their great, their good, their heavenly ſhepherd, and to be for ever with him.

2. He redeems and ſo purchaſes the flock of his people. John x. 11. "I am the good ſhepherd; the good ſhepherd giveth his life for the ſheep." The ſame truth the apoſtle Peter declares, 1 Pet. i. 18, 19, "Foraſmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as ſilver and gold, but with the precious blood of Chriſt, &c." God's flock is entirely made up of redeemed ones; yea, without redemption there could be no flock of God out of Adam's fallen race, either on earth, or in Heaven. There is not one in God's flock but is redeemed by purpoſe, by price, and by power. In this ſenſe his flock is dearly bought; but, bleſſed be his holy name, they are (to the laſt farthing) honeſtly and honourably paid for.

3. He ſeeks, calls, and gathers, the flock of his people, and this is "that day," in which they begin experimentally to know, that he ſaves them. They had not one ſingle evidence of it, till this happy day of his ſovereign and efficacious power and love to their ſouls took place; but it is the Lord's doing, and may well

well be marvellous in the eyes of his flock. How full to this purpoſe does the prophet ſpeak, Ezekiel xxxiv. 11, 12! "For thus ſaith the Lord God, Behold I, even I, will both ſearch my ſheep and ſeek them out. As a ſhepherd ſeeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his ſheep that are ſcattered, ſo will I ſeek out my ſheep, and deliver them out of all places where they have been ſcattered in the cloudy and dark day." So our dear Lord, John x. 16, "And other ſheep I have which are not of this fold; them alſo I muſt bring, and they ſhall hear my voice, &c." If you and I are actually of Chriſt's flock, then ſuch a day as this has paſſed upon our ſouls. And ſurely this is one ſenſe in which he ſaves them in "that day."

4. He leads and goes before the flock of his people; and this he does both in a way of precept and of example, in which he calls upon the flock to follow and imitate him. John x. 3, 4, "He calleth his own ſheep by name, and leadeth them out; and when he putteth forth his own ſheep, he goeth before them, and the ſheep follow him, for they know his voice." O, how much are the ſaints and people of God indebted to him for this

this glorious inſtance of his ſaving power and love, that he leads and goes before them! May the eyes of our ſouls be attentively and invariably fixed upon him, and ſo in faith and holy obedience follow him whitherſoever he goeth. Thus he ſaves them in this day alſo. And,

5. He feeds the flock of his people. In the hands and under the care of ſuch a ſhepherd, they ſhall not want, for of him under this character the prophet ſpeaks, Iſa. xl. 11, "For he ſhall feed his flock like a ſhepherd, &c." and this he does in ſweet and good paſtures; Ezek. xxxiv. 14, 15, "I will feed them in a good paſture, and upon the high mountains of Iſrael ſhall their fold be; there ſhall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat paſture ſhall they feed upon the mountains of Iſrael. I will feed my flock, and cauſe them to lie down, ſaith the Lord God. So alſo, Pſalm lxxviii. 72, "He fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the ſkilfulneſs of his hands. Yea, he not only feeds them, but, what no earthly ſhepherd can do, he gives them an appetite to their food; and they eat it and bleſs his name. To provide their food, to lead them to it, and to bleſs it

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to them, and give them an appetite to it, ſurely this is feeding them indeed!

6. He protects and defends the flock of his people, and herein he is their antitypical David, and will ſlay every lion and every bear, which ſhall enter or attempt to rob or deſtroy the flock. And O how many times has he done this, and ſtill does do it for his flock! It is entirely owing to the protection and care of this heavenly ſhepherd, that the flock are not devoured and deſtroyed. But true it is, as himſelf has ſaid, John x. 28. "And I give unto them eternal life, and they ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall any pluck them out of my hands." And thus he ſaves the flock of his people in this day alſo.

7. He viſits, heals, reſtores, and brings back, the flock of his people; and ſurely in this way, he may be ſaid to ſave them every day. The Pſalmiſt found it ſo in his experience, and he owns it and bleſſes the Lord for it, Pſalm xxiii. 3. "He reſtoreth my ſoul, and leadeth me in the paths of righteouſneſs, for his name's ſake." But ſweetly and particularly does the Lord himſelf ſpeak of this to his dear flock and people. Ezekiel xxxiv. 16. "I will ſeek that which was loſt, and

bring again that which was driven away; and will bind up that which was broken, and I will ſtrengthen that which was ſick." O ſay, believer (for you can tell) does he not afford you daily inſtances of his thus ſaving you? Eternity only will be long enough for thee to bleſs him for this wonderful part of thine experience.

8. He marks the flock of his people; and this both internally and externally. Internally by the work of his Spirit in them, and externally by the image of Chriſt inſtamped upon them. And this his mark is a peculiar mark, a heavenly mark, and an abiding mark. Many earthly ſhepherds have loſt part of their flock becauſe the mark has worn out; not ſo the heavenly ſhepherd, his mark never can wear out, nor can he be miſtaken or deceived reſpecting who are his ſheep, nor can any rob or wrong him of them; and in that day, when he finally gathers his flock to himſelf, not one of their number, not one of his marks upon them ſhall be wanting.

9. He will bring the flock of his people ſafely and eternally home at laſt; and ſo he will ſave them in that day, in himſelf, with an everlaſting ſalvation; and they ſhall not be

be aſhamed or confounded world without end. O how beautiful and complete will the flock of his people then appear; perfected in their likeneſs to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and happy in his ſmiles and preſence for ever! What a bleſſed, glorious, and eternal day will this be to the flock of his people! And that day will aſſuredly come, and this ſalvation every individual of the flock ſhall certainly, perſonally, and eternally experience.

II. Promiſe. "They ſhall be as the ſtones of a crown." By the crown here ſpoken of, we may underſtand the mediatorial glory of Chriſt, who will then appear, as is ſaid of him in the book of Revelation, to have on his head many crowns; and this crown of his glory will then appear to be, 1. A great crown. 2. A bright and reſplendent crown. 3. A glorious and beautiful crown. 4. An eternal crown. And every truly gracious ſoul will then appear to be a ſtone in that crown. Now conſidered as ſuch, they will appear to be

1. Rich and valuable ſtones; made ſo by his love and grace unto them: hence they are called in Scripture his jewels, or peculiar treaſure, Malachi iii. 17. "And they ſhall be mine, ſaith the Lord, in that day when I make

up my jewels." Grace puts a real and intrinſic value into the ſoul; all his ſaints are dear, precious, and valuable in his ſight; there are none but truly rich and valuable ſtones put into crowns; but not all the rich and valuable ſtones, in all the crowns in the world, are ſo rich, valuable, and precious in the eyes of the Lord, as the leaſt ſtone in this crown. O the dignity, honour, and privilege of being one of the ſtones in this crown! And for ever adored be the riches of divine grace; this honour alſo have all the ſaints, to be rich and valuable ſtones in this crown.

2. They will then appear to be bright and ſhining ſtones. Naturaliſts tell us, that all jewels and precious ſtones receive their light and luſtre from the ſun; ſurely this is true with reſpect to all the ſtones in Chriſt's crown: they never would or could have ſhined before him, if he himſelf, in the power of his grace and love, had not firſt ſhone upon them. And what God ſays of his church and people, reſpecting their foundation and building, may, I think, be applied to them as bright and ſhining ſtones in Chriſt's crown. Iſaiah liv. 11, 12. "Behold, I will lay thy ſtones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with ſapphires;

phires; and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleaſant ſtones."

3. They will appear to be poliſhed and well-cut ſtones, like the precious ſtones in Aaron's breaſtplate. And O how little like ſuch did you and I, believer, once look! But what a change does grace make in the ſoul! Ah how many hard hearts, and rugged, and coarſe, and knotty tempers and diſpoſitions, has Jeſus poliſhed, and made well-cut ſtones in his crown! Not to ſay how many dull ones, in the groſſeſt of ignorance and ſtupidity, has his heavenly and infallible art poliſhed and beautifully ſhaped, and ſet in his crown. Nay, not one that ever he ſet in his crown, but was more or leſs coarſe, rugged, and dull, before he ſet them there. O the labour, wiſdom, and ſkill, which Chriſt has ſhewed upon each and every ſtone which is ſet in his crown; in which ſenſe they do appear to be highly poliſhed, and well-ſet ſtones indeed!

4. There will then appear to be ſtones of various ſizes, as the ſtones of a crown are; and this very well agrees with the ſaints of God, who, reſpecting their gifts, knowledge, and various attainments here, may be well

ſaid to be of various ſizes; but though they are ſo, and in whatever ſenſe it may be ſaid that they are ſo, yet is it to be remembered that the leaſt ſtone is as much honoured by being ſet in the crown as the greateſt, and that the leaſt ſtone ſhines there according to its degree of luſtre. And farther, that the leaſt ſtones tend to make up a part of the beauty of the crown. And again, that there is much wiſdom and ſkill ſhewn in ordering and placing the leaſt, as well as the largeſt ſtones in a crown. O happy, happy ſoul, that art but the leaſt ſtone in this crown! And, glory be to the name of our God, not one of the very leaſt of the ſtones in this crown ſhall ever want its place there. There is a place for every ſtone, and the moſt ſuitable and proper one too; and in that very place for which it is deſigned, there it ſhall moſt aſſuredly be ſet and ſhine for ever and ever.

5. They will then appear to be well-ſet and firmly faſtened ſtones. Yea they never can fall out of the place where they are ſet in Chriſt's crown. Earthly crowns have been impaired, and ſome of their jewels and precious ſtones loſt, owing to their having been badly or unſkilfully ſet; but not ſo the ſtones in

in Chriſt's crown; they never can fall out, but where they are ſet they ſhall abide for ever.

III. Promiſe. " They ſhall be lifted up as an enſign upon his land." By " his land" may be meant his church upon earth; though I think it may be beſt underſtood of the anti-typical Canaan, his church in glory, where his people ſhall be lifted up as an enſign, that is, in them ſhall be made the moſt noble and glorious diſplay of his grace and love, as monuments and trophies of which, they ſhall be lifted up and diſplayed, like an enſign, a flag, or banner, for ever and ever. Now in this view, the promiſe may be explained after the following manner:

1. They ſhall be as an enſign lifted up and diſplayed in heaven as monuments and trophies of " ſovereign and free grace." 2. They will then appear as monuments and trophies of " powerful and almighty grace." 3. They will then appear as monuments and trophies of " rich and abundant grace." 4. They will then appear as monuments and trophies of " conquering, victorious, grace." 5. They will then appear as monuments and trophies

of " faithful and unchanging grace." 6. They will then appear as monuments and trophies of " glorious eternal grace." Now this will not be in a hoſtile or warlike, but in a moſt pleaſant, glorious, delightful, and triumphant manner, when in the name, glory, and preſence of their God, they ſhall be ſet up, unfurled, and diſplayed as enſigns or banners, for ever more, and to eternity ſing of the ſovereignty, power, and freedom, of that grace which brought them there.

IV. Promiſe. " Corn and new wine ſhall make them cheerful."

In this promiſe there is an evident alluſion to the joy of harveſt and vintage, particularly as expreſſed by young perſons. Now in the word of God, both harveſt and vintage are, in a figurative ſenſe, put for the end of the world. See Matt. xiii. 39. Rev. xiv. 18, 19. And this period, as it reſpects truly gracious ſouls, will be a delightful time indeed; then ſhall they eat the old corn of the land, and drink the new wine of the kingdom; and ſurely this will make them cheerful and joyful to a happy and bleſſed eternity.

By the corn here we may underſtand the Lord

Lord Jeſus Chriſt himſelf, who is emphatically called "the bread of life;" and to live and feaſt upon him, in all his fulneſs, ſweetneſs, and glory in Heaven, will be feeding on the fineſt of the wheat indeed! And this may be well compared to corn, for its ſweetneſs, for its purity, for its nutritive quality; here he will indeed give them of the corn of Heaven. See Pſalm lxxviii. 24. And if the dear ſaints of God can, and do even now while upon earth, ſay—what is the chaff to the wheat? how much more will they ſay ſo of what they ſhall feaſt upon and enjoy in Heaven? They have had a ſupport from it upon earth, but they ſhall have a glorious and an eternal banquet of it in Heaven. By the new wine may be meant that ſweet and heart-comforting ſenſe of the love of God in and through the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, which his dear ſaints ſhall with uneclipſed glory ſee, and with unabated ſweetneſs and joy taſte of, drink deep into, and enjoy and triumph in, to a bleſſed eternity. And to this our dear Lord himſelf ſeems plainly to allude, Matt. xxvi. 29. "I will not henceforth drink of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my father's kingdom."

dom." It is called new wine to denote how freſh the ſenſe and enjoyment of divine love will be in the ſouls of God's people to all eternity. Though in a ſenſe it is as old as eternity, yet is it ever new to the ſouls who taſte of it. Lord, grant us experimentally to know this!

I have already ſpoken to the ſpiritual and internal character of the ſaints, as expreſſed in this part of the promiſe, viz. "young men and maids," or virgins; but as this will be a part of their ſpiritual character even in glory, I juſt obſerve here, that as young men, they will then appear in all the vigour, ſtrength, life, joy, and activity, of perfected ſaints in Chriſt. And as maids or virgins, they will then appear in all the purity, chaſtity, beauty, and ſimplicity of a chaſte virgin preſented to Chriſt, as the bride the Lamb's wife," ſee Revelation xxi. 2. 9. The promiſe in this part of the text is, that this corn and new wine ſhall make theſe perſons cheerful. The word here tranſlated cheerful is in our language capable of no leſs than four different readings, each of which I ſhall briefly advert to. As 1. We read, it ſhall make them "cheerful;" and O what holy and eternal cheerfulneſs

cheerfulneſs (in oppoſition to all the darkneſs, mourning, ſorrow, and woe, dulneſs and dejection of ſpirit, which the people of God have had much experience of here below) ſhall they in Heaven enjoy! Eternal youth and bloom, with eternal pleaſure and cheerfulneſs, in likeneſs and love to their dear divine Redeemer, ſhall be their portion.

Or, as the word may be rendered,

2. Fruitful. Yes, the beſt, the brighteſt, the ſweeteſt, moſt plentiful fruitfulneſs of the ſaints will be in glory. No barren or winterly frames or ſeaſons there; neither the bloom nor the fruits of holineſs ſhall ever decay in the ſtate of glory, for it ſhall be more true in the degree of it in Heaven than ever it was upon earth, that "thoſe who are planted in the houſe of the Lord, ſhall flouriſh in the courts of God," where they ſhall eminently and eternally appear to be "trees of righteouſneſs, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." Yea, they ſhall all, even the leaſt and weakeſt, be fruit-bearing branches in Chriſt the living vine; for there, as the Apoſtle ſays, "their fruit ſhall be unto holineſs (in the moſt perfect degree),

degree), and the end everlaſting life." Rom. vi. 22.

Or, as the word may be rendered,

3. Shall make them "ſpeak well or eloquently." Often here below, like a crane or a ſwallow, ſo do they chatter, and they mourn like doves, but there they ſhall ſpeak eloquently indeed. As it reſpects both the matter and manner of their ſpeech, in the fulleſt, moſt grand, and nobleſt manner, ſhall they then ſpeak out the Saviour's love, and their own eternal joys.

Or, as the word may be rendered,

4. Shall make them ſing. For then, as the Prophet ſays, "the redeemed of the Lord ſhall return and come to Zion with ſinging, and everlaſting joy ſhall be upon their heads; they ſhall obtain joy and gladneſs, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away." And O how loudly, ſweetly, and eternally will they ſing their hallelujahs to God and to the Lamb! O may we bear ſome humble, happy part in this immortal ſong! Let us now,

IV. Shew from whence the whole of this rich and abundant grace and mercy ſprings, and

and what it cannot but lead all thoſe who are intereſted in it to admire and adore.

In general, it ariſes from, and cannot but lead them to admire and adore, his great goodneſs, and his great beauty, as expreſſed in the words "How great is his goodneſs, and how great is his beauty."

1. It ſprings from, and will lead them to admire and adore to all eternity, his ſovereign goodneſs, that ever ſuch as they ſhould be made to experience its power and partake of its bleſſings. With gratitude and wonder they will in this reſpect for ever cry out, "Why me, Lord! why me!" What ever proud Arminians may now think or ſay, I do, from the very bottom of my ſoul, believe, that the ſaints of God will, to all eternity, rejoice in and admire and adore ſovereign goodneſs, as that which has ſaved them. What God ſaid to Moſes, reſpecting his goodneſs, he ſtill ſays to, and fulfils in the experience of all his called and ſaved ones, Exod. xxxiii. 19. "I will make all my goodneſs to paſs before thee;" and this is ſovereign goodneſs indeed.

2. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his infinitely great goodneſs.

goodneſs. Great, indeed, beyond comprehenſion and beyond expreſſion; ſo that they will have happy occaſion to all eternity to ſing and ſay with the pſalmiſt, " Oh how great is thy goodneſs which thou haſt laid up for them that fear thee, which thou haſt wrought for them that truſt in thee, before the ſons of men," Pſ. xxxi. 19. And again, Pſ. cxlv. 7, " They ſhall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodneſs, and they ſhall ſing of thy righteouſneſs." O how great, how infinitely great, is his goodneſs!

3. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his preventing goodneſs, which has ever gone before them, and wrought wonders for them. O, when the ſaints get a ſight of this, even on earth, how does it make them cry out with the pſalmiſt, " Thou preventeſt me with the bleſſings of goodneſs!" And ſay, believer, has not his goodneſs prevented thee all thy life long? yea his goodneſs prevented thee before thou kneweſt him; and has it not ever ſince, in thine own experience, prevented thy faith, thy fears, thy prayers, and thy whole ſoul, every day? Surely thou wilt admire

mire and ſing of his preventing goodneſs to all eternity.

4. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his ſparing goodneſs: ſurely the ſaints will to eternity ſing of this. O how great is his ſparing goodneſs! O in what ways of tenderneſs, long-ſuffering, and patience, has this his ſparing goodneſs been manifeſted to thee, believer! In ſhort, thy life and experience have been nothing leſs than a continued ſcene of ſparing goodneſs, ſo that God has been fulfilling that word to thee, Mal. iii. 17, "And I will ſpare them as a man ſpareth his own ſon, that ſerveth him." Surely then thou muſt ſing of this to all eternity. Ye poor Chriſtleſs ſinners, may you bleſs God for ſparing goodneſs, that you are yet out of Hell; and O may a ſenſe of this lead you to true repentance, ſo that you may bleſs him for Chriſt and ſalvation, to all eternity.

5. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his renewing goodneſs. This it was which regenerated and converted thy ſoul, believer, and led thee, as the Apoſtle expreſſes it, to faith and repentance; and to this inſtance of the divine

goodneſs the Apoſtle evidently refers, when he prays for the ſaints, 2 Theſſ. i. 11, "That God would fulfil in them all the good pleaſure of his goodneſs, and the work of faith with power."

Now the goodneſs, which God fulfils in his people, is his renewing goodneſs, as carried on in a way of inſtruction, ſanctification, and comfort. Surely every ſaint has occaſion to ſay, how great is his renewing goodneſs! And this they ſhall ſee and ſing of in Heaven, when the work of faith with power ſhall be perfected for ever.

6. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his pardoning goodneſs. Hence we find in Scripture, that abundant goodneſs and pardoning goodneſs go together: ſee Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, and abundant in goodneſs and truth, keeping mercy for thouſands," (and then it ſweetly follows) "pardoning iniquity, tranſgreſſion, and ſin." Surely the ſaints not only may, but muſt cry out and ſay with the prophet, Micah vii. 18, "Who is a God like unto thee that pardoneth iniquity?" O what a ſcene, what a ſubject is pardoning goodneſs

for

the ſaints to admire and adore! And how ſweetly and harmoniouſly will they all join in doing this to eternity! How fully, freely, kindly, abundantly, and eternally it pardons them. He will abundantly pardon, ſays the prophet Iſaiah lv. 7. O then, how great is his pardoning goodneſs!

7. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his ſupporting and upholding goodneſs, which has been manifeſted and diſplayed to the ſaints of God in all the ſcenes of trial, affliction, temptation, darkneſs, and diſtreſs, through which they have paſſed. O what Ebenezers have the ſaints to raiſe even in this world, in this reſpect! "Hitherto God has helped us!" What a ſweet ſong this for every day, every duty, and every trial to a child of God! And to this alſo Paul adverts, when he ſays, Acts xxvi. 22, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue to this hour." Paul well knew what this ſupporting, upholding goodneſs was. And if thou wilt look into thine own experience, thou wilt find ſome renewed token of it every day of thy life, believer. But above all, how will the dear people of God wonder at, and bleſs him for

ſupporting and upholding goodneſs, when they get to heaven, where in one glorious view, they ſhall look back upon all the experience they had of it while here below; and then again, with wonder, joy, and praiſe, look upward and forward even to the throne of glory, bleſs God for ever, and ſing and ſay, How great, O how great has been his ſupporting and upholding goodneſs! What has it not delivered us from! What has it not brought us unto!

8. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his conſtant, bountiful, and indulgent goodneſs. This made the pſalmiſt ſay, "Surely goodneſs and mercy ſhall follow me all the days of my life." The ejaculation was expreſſive of his acknowledging that it always had been ſo—as alſo of his faith, that it would yet be ſo, even for ever. The conſtancy of his goodneſs how invariable! The bounty of his goodneſs how large! The indulgence of his goodneſs how fatherly, how tender! So that the ſaints of God may, and cannot but ſay, that his conſtant, bountiful, and indulgent goodneſs has followed, overtaken, and fed them all the days of their life; and this they ſhall admire

and

and adore and bleſs him for, for ever in heaven above.

9. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his revealed and promiſed goodneſs; and this never has, never will, or can fail or deceive the ſaints. All Gods's revealed and promiſed goodneſs will be one day, in every particular of it, performed and fulfilled to them; for not one good word of all the Lord has ſpoken has ever failed; all has ſurely come to paſs: the faith of this made David ſay, 2 Sam. vii. 28, "And now, O Lord God, thou art that God, and thy words be true, and thou haſt promiſed this goodneſs to thy ſervant." What a ſweet conſideration, that of all the goodneſs and love which a gracious God has revealed and promiſed in his word, all and every word of it ſhall moſt aſſuredly take place, and be fulfilled even to eternity. Well, therefore, may they ſay now, as they will for ever ſay, How great is his promiſed goodneſs!

10. It ſprings from, and will lead them for ever to admire and adore, his eternal unchangeable goodneſs. And ſo it is, as the Lord himſelf ſpeaks by the prophet, Mal. iii. 6, "I am the Lord, I change not; and

therefore ye, ſons of Jacob, are not conſumed." And this, in all the pleaſing, various, and wondrous ſcenes of it, they ſhall reflect upon, and bleſs him for, in the brighter, better world of glory. In a word, it is the glory of all the bleſſings of divine grace, that they, like their divine author, are without the leaſt variableneſs, or even the ſhadow of turning; and this may ſerve to aſſure the dear ſaints of God, that they ſhall for ever, with wonder and praiſe, ſing, How great is his goodneſs!

II. How great is his beauty! I ſhall conſider this phraſe as peculiarly applicable to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, whoſe beauty, glory, and excellency, as diſplayed and manifeſted in the way and work of ſalvation, all his dear people moſt aſſuredly will to a bleſſed eternity admire and adore.

1. They will eternally admire and adore the beauty of his perſon, as the glorified Godman in one Chriſt, where, in all the boundleſs perfections of his mediatorial glory, he will for ever appear to be the chiefeſt among ten thouſand, and altogether lovely; and the ſaints will the more admire and adore this beauty of his perſon, as they themſelves will be perfectly

fectly and eternally like him, as the apoſtle ſays, 1 John iii. 2. "But we know that when he ſhall appear we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is:" yea, they ſhall all then, "as with an open face in a glaſs, behold the glory of the Lord Jeſus, and be changed into the ſame image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." There, as Dr. Watts ſings,

> "The God ſhines gracious through the man,
> And ſheds ſweets glories on them all."

Surely then his dear ſaints will eternally admire and adore, as in the words of our text, "How great is the beauty of his perſon!"

2. They will eternally admire and adore the beauty of his word, which they have ſeen and known in the ſweetneſs, comfort, power, wiſdom, truth, and faithfulneſs of it. The divine beauty of every doctrine and of every promiſe will appear, and be matter of the wonder and joy of the ſaints to eternity. No doubt but in many inſtances the ſaints will ſee more, yea, infinitely more, of the glories and beauties of the word of God in heaven, than ever they did, or could poſſibly do, while here upon earth. Every thing in it, and every thing concerning

it, will then be cleared up unto them, and ſet in the moſt perſpicuous manner before them. And particularly, as they will ſee the beauty of Chriſt in it; the beauty of Chriſt, and the beauty of his word will ſtand connected with each other to endleſs ages. Then will they know, and with joy and rapture ſing of it too, "That for ever, O Lord, thy word is ſettled in heaven." O what a beauty and a glory will it be to all eternity to the dear ſaints of God, to ſee and enjoy the perfect and everlaſting fulfilment of all Chriſt's words to them. Then ſhall they know aſſuredly in their whole heart, and in their whole ſoul, that not one good word has failed them of all that the Lord has ſpoken, but all is certainly, eternally, come to paſs. O how great is the beauty of his word!

They will to eternity admire and adore the beauty of his work. And this as it relates both to providence and grace; and O what glories and beauties are there in the whole of theſe! Chriſt's works, both of providence and grace, for and in his people, are full of beauty and glory; and the ſaints will for ever, in the language of wonder, praiſe, and joy, ſing "He hath done all things well." O what divine beauties

beauties will the ſaints of God ſee in the hiſtory and myſtery of the work of providence towards them! And how will they own for ever that he has led them forth by a right way. Plainly will they ſee, and gladly and thankfully own, that his ways and works of providence have been all for the beſt. Nor leſs will they admire the beauties of his work of grace in them and for them. The work he has finiſhed for them on the croſs, is a beautiful work indeed, to the eyes of ſaints and holy angels. And the work he will then have finiſhed in them, in bringing them to heaven, and to a perfect conformity to himſelf there, will be a beautiful one alſo. And this beauty of Chriſt's work, for and in his people, will be a glorious and never-fading one. It will never loſe its luſtre, or ſuffer any injury or decay; but will be the matter of the happineſs, and the ſubject of the praiſe of the ſaints for ever. Well may they therefore ſay, How great is the beauty of his work!

4. They will to eternity admire and adore the beauty of his holineſs, as it appears in his perſon, in his word, in his work, particularly in the work of his grace and ſpirit in and upon their ſouls. The holineſs of the ſaints

in heaven will be a perfect holineſs, not only in the nature, but degree of it alſo. The beauty of Chriſt's holineſs, as perfected in themſelves, whereby they will be admitted to, and made partakers of, the moſt near, dear, and intimate communion and fellowſhip with God, will be a topic of everlaſting admiration; and this great beauty of Chriſt will be the great, the eternal beauty of all his ſaints. Was it poſſible to ſeparate the ſaints from a participation of the beauty of Chriſt's holineſs, heaven itſelf would loſe its joy, happineſs, and beauty too. But, thanks to eternal love, the dear people of God in glory will be as perfectly holy, as they will be eternally happy; nor indeed could they poſſibly be one without the other. In ſhort, the beauty of Chriſt's holineſs, as reflected upon, and experienced in and by the ſaints in glory, will both conſtitute and perfect their happineſs and bleſſedneſs in that better world. Surely then, the dear people of God have occaſion here on earth, but will have much greater occaſion to ſay in heaven, How great is the beauty of his holineſs!

5. They will to eternity admire and adore the beauty of his heavenly kingdom and glory. In anſwer to that requeſt which he has made

for all his ſaints, and which ſhall moſt certainly be granted to each of them, John xvii. 24. "Father, I will that they alſo whom thou haſt given me, be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory." This beholding of his glory intends a participation and enjoyment of it; for as the apoſtle ſays, "When Chriſt, who is our life, ſhall appear, then ſhall we alſo appear with him in glory." And O what a beauty will there be in Chriſt and all his ſaints, when they are aſſembled in this glorious ſtate. As their viſion and fruition of Chriſt will be (to ſpeak as pious Mr. Fanch expreſſes it) perfectly clear, intirely transforming, and eternally ſatisfying. So their beauty and glory, like that of their dear Lord and Saviour, will be perfect and undecaying. Chriſt will then to eternity reign before his ſaints and angels glorioufly, and they in the arms, boſom, and embraces of his love, and the happy participants of all his beauty and glory, ſhall in the moſt lofty ſtrains, with hearts overflowing with joy, wonder, gratitude, and love, to a bleſſed eternity ſing, "How great is his goodneſs, and how great is his beauty!" Thus have I endeavoured to go through the words, which may the Lord the Spirit graciouſly and mercifully

mercifully own and apply to your ſouls: it only remains that I conclude,

Laſtly, With a few reflections on what has been ſaid, ſuitable to the preſent occaſion. And,

1. We cannot help obſerving what a rich and inexhauſtible fund and treaſure of inſtruction and comfort is the word of God to his dear ſaints and people! O how ſweetly full of it is this text in its ſpiritual meaning and experience, both as it relates to grace and glory! It may be well ſaid of the language here uſed by the Lord, that he does indeed anſwer his people "with good words and comfortable." Surely theſe things which were written (as the apoſtle ſays) aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the ſcriptures might have hope. O bleſſed are all they, who through rich grace have believed and experienced theſe words; for there ſhall be a performance. Chriſt's flock ſhall be everlaſtingly ſaved, his crown at laſt completely and glorioufly ſet; his church as an enſign eternally diſplayed on the everlaſting hills of glory, in the heavenly Canaan; and cheerful, joyful, and thankful

ſhall

ſhall his dear ſaints be with him in glory, where the corn and new wine of his love ſhall feaſt their ſouls to eternity.

2. How ſhould this teach us to prize and value, and to read, ſearch, meditate on, and humbly and earneſtly pray over the Bible; and particularly pray for the power and influences of the Holy Spirit to explain and apply what we read. No doubt one end the Lord has in view in ſpeaking to his church and people, in ſuch figurative language as this in the text is, that they may look to him, and call upon him in prayer and meditation, that he will be pleaſed to open and explain it to their ſouls, and by means of ſuch kind condeſcending language make a more deep and abiding impreſſion upon their memories. How often and ſeriouſly may it be aſked many profeſſors, who have a Bible in their hands, as Philip aſked the eunuch, "Underſtandeſt thou what thou readeſt?" Does the Lord by his Holy Spirit open, explain, and apply, his holy precious word to thy ſoul? Then ſurely, if thou art a partaker of what the apoſtle calls "wiſdom and ſpiritual underſtanding," thou knoweſt ſomething of the meaning, and has taſted ſomewhat of the ſweetneſs, and felt

ſomewhat

ſomewhat of the power of the words in the text, to and upon thy ſoul. O may we all of us learn from hence more to eſteem, value, ſearch, pray over, and with humility and true thankfulneſs bleſs God, for the invaluable treaſure of his holy and precious word!

3. What occaſion have God's ſaints to bleſs him for any begun experience, of the truth and power of theſe words in their own ſouls! Surely every truly gracious ſoul has ſome experience of them; for, as I have already obſerved, they have to do with the ſtate of grace as well as the ſtate of glory. Has the Lord then in your ſouls begun to ſave you as the flock of his people, by calling and ſanctifying grace? Bleſs and praiſe him. Has he begun to cut and poliſh your ſouls, in a work of conformity to the Lord Jeſus, ſo as to fit you for a place in his mediatorial crown of glory, where you ſhall one happy day be ſet and ſhine for ever? O then bleſs and praiſe him. Has he made you the happy ſubject of his almighty and victorious grace, in conquering your rebellious heart and will, by lifting up in you and ſpreading over you the enſign or banner of his love? O then bleſs and praiſe him. Has he given you ſome begun experience of

ſpiritual

ſpiritual zeal, courage, fortitude, and faithful activity in your ſoul for God, attended with holy and ſpiritual purity and chaſtity, as a chaſte virgin belonging to Chriſt? O then bleſs and praiſe him. Has he given you a hunger and thirſt after, and a taſte and ſavour of the corn and new wine of his heavenly kingdom? O then bleſs and praiſe him. It is the Lord thy God who has done all this for thee. O while thou takeſt the comfort, give him all the glory and praiſe!

4. We may ſuitably reflect from what has been ſaid, how great and bright will be the glory and happineſs of the ſaints, when theſe words ſhall have their ſweeteſt and moſt complete fulfilment in the heavenly world! The flock will be completely, perfectly, and eternally ſaved; not one of the leaſt or weakeſt of them ſhall be wanting; and their Lord God and ſhepherd ſhall be with them in the moſt glorious and comfortable manner for ever. O what an appearance will the flock of his people make in glory! Then alſo every ſtone in Chriſt's crown ſhall be ſet, and not one of the very leaſt of the ſparkling gems of it be wanting, no place for a ſtone ſhall be empty, nor ſhall any be loſt, removed,

or

or fall out, for eternity. O what a ſplendid appearance will the ſaints make when perfected in likeneſs to Chriſt; they ſhall ſhine as ſtones of a crown upon his bleſſed, his dear, his adored head for ever; and be lifted up and diſplayed as an enſign, as monuments, and trophies, of his eternal love, power, and faithfulneſs, on his land of glory above; there their youthful zeal, vigour, and joy; there their ſpiritual purity and chaſtity will be perfect, and complete; and there they ſhall eat of his corn and drink of the new wine of the kingdom of glory and be joyful, cheerful, and thankful in the preſence and bleſſing of God and the Lamb for ever, even for ever and ever.

5. May not the words of the text be ſuitably accommodated to our preſent meeting at this aſſociation? In a ſhort addreſs, 1. To the miniſters and meſſengers of the churches preſent. 2. To church members in general. 3. To profeſſors at large. 4. To poor careleſs, Chriſtleſs, impenitent ſinners.

1. To the miniſters and meſſengers of the churches here preſent. You are here (my honoured and dear brethren) through the good

good hand of our God upon you, met in your annual aſſociation; and, bleſſed be his holy name, I am informed you have met in peace and comfort, and in holy love and affection with each other. Theſe are, in this our mournful day of darkneſs and diviſion, ſweet things indeed. May the Lord continue them to, and increaſe them among you, that you may, in growing conformity to our glorious Lord and head Jeſus, and in love and peace with each other, appear indeed to be the flock of his people; the ſtones of his crown; the enſigns of his ſovereign, free, efficacious grace; the fathers, the young men, the little children, the chaſte virgins to Chriſt; that you may daily and delightfully grow up into him who is your head in all things. Nor can I help juſt dropping the thought among you, my dear brethren, How may theſe words remind us of the more glorious aſſociation, which will take place in heaven ere long, when the general aſſembly, and church of the firſt-born, appears in Zion. May the great, the good ſhepherd of the flock of his people, make you, my dear brethren in the miniſtry, able, wiſe, diligent, faithful, ſucceſsful ſhepherds under him, in the ſeveral churches where his holy providence

dence has placed you. There may you, and the dear people of your ſeveral and reſpective charges, live in holineſs, truth, peace, comfort, and love, till you are joyfully removed to, and meet and ſing in, the aſſembly above; and there may unworthy I, who am now ſpeaking to you, meet and rejoice with you for ever! There will be no difference of language there; there will need no repetition or interpretation there *; all will be perfectly clear, entirely transforming, and eternally ſatisfying, and in that ſweet and bleſſed aſſociation we ſhall meet to part no more. In one word, may all of you who are upon this occaſion the meſſengers of the churches, be truly and really the glory of Chriſt both here and in heaven. It is more than probable all of us may never ſee each other's face again on the mountains of Wales; may we now part with the cheerful proſpect and comfortable hope of meeting again on the higher and brighter mountains of everlaſting glory.

* The greater number of perſons aſſembled being Welch, the ſermons preached were interpreted by one of the Welch miniſters preſent.

2. To

2. To church members in general. Let me aſk you ſeriouſly, do your ſpiritual and internal character and experience, in any meaſure and degree, anſwer to what you have now heard? Are you through grace able to ſay, that you are "priſoners of hope, ſons of Zion, the people of God, young men and chaſte virgins to Chriſt?" If nothing of the truth, life, experience, and beauty, of theſe characters appear in you, not all the external duties or privileges of the Goſpel will ever bring you to glory, or admit you into the bleſſed aſſociation there. Love truth and peace; practiſe and pray for them in all the churches to which you belong; love and pray for your dear miniſters, and for Zion in general; pray for the government under which we live, and for the dear but ſinful land of our nativity; for the times are very awful and threatening indeed. Look, O look well and ſeriouſly, I intreat you, to your walk and converſation in the world, and in your reſpective families and connexions in life. O let not the religion of Jeſus Chriſt be wounded through your ſides; the ſcandals which come through the wicked conduct of church members are the moſt dreadful of all: "See,"

ſay the world, " that is a church member; " that is one who belongs to the aſſociation truly!" O that God may help you to watch and pray, and live and walk, and die and be ſaved, " as the flock of his people!"

3. To profeſſors at large. O do not content yourſelves with religion in general; it is a particular thing; be particular in it, both as it relates to experience and practice. If it is real it muſt and will be heart work. It is juſtly to be feared, that multitudes of the faſhionable profeſſors in our day content themſelves with the form of godlineſs, while they are total ſtrangers to its power. Very few of you, preſent upon this occaſion, do I know any thing of, but God knows you: O may he ſearch and ſanctify your hearts, and bring you to the knowledge of himſelf in Chriſt Jeſus, whom to know is life eternal: if you truly poſſeſs this grace of God, ſtand forth for him, own him and follow him in the ways and ordinances of his church; if you do believe through grace with all your heart, be baptized in his dear name, and according to the rule of his word, give up yourſelf to the flock of his people, and prize and value the communion of ſaints, that you may,

by grace, be enabled to live and walk in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameleſs, and be ſtones in his crown, and lifted up as "an enſign &c. upon his land in glory for ever."

4. To poor careleſs, chriſtleſs, impenitent ſinners. Ah poor ſouls! Was it in my power, and would it do you any good, I could wiſh to weep tears of blood over you—what a miſerable! what a diſmal! what a dangerous ſtate and condition are you in! while you are ſtrangers and enemies to God, to Chriſt and your own poor ſouls, your precious ſouls, which, if loſt, muſt to all eternity groan under the irremoveable load of your guilt, and the unabating ſenſe and feeling of the wrath of God. You can, perhaps, as many here this day do, gape and ſtare, yea laugh and chatter on this day of an aſſociation, but do you not know, have you never heard of that awful and tremendous day of aſſociation, which is coming, I mean the "dreadful day of judgment?" What will you do in that day of viſitation? to whom will you flee for help? where will you leave your glory? there will be no careleſs unconcerned ſpectators in that ſolemnity: may the good ſpirit of our God

quicken and renew your ſouls, and enable you to flee from the wrath to come, to a dear, a precious Jeſus, while you are on mercy's ground, under mercy's ſound, and within mercy's reach! Amen and Amen!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

To my Dear Friend Mr. W—— A—— of London, in a poor ſtate of Health.

DEAR SIR,

I THINK I have ſomewhere this ſentiment read,
That a friend being ſilent don't prove he is dead;
'Tis true he may be in a languiſhing way,
And ſo correſpondence may ſuffer delay;
And not only this, he ſometimes may find
Temptations and darkneſs bewilder his mind;
And thus for the want of a ſuitable frame,
No letter may come—tho' his love's ſtill the ſame.
Thought I to myſelf, I really can't tell,
But ſuch things as theſe with friend A——n dwell.
But ſhould it be ſo, again I reply'd,
Methinks he is taking the enemy's ſide;
A letter might give ſome relief to his mind,
And he by this means might deliverance find:
True friendſhip will often ſweet counſel impart,
To 'ſtabliſh the judgment, and comfort the heart.
Reflecting on this, I thought it was good,
To ſend you a letter—be things how they would;
And you, I dare ſay, will forgive me this time,
In tumbling my thoughts into ſomething like rhyme.
Do heavy affliction, and weakneſs, and pain,
And want of activity, with you remain,
To ſuch a degree, that you're ready to ſay,
"He weakens my ſtrength in the midſt of the way?"
Well, turn to your Bible, and there you may ſee,
"In all their afflictions afflicted was he;"

And all he lays on you, ſo great is his care,
He'll ſtill give you ſtrength, yes, and patience to bear;
And though you may ſmart by the ſtrokes of his rod,
Be ſtill and ſubmiſſive, " and know he is God."
Let this meditation ſtill comfort your mind,
He can't be miſtaken, nor is he unkind.
Tho' hot be the furnace, that you are put in,
Remember affliction is better than ſin.
Think further—the furnace, the rod, and the croſs,
Are but to refine you, and purge out the droſs.
Tho' here by your trials your graces are prov'd,
Rejoice and be thankful the curſe is remov'd:
Our curſe did the Father, on Calvary, lay
On Jeſus our ſurety, who bore it away.
Take courage, my friend, you'll be never the worſe,
For bearing of croſſes, without any curſe;
They cannot be long, and when viewed aright,
You muſt from experience confeſs they are light.
Thus keeping his promiſes ever in view,
You'll find him ſtill guiding and guarding you through;
And when you in glory arrive, with delight
You'll own all his dealings were certainly right.
Do Satan, this world, and a body of ſin,
Oppoſe you without, and diſtreſs you within?
Well! be not diſmay'd, but aſſuredly know,
All his ſaints feel the ſame, while they're dwelling below.
Tho' God may ſee fit you with Satan ſhould meet,
Yet Satan he'll ſhortly bruiſe under your feet.
The world may frown on you, and riches decay,
And fly as on wings of an eagle away;
And tho' theſe things often your heart have entic'd,
Not ſo the unſearchable riches of Chriſt;

They

They ever remain, and their nature is ſuch,
You never can ſuffer by having too much.
Of theſe precious riches, if you'll believe me,
The more you can covet, the better you'll be.
But ah! methinks here you are ready to ſay,
All this I believe. But tell me, I pray,
What courſe ſhall I take with this body of ſin,
Which lives, and, what's worſe, often rages within?
Why know this, dear friend, and I'm ſure it is true,
That nothing but Chriſt can corruption ſubdue.
Then take it to Jeſus—his power employ,
To pardon and conquer, ſubdue and deſtroy;
And ever remember, tho' mournful your caſe,
You're not under the law, but under his grace;
And 'tis for this reaſon, the Scripture ſays plain,
Sin ſha'nt have dominion, nor over you reign.
I've nothing, I think, more material to tell,
But ſelf, wife, and children, thro' mercy, are well.
By this time I find it is pretty well known,
That, if God permit, I am coming to town;
Tho' ſtill in my way do ſome hindrances lie,
I find it ſo hard to procure a ſupply;
And if in this matter the buſineſs ſhould fall,
Moſt certain it is, I can't come at all.
In this, and in all things, I pray I may find
My will to my heavenly Father reſign'd.
Preſent brother W——e my love as his due:
And dear Dr. C——, pray how does he do?
Thus much for my letter, my rhymes are all naught,
And I am aſham'd they ſhould coſt you a groat;
But yet, I would hope, you will kindly incline,
To ſay you forgive me, and ſend me a line,

Your

Your every concern I to Jeſus commend,
And hope to remain your affectionate friend.

S. M.

On the Death of my ancient and honoured Friend and Brother in Chriſt, Mr. Henry Fiſher of London, who departed this Life on the 18th Day of January 1785.

And has the dear old ſaint the valley paſs'd?
Is the poor pilgrim ſafe arriv'd at laſt?
And has he reach'd the bliſsful, wiſh'd-for ſhore,
Where ſorrow, ſin, and pain, are known no more?
Has he attain'd the bright, the bleſs'd abode,
Prepar'd and purchas'd by a Saviour's blood?
Does he poſſeſs th' inheritance divine,
And bright in glory with his Saviour ſhine?
Do ſongs inſtead of ſighs his ſoul employ?
And does he drink full draughts of heav'nly joy?
Does aſthma now no more his lungs oppreſs?
Nor pain nor pining ſickneſs him diſtreſs?
And will he never, never more engage,
The feeble groans and languors of old age?
Is he from Satan's fiery darts releas'd?
And all his inward ſoul-felt conflicts ceas'd?
Has he with this vain world for ever done?
Is his race finiſh'd, and the battle won?

Is

Is he in heaven a glorious conqueror crown'd?
And do his ſongs with Jeſus' love reſound?
Does he with all the ranſom'd armies there
Tune his bright harp, and in their triumphs ſhare?
Does he behold his dear, his much-lov'd Lord,
And ſweetly ſound his name on every chord?
Is love, eternal, free, unchanging love,
The dear delightful theme he ſings above?
There does this thought with rapture fill his breaſt,
I am for ever, yes, for ever, bleſs'd;
I'm in the preſence of my Father God;
I'm in his arms who bought me with his blood;
I'm in the comforts of the Holy Ghoſt;
I'm in the bliſs of all the ranſom'd hoſt;
With them I mingle, and proclaim aloud
Th' eternal praiſes of a triune God?
Ceaſe then ſurviving relatives to mourn,
Your pious aged honour'd father gone;
Joyful you heard his dying lips record,
"For thy ſalvation here I wait, O Lord."
Theſe words you heard him pray, and pray again:
Nor did he pray, nor did he wait in vain;
But when the hour appointed by his Lord
Arriv'd, death gently cut life's feeble cord;
The happy ſpirit felt releaſe was come,
Left the dull clay, and ſought its brighter home;
While guardian angels bore him to the ſkies,
Where Jeſus reigns, and triumph never dies.
May you his much-lov'd children, who ſurvive
The parting ſtroke, by faith on Jeſus live,
Think of the dear old ſaint, who's gone before;
His mem'ry cheriſh, and his Lord adore;

Copy

Copy his conduct where 'twas bright and clear,
And follow him, as he did Chriſt while here.
And O may he at laſt in glory view
His children, and his children's children too;
May you, dear friends, and I, and yours, and mine,
With Chriſt and all his ſaints for ever ſhine;
There tune our golden harps, and ſound on ev'ry chord,
Loud, joyful, endleſs Hallelujahs to the Lord.

To a Friend in a painful Illneſs.

Be ſtill, and know that he is God, my ſoul!
His hand, which ſmites thee now, will make thee whole.
Adore his ſovereign will, and paſſive lay,
Remember He's the Potter, thou the clay.
He is all-wiſe, nor can miſtaken be,
And he's too good to be unkind to thee.
In his ſevereſt ſtrokes he ſmiling ſays,
" I'll ſurely do thee good in all my ways."
" 'Tis but, if needs be"—think of that and ſing,
For every ſtroke doth but thee nearer bring
To God thy Father—whoſe paternal care
Thou ſtill doſt kindly, daily, ſweetly ſhare:
The hotteſt furnace, or the heavieſt croſs,
Shall but refine thy ſoul and purge thy droſs;

Shall

Shall brighten all thy graces, and thou'lt ſee
'Twas all in very faithfulneſs to thee.
However dark the ſtorm appears in view,
Still on him caſt thy care, He'll bring thee through.
Strong is his arm, and faithful is his word,
And he is ſtill thy kind, thy gracious Lord.
Then in him truſt, nor faint beneath his rod,
Thy ſmiter is thy friend, thy father, God!
In his all holy, wiſe, and gracious choice,
In faith and love unfeignedly rejoice.
Yes, I'll rejoice in ſpite of all my pain,
Rejoice in Jeſus, nor of him complain;
I'll bow ſubmiſſive to his holy will,
And praiſe, and love, and thank, and bleſs him ſtill.
It can't be long, ere I through grace ſhall be
From pain, and ſin, and ſorrow, ever free;
Shall ſee his face, and triumph in his love,
Among his ſaints in that bright world above;
In joyful raptures there my ſoul ſhall tell,
How heavenly wiſdom order'd all things well;
How ſov'reign love, and faithfulneſs divine,
Did through the whole of all my trials ſhine;
How tender pity, with extended wing,
Did ſweet ſupport and daily ſuccour bring;
How the long-ſuff'ring patience of my God,
Spar'd me, and bleſs'd me, while I felt his rod;
How the almighty hand, which held me up,
Divinely ſweetened ſorrow's bitter cup.
There, above all, my happy ſoul ſhall prove
The boundleſs glories of redeeming love.
There my enthroned Saviour I ſhall ſee,
And kiſs thoſe hands and feet, that bled for me.

Proſtrate

Proſtrate before his high and holy throne,
His loving kindneſs I'll for ever own,
And with the harps and ſongs and choirs above
Sing in immortal ſtrains—Eternal Love.

A Letter to my Friend Mr. C. W——, of London.

My brother and worthy old friend C— W——,
To me I aſſure you it ſeems very hard,
That though I have written again and again,
Not a ſcrap of an anſwer I yet can obtain.
A letter from London laſt Friday did tell,
That ſtill you were living, and hearty, and well:
Nay more, to my pleaſure it alſo expreſs'd,
That generous friendſhip ſtill liv'd in your breaſt;
The widow and fatherleſs babes could declare,
They had of your pity and kindneſs a ſhare;
And ſweetly experienc'd, in all their diſtreſs,
Your tender concern had by no means grown leſs.
Well pleaſed and thankful was I there to find,
That ſtill you poſſeſs'd a benevolent mind.
To tell you the family's name I was going,
Perhaps there's no need—you know S— K—n,
May the God of compaſſions your kindneſſes own,
And amply reward all the favours you've ſhown;
You know who has ſaid, what I hope you'll regard,
A cup of cold water ſhan't loſe its reward:

And

And thus where you act on your Saviour's behalf,
He takes it as kind, as if done to himſelf.
Go on, my dear friend, in ſuch practices ſtill;
Whoever upbraids you—the Lord never will;
He'll kindly accept all your labour of love,
And crown you with honour and glory above.

By this time perhaps you are wiſhing to know
How friends and acquaintance at Liverpool do.
Well, as to myſelf; thus much I can ſay,
That goodneſs and mercy abound all the day;
My heavenly Father each circumſtance knows,
And favours indulgent he daily beſtows;
He leads me along by his merciful hand,
And points out my way, when I am at a ſtand;
Of bodily health he ſtill grants me a ſhare,
And bounties to feed me, he's ſure to prepare;
My wife and my children are all ſtill alive;
The latter, in ſtature and comelineſs thrive;
One ſon—ſeven daughters around me are plac'd,
Thus with olive-plants eight is our table ſtill grac'd.
Thus much for things outward, but may be you'll ſay,
Pray how fares your ſoul in your pilgrimage way?
Why really, dear friend, if I have any grace,
What follows, I think, is the ſtate of my caſe.
My ſoul is oft toſs'd with temptations and fears,
Yet for me my Jeſus, my helper, appears;
And ſays, when the billows moſt dreadfully ſwell,
Fear not, I am with thee, and all ſhall be well.
Another ſad caſe which I daily am in,
Is what my ſoul feels from a body of ſin;
Which ſtill as a burden about me I bear;
And, what is ſtill worſe, 'tis a miſchievous ſnare.

Add

Add to this that old Satan oft worries me ſore
With ſerpentine hiſſings, and lion-like roar;
He oft ſays he'll have me—yet, bleſſed be God!
He's as often repuls'd by the word or the rod;
And then the old traitor, tormented with pain,
In fury retires: for God holds his chain.
Theſe are ſome of my woes, but C—y, the chief
Is that monſter of monſters, my vile unbelief.
'Tis the worſt of the train, that finds room in my breaſt,
For it cheriſhes, loves, and lets in all the reſt.
In my public attempts to ſpeak for my Lord,
He ſometimes (I bleſs him) does comfort afford;
While at ſome other ſeaſons I'm really ſo weak,
I think I'm unable to preach or to ſpeak.
Yet ſomehow or other the Lord is ſo kind,
That ſtrength allſufficient for duties I find;
Tho' of late I have thought the Lord holds back his hand,
And the work of converſion ſeems much at a ſtand.
Some ſouls have backſlidden, and turned aſide,
Yet others, thanks to him! ſtill faithful abide.
And though the bad conduct of ſome makes me groan,
'Tis a comfort to think, that the Lord knows his own.
But the greateſt of all the great wonders I ſee,
Is his wonderful mercy to hell-worthy me.

I beg leave to tell you a word or two more,
Though it is not unlikely you know it before;
'Tis this, and it's no very marvellous thing—
Perhaps I may ſee you in London this ſpring;
If life, ſtrength, and health, Jehovah ſhall ſpare,
The beginning of April I hope to be there.

In peace may I meet you, my honoured friend,
And ſome ſocial hours in ſweet fellowſhip ſpend,

In talking of Jeſus, and things old and new,
As a means to bring more of his mercy to view.
How ſweet are thoſe moments in converſe employ'd,
When Jeſus's preſence indeed is enjoy'd!

By this time you're weary, I well may ſuppoſe,
And heartily wiſh me to draw to a cloſe.
But firſt let me tell you, that I and my wife
Join in love to yourſelf, and your partner in life;
The ſame pray preſent to my friends who are with you,
D—— P——r, J—— S——s, M—— U——d, too.
I have one favour more yet with freedom to aſk,
I hope you will think it no difficult taſk.
'Tis this—That if to me your heart ſtill inclines,
You will favour friend Medley with two or three lines.
And now let me tell you, while being endures,
I hope to remain moſt aſſuredly yours,

S. M.

To Mr. J. D—— and his Wife, on the Commencement of a New Year.

Dear c——, as having a moment to ſpare,
I take up my pen juſt to aſk how you are.
I hear you're return'd from your trip to the north,
Having ſeen your relations and friends, and ſo forth.
But what above all gives me pleaſure to hear,
Is the health Mrs. D. has recover'd while there.

How tender the mercy Jehovah diſplays!
May he have for ever the whole of the praiſe.
O ſing of his goodneſs, his power, and love,
And all the ſalvation, which daily you prove:
To you and to yours, to me and to mine,
Our lives are a ſcene of compaſſion divine.
What reaſon have each of us therefore to ſay,
The Lord has preſerv'd us thus far on our way,
Supplying our wants, and preventing our fears,
Removing our ſorrows, and drying our tears!
Then let us here praiſe him, and never more doubt,
For ſhould we be ſilent, the ſtones would cry out.

This moment a thought has come into my head,
And out it muſt come, leſt it ſoon ſhould be fled.
You aſk me, What is it? Well, ſtop, and you'll hear,
Why 'tis this—I wiſh you a happy New Year.
Now don't a mere compliment think it, I pray,
I feel what I write, and mean what I ſay.
I therefore repeat it with friendſhip ſincere,
I heartily wiſh you a happy New Year.
But ſay, my dear c——s, O what muſt there be,
To make this year happy to you and to me.
Why, if I miſtake not the whole of the caſe,
'Twill chiefly conſiſt in theſe bleſſings of grace.
Firſt of all, in a growing acquaintance with God,
And having his love in our hearts ſhed abroad;
In truſting our all to his infinite ſkill,
Submitting with joy to the whole of his will,
Adoring his name as Jehovah our Lord,
Believing, obeying, and loving his word;
In praying unto him, and ſeeking his face,
And always rejoicing in ſovereign grace;

In

In holding communion with him by faith,
And firmly depending on all that he ſaith;
In growing conformity to him while here,
Still hoping before Him with joy to appear.
And, ſecondly, will it not alſo conſiſt
In looking to Jeſus, in him to be bleſt?
With conſtant ſupplies from his fulneſs of grace,
To ſtrengthen and help us, while running our race;
That, kept by his power, we never may fall,
But daily live on him, as—all and in all;
That peace thro' his blood may ſtill to us abound,
And cloth'd with his righteouſneſs, we may be found;
That living and dying our joy may be this,
That he will preſerve us to heav'nly bliſs?
And will it not, thirdly, our comfort increaſe,
To look to his ſpirit for quickening grace;
That he with our ſpirits, his witneſs may bear,
And help our infirmities daily in prayer;
That he as our ſealer, may with us abide,
To comfort and bleſs us whate'er may betide?
Then as to the world, and your buſineſs and trade,
O! let them not idols I pray you be made;
They all are deceitful, and dying, and vain,
And often for pleaſure yield nothing but pain.
'Twill alſo be well, if you both watch and pray
'Gainſt all the temptations, which lie in your way:
Take heed of a light, gay, and trifling frame,
It can end in nothing but ſorrow and ſhame;
Remember, likewiſe, of the foes to your ſoul,
Your own ſinful hearts are the worſt of the whole,
And you from experience daily will find,
They're vile and deceitful, proud, carnal, and blind.

'Tis alſo my wiſh you may both perſevere
In ſecret, and ſocial, and family pray'r:
Read, ſearch, and examine the ſacred word,
And conſtant attend in the houſe of the Lord;
Remembering daily your times here below
Are ſhort and uncertain—to death you muſt go.
The days of our pilgrimage here are but few,
Their end ſhould be wiſely, then, kept in our view;
And this be our happineſs all thro' the road,
To live, and walk cloſely, and humbly with God;
That ſo if at midnight we hear the loud cry,
We then may have nothing to do but to die;
To yield up our ſouls in the arms of his love,
And joyfully ſoar to the manſions above;
Of ſin and of ſorrow no more to complain,
But there with the bleſſed for ever remain;
If theſe things are ours, it then will appear,
God has indeed granted—A Happy New Year.
I have only to add—what I very well know
Will add to your pleaſure and comfort below;
Which is to inform you—that, thanks to the Lord,
Our lives and our health, thro' mercy, are ſpar'd;
And farther, that you our affection may prove,
My wife, ſon, and daughters, all join me in love.
But juſt let me aſk you, before I conclude,
May we ever expect, that you'll be ſo good,
To remember the promiſe you long ago made,
That you'd both come and ſee us?—Pray do as you ſaid.
Do ſend me a letter, and fix the time when,
And I'll plague you no more with my rhymes until then,
And thus I conclude, after ſcrawling ſo badly,
I am your affectionate c——n, SAM MEDLEY.

To a Friend in great outward Affliction.

God having provided ſome better things for us.
Hebrews i. 40.

Is the time come?—Dear Jeſus is it ſo,
That I muſt yield and part with all below?
Muſt houſes, goods, and lands, and all things be
Delivered up, and no more held by me?
Muſt all my labour and my toil on earth,
Be now diſpers'd, and ſold for little worth?
Muſt hungry creditors my ſubſtance ſhare,
And not one houſe or field unto me ſpare?
Muſt all my works and purpoſes be croſs'd,
And all my hopes from earth and ſeas be loſt?
And wilt thou bring me thus, dear Lord, to ſee,
That I muſt live on nothing elſe but thee?

Content, dear Saviour, here, I'll bow and ſing,
Thou art my portion, thou my God and king;
Which way ſoever earthly comforts flee,
Sure I have all, and more than all in thee.
And does it thus, my deareſt Saviour, pleaſe,
To aſk me, if I love *Him* more than theſe;
I'll anſwer thus, ſubmiſſive to his will,
Thou who know'ſt all things, know'ſt I love thee ſtill:

Tho' earthly comforts fail, thou haſt my heart,
Nor will, nor dare, nor can I with thee part:
Here my ſoul bows ſubmiſſive to thy rod,
And owns thee ſtill, my kind, my gracious God:
Tho' clouds and darkneſs compaſs me around,
And heavy ſorrows, griefs, and fears abound,
In all the ſtorm thou wilt my refuge be,
And tho' thou ſlay me—yet I'll truſt in thee;
Thy ſharpeſt ſtrokes with patience I'll endure,
Knowing my better part is ſtill ſecure.
Let me not murmur then, nor once repine,
Since Jeſus and a better world are mine;
But gladly yield up all things here below,
Since 'tis his holy will it ſhould be ſo.
Thanks to his name, no changes can take place
In the ſure cov'nant of his love and grace;
No ſtops nor failures can my ſoul remove
From his eternal, his unchanging love;
Faithful is every word, which he has ſpoke,
Nor bill, nor bond, nor promiſe, can be broke;
All, all ſhall be fulfill'd by truth divine,
And the inheritance above, be ever, ever mine.
Yet from theſe trials, Lord, O may I learn
The emptineſs of creatures to diſcern:
How vain, uncertain, and deceitful too,
Are all the proſpects which this world can ſhew;
What ſnares attend them, and what dangers lay,
Spread thick, thro' all th' inchanting ſlipp'ry way.
Wean me from earth, dear Lord, and let me be
Throughout my heart and life conform'd to thee;
From vain purſuits below, O may I riſe,
And ſeek my bliſs in worlds above the ſkies;

Here

Here may I let my warmeſt paſſions go,
Nor fear the joy which ſhall within me glow;
Here my ſoul may in holy tranſports boaſt
Treaſures and pleaſures, which can ne'er be loſt;
Nor can my thoughts the pleaſing raptures tell
Where joys, unwith'ring joys, for ever dwell.
Enough, my ſoul—the happy day will come,
When thou ſhalt reach thy bliſsful wiſh'd-for home;
Shalt bleſs the conduct of his faithful care,
And own the way was right which led thee there;
Shalt in his boſom reſt and be at peace,
And joy, and praiſe, and triumph, never, never ceaſe.

To my Friend Mr. J—— H——y, of Liverpool. Thanks for the Preſent of a Thermometer, 1786.

When friendſhip's gen'rous flame the ſoul expands,
It fills the thoughts and occupies the hands:
Kind friendly thoughts in quick ſucceſſion riſe,
And as they paſs, they whiſper in this wiſe—
"What can, what ſhall I do, that I may prove
"The truth of friendſhip by an act of love?"
A gen'rous ſoul can never be content,
That all its friendſhip ſhould in thoughts be ſpent;
The flame's too ardent to be ſtifled here,
It longs for action—and it muſt appear;

Thus it a bright ſweet evidence affords,
That it delights in *actions* more than *words*.
That what I've here advanc'd, dear ſir, is true,
I mean to prove—and prove it ſo in—you.
What but a friendly heart could firſt ſuggeſt
The thought, which your *kind preſent* has expreſs'd?
'Twas not at *freezing point* your friendſhip ſtood,
Which *a thermometer* on me beſtow'd;
'Twas more than *temperate*, more than *ſummer heat*,
'Twas *blood-warm* friendſhip, made the gift complete;
Which while in you has reach'd this high degree,
As high may *gratitude* ariſe in me.
A *freezing gratitude* is quite abſurd;
A *lukewarm gratitude* ſhould be abhorr'd;
A *ſummer-heated gratitude* will fail;
But *gratitude* of *blood-heat* will prevail;
And when this heavenly ſtream flows thro' the ſoul,
It ſtrengthens, warms, and animates the whole,
Gives ſacred friendſhip all its native charms,
While friendſhip's foes it conquers and diſarms.
Now, if I am not in myſelf deceiv'd,
And if by you, dear ſir, I am believ'd,
'Tis with a heart-felt gratitude I ſend
Theſe lines, to thank my kind, my gen'rous friend;
My thanks, dear ſir, accept for friendſhip's ſake,
The *poor*, but *beſt* returns which I can make.
This being done, I very freely own,
You might expect my pen ſhould be laid down,
And no more aſk your *patience* or your *time*,
To *buzz* into your ears my paltry rhyme.
Why this is very true: but you muſt know
A thought is come into my head; and ſo

Out it muſt come; and, if you'll read it o'er,
It may prove full as uſeful, if not more
Than all the *thoughts*, which I have wrote before.
'*Tis this*—Before the ſubject I forſake,
I fain would of it ſome *improvement* make.
May not a good *thermometer* impart
Some uſeful meditations to the heart?
May not its *falls* and *riſings* too, proclaim
The frequent changes of our inward frame?
When *faith*, and *hope*, and *love* are cold and faint,
Are we not then quite down at *freezing point*?
And if this wretched frame upon us grow,
We ſink, alas! many degrees below;
And if the Lord his heavenly warmth withhold,
We ſink till we become intenſely cold;
And, but for life in Chriſt our glorious head,
Down we ſhould ſink, till grace in us was dead.
But here, when to the loweſt we are brought,
The love of Jeſus, which ſurpaſſes thought,
By the bleſs'd Spirit's influence from the ſkies,
Shines with new warmth—and we begin to riſe;
Our cold and frozen frame his ſunſhine thaws;
We feel the effect, and bleſs the heavenly cauſe,
And ſoon the happy difference we meet
Between a cold, intenſe, and temp'rate heat.
Now the poor ſoul, juſt like the opening ſpring,
Releas'd from winter's frame, begins to bring
The buds and bloſſoms of reviving grace,
Under the beams of Jeſu's ſmiling face.
Sweet beams indeed! divinely they impart
A holy warmth and verdure to the heart,
Which as it ſpreads and grows will higher riſe,
Like ſummer heat beneath the glowing ſkies:

Hence

Hence rich with heavenly fruit the ſoul becomes,
And growing holineſs breathes ſweet perfumes.
The ſoul, in this ſweet frame of holy joy,
Finds faith, and love, and praiſe its ſweet employ,
And thus 'tis made delightfully to prove
A pledge and foretaſte of the joys above.
But notwithſtanding 'tis divinely ſweet,
Thus to enjoy this bright, this ſummer heat;
Yet the ſoul views with pleaſure in its eyes,
Higher degrees, to which it longs to riſe.
It longs to riſe—and riſing ſtill to prove
The blood heat comforts of redeeming love;
Nor can it reſt, till it is made to feel
The ſweet aſſurance which Chriſt's blood can ſeal.
And not aſſurance only here below,
But O! it longs for heavenly glory too;
It longs with all the blood-bought hoſt to join,
And tune its golden harp to love divine;
If there redeeming blood the ſoul can warm,
If there the Saviour's ſmiles the ſoul can charm;
And that they can, each happy ſaint ſhall prove
In the celeſtial joys of everlaſting love.
To which bleſs'd ſtate may you and I arrive,
And there with Chriſt and all his ſaints for ever live.

Yours, &c.

S. M.

To

To the Memory of Mrs. Mercy Pape, who departed this life on the 20th day of September, 1786, aged 89 years.

"*Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

'Tis done!—and be the Lord for ever bleſs'd,
Another dear old ſaint is gone to reſt;
To reſt for ever in his arms above,
Who lov'd her with an everlaſting love.
Dear Mercy Pape's long pilgrimage is o'er,
And ſhe has reach'd the bliſsful wiſh'd-for ſhore
Of heavenly glory;—bright for ever there,
Before her God and Saviour to appear;
No more with ſin or ſorrow to engage,
Or ſtruggle with the languors of old age;
Her long continu'd race on earth is run,
The conflict's over,—and the victʼry's won;
The night of ſin and death is paſs'd away,
And ſhe enjoys an everlaſting day.
Tho' God continu'd in this vale of tears
The dear old pilgrim almoſt ninety years,
Early in life he call'd her by his grace,
And faithful to her was thro' all her race;
Bright in her ſoul he made ſalvation ſhine,
And led her on by truth and love divine;
Beneath his everlaſting arms he laid,
And all his ſtrength in weakneſs perfect made.
Well was her ſoul eſtabliſh'd on the word
Of her almighty, kind, and faithful Lord;

From hence it was ſhe all her comforts drew,
And ſaw and liv'd on things both old and new.
Its holy doctrines gladly ſhe embrac'd,
And by her pious life thoſe doctrines grac'd.
Its precious promiſes were her delight
And meditation both by day and night.
Theſe could ſhe plead in prayer before his throne,
And call the promiſe-making God her own.
Herein her happy ſoul was made to prove
That God was faithful—and that God was love.
Thus thro' the grace it pleaſed him to ſend,
Stedfaſt ſhe perſevered to the end.

Nor leſs its holy precepts ſhe rever'd,
Theſe to her ſoul were evermore endear'd:
Not that her well-taught mind e'er thought to draw
Or hope or comfort from the broken law;
This her whole heart rejected with diſdain,
Her hope was plac'd alone on Jeſus ſlain:
For well ſhe knew, and could with joy expreſs,
Jeſus was all her ſtrength and righteouſneſs.
Salvation by the law was not her ſtrife;
She lov'd and kept it as a rule of life:
For well ſhe knew—when Chriſt the righteous dy'd,
The law was both fulfill'd and magnify'd,
Its precepts honour'd, and its curſes bore,
And as a cov'nant 'twas to her no more.
Yet this her heart, and lips, and life maintain'd,
That her obedience was by love conſtrain'd;
She knew 'twas love divine, which did impart
The holy law, and wrote it in her heart.
And thus, as one redeem'd by Jeſus' blood,
Both law and goſpel well ſhe underſtood.

Not

Not that her ſoul, while in this vale of tears,
Exempted was from trials, foes, and fears:
Afflictions and temptations oft, ſhe found,
Beſet her path, and compaſs'd her around;
Oft had ſhe felt the tempter's flaming dart,
Sent with infernal fury to her heart;
And ſometimes he was ſuffered to oppreſs,
And overwhelm her ſoul with ſuch diſtreſs,
As would almoſt her faith and hope confound,
And ſink her life and comforts to the ground.
But God her faithful, never-failing friend,
Stood by her ſtill—and Satan loſt his end:
Her darkneſs and her fears his love diſpell'd,
And all her ſoul with peace and comfort fill'd;
Then to his faithful word again ſhe flew,
And ſmiling ſaid,—" ſhe found his promiſe true."
Often have I beheld the pleaſing ſight,
And ſeen the tears with tranſport and delight,
Guſh from her aged eyes, while ſhe ador'd
The faithful promiſe of her loving Lord.
Thus as the cloſing ſcene of life drew on,
Her doubts all vaniſh'd, and her fears were gone;
Bright and delightful were her latter days,
Her heart was joyful, and her lips were praiſe.
" My ſoul for his ſalvation faints,"—ſhe cry'd,
" But in his word I hope—who for me dy'd.
" O bleſs and praiſe the Lord, my happy ſoul,
" While time ſhall laſt, and endleſs ages roll."
Thus as life ſunk, and death drew on apace,
She pray'd and long'd to ſee her Saviour's face.
When raiſed in her bed—'twas her laſt word,
" O lay me down, and let me praiſe the Lord."
After a few more ſighs—the conflict clos'd,
Her ſoul departed—and in Chriſt repos'd.

Hail,

Hail, happy pilgrim!—All her toils are o'er,
And ſafely ſhe has reach'd the heavenly ſhore,
Where peace, and love, and joys eternal reign,
And ſhe's for ever free from ſin and pain:
There to her golden harp ſhe joyful ſings
Eternal anthems to the King of kings,
Reſounds his praiſe with harmony divine,
And with his love ſwells each tranſporting line;
While, as eternal ages roll along,
The Saviour's deareſt name is all her ſong.
" To him who liv'd and dy'd to do me good,
" To him who lov'd and waſh'd me in his blood,
" To him with joy, triumphant joy, I raiſe
" Loud ſongs of glorious everlaſting praiſe."

May we, who yet on earth are left behind,
Like her in Jeſus our ſalvation find:
Her children, and her children's children too,
The Saviour's grace and all his glories view:
Know him on earth, and in him die in peace,
Then join the ſongs above, which never, never ceaſe!

EPITAPH.

She whoſe remains are laid beneath this ſtone,
Was a poor ſinner ſav'd by grace alone;
By death releas'd from life's long toilſome road,
She gain'd the boſom of her father God.
There her bleſs'd ſpirit ſings in endleſs day,
Tho' for a while the tomb retains her clay;
Yet ſhall this clay in joys immortal riſe,
When the laſt trumpet rends the vaulted ſkies.

S. M.

To my dear Friends Captain S—— M——, and Captain J—— R——, of Liverpool, on the launching of their new Ship the Union, on the 1ſt of April, 1786.

ACCEPT, my dear, my much reſpected friends,
What friendſhip dictates and affection ſends;
I know you'll both believe me, when I ſay,
How much I ſhar'd the pleaſures of the day;
To ſee your honeſt care and labour bleſs'd,
I felt more joy than can be here expreſs'd.
Nor I alone—but many hundreds more—
All felt the ſame, who lin'd the crowded ſhore;
Looks, words, and ſmiles, all joined to diſplay
Their joy to ſee the Union launch'd away;
When from the ſtocks ſhe floated on the tide,
Midſt joyful ſhouts on board, and on the ſhore beſide.
May God, dear ſirs, your undertaking bleſs,
And with the Union grant you much ſucceſs:
Indeed, I very much approve the name,
God grant the owners may enjoy the ſame.
Union, how ſweet, and O how bleſs'd a word,
When it's apply'd to Jeſus Chriſt our Lord!
Union with him, how ſweet, how great the joy!
Well may it all our praiſe and love employ.
Here all the ſources of true pleaſure riſe,
While on the earth, and when above the ſkies.
Union with him's the ſtrongeſt, ſweeteſt band
Of all the bleſſings of his heart and hand;
Union with him makes all things ſweet below;
Union with him ſhall endleſs joys beſtow:

O may

O may your ſouls this precious bleſſing ſhare
In all your mutual labours and your care;
May this attend your paſſages thro' life,
And ever keep you from all ſinful ſtrife;
May you enjoy a very large increaſe
Of all its comforts, and of all its peace;
May all your goings both by land and ſea,
By this bleſt Union ſtill conducted be:
Then ſhall you both adore and bleſs his name,
That ever you in this connexion came;
Union to Chriſt, and to each other's ſoul,
Shall bleſs, adorn, complete, and crown the whole.

May Jeſus ever have you in his care,
And make you of his mercy daily ſhare;
O may your lives be ſpar'd, and ſpar'd to ſhow
That you his preſence and his bleſſing know;
Rememb'ring ever, amidſt earthly things,
Union to Chriſt the greateſt bleſſing brings:
It brings on earth celeſtial peace and love,
It brings eternal joys in heaven above.
No theme like this on earth can tune our breath;
No theme like this can make us ſing in death;
No theme like this can all our ſouls employ
In the bright world of everlaſting joy.
Go, my dear friends, and in this bleſſing live,
And all the glory to Jehovah give;
Living, and dying, may your ſouls ſtill find
Your God and father faithful is, and kind.
And O may you and I one happy day
Meet him in glory, and with triumph ſay,
We'll bleſs for ever there his holy name,
Union with him for ever there proclaim;

For ever there recount his mercies o'er,
For ever there his ſaving love adore,
For ever there in joyful praiſes riſe,
For ever there adore him in the ſkies.
Excuſe the freedom of a Chriſtian friend,
Whoſe love alone has prompted him to ſend
Theſe haſty lines, deſigned to impart
The beſt and inmoſt feelings of his heart;

And who is with great affection and reſpect,

Ever yours in our dear Lord,

S. M.

To a Friend on the Death of his Wife, 1787.

Dear Sir,

To ſooth your pain'd, bereaved, bleeding heart,
Accept what love and friendſhip can impart;
A love and friendſhip founded on that baſe,
Which neither time nor death can e'er eraſe.
'Tis a poor friendſhip, which no farther goes
Than the mere ſcene of temporary woes:
Friendſhip in God purſues a nobler theme,
It views our joys and woes as all in him;
In him the ſovereign, wiſe, and holy one,
By whom they are appointed and made known;

In him whoſe wiſdom, truth, and love divine,
Thro' all his dealings brightly, ſweetly ſhine;
In him whoſe promiſe firmly ſtands the teſt,
All things now work together for the beſt,
To them that love him, and his mercy ſhare,
And call'd according to his purpoſe are.
And is this promiſe yours, dear Sir, and mine?
And doth this truth thro' all our trials ſhine?
And ſhall it do ſo, till that glorious day
Arrives, when ſorrow ſhall be done away?
Enough! Enough! methinks I hear you cry,
Be ſtill, my ſoul! be ſilent every ſigh;
What could, what dare I wiſh ſhould alter'd be,
In all the dealings of his hand to me?
Is he too wiſe—too loving is his mind,
To be miſtaken or to be unkind?
Then let my ſoul with joy and pleaſure tell,
My God, my Father, has done all things well.
True! it has pleas'd him by this fatal dart,
To wound me deeply in the tend'reſt part;
From me to take the joy of youthful life,
The fondeſt mother, and the deareſt wife;
The ſweet companion of my ſocial hours,
Where ſtrong affections, and where winning powers,
Oft ſooth'd my grief, and calm'd my mind to peace,
And bid corroding cares and troubles ceaſe.
Next to my heavenly Father's love—in her's I found
Reſt, peace, and pleaſure, joyfully abound;
Kindly with me ſhe took a daily part,
In all the various feelings of my heart;
She made my woes her own—her own my joy,
For ſympathetic love was her employ;
Yes, I can ſay, with truth throughout the whole,
I could truſt with her all things but my ſoul.

Thro'

Thro' grace we both of this convinced were,
Jeſus alone could undertake that care;
And not convinc'd alone what he could do,
But his ſalvation we experienc'd too:
Yes, 'twas our happineſs to know and ſay,
Jeſus was precious to us day by day;
Oft we together to him ſung and pray'd,
While on him, as our all, our ſouls were ſtaid;
Joyful together to his houſe we went,
And often there delightful hours we ſpent;
Then home return'd—reſum'd the pleaſing ſtrain,
And talk'd of Jeſus—ſung and pray'd again.
Sweet ſcenes! but ah, they're o'er, no more to be
With her again on earth enjoy'd by me;
The hour appointed in decrees divine,
Arriv'd when ſhe muſt be no longer mine.
How ſoon! how unexpected was the ſtroke,
Which all this dear delightful union broke!
Fierce, dire diſeaſe attack'd her lovely frame,
A raging fever, with conſuming flame,
Burn'd—nor could art or nature it expel,
And ſoon a prey to conquering death ſhe fell:
She fell! But O, ſhe roſe divinely high,
To meet her much-loved Saviour in the ſky;
Sharp were the parting ſtruggles, but they're o'er,
And ſhe nor dies, nor ſins, nor ſuffers more.
Her happy ſoul, when parted from its clay,
Wing'd a ſwift flight to realms of endleſs day;
There ſhe beholds his face with holy joy,
Whom here ſhe lov'd—and praiſe is her employ;
The little names of mother, wife, and friend,
With all the joys with which ſuch hearts extend,

All! all are loſt in that bright ſcene above
Of boundleſs, glorious, everlaſting love.
Snatch'd from a huſband's arms, friend's eyes, and infant's tears,
In all the bloom of glory ſhe appears;
There tunes her golden lyre to ſweeteſt lays,
Aids the ſweet concert of her Saviour's praiſe,
And loves, and ſings, and ſhines, to everlaſting days.
And is it ſo? Then ſay, my much lov'd friend,
What cauſe have you, your inmoſt ſoul to bend,
To bend ſubmiſſion to your gracious God,
Adore his hand, and meekly kiſs the rod;
Thank him for all the ſcenes of mercy paſt,
Thank him to bring you ſafely home at laſt,
Set looſe to earth, this vale of ſin and woe,
Wait your own change, and be prepar'd to go;
Cheriſh her mem'ry, let her name be dear,
And follow her as ſhe did Chriſt while here.
And may, O may your yet remaining days
Be fill'd with ſtedfaſt faith, and cheerful praiſe,
Till the bleſt hour arrives, when you ſhall join
Her happy ſpirit in thoſe joys divine,
For ever there t' adore the great I AM,
And ceaſeleſs hallelujahs ſing to God, and to the Lamb.

S. M.

To

To a Friend on the Death of an Infant Child.

I.

Peace! for it is Jehovah's hand
  Has cropp'd this tender flower;
All patient, Lord, help me to ſtand,
  And bear this trying hour.

II.

Shall not the judge of all do right?
  O yes! he cannot err:
Let me be humbled in his ſight,
  And not a murmur ſtir.

III.

Shall I arraign his ſovereign will,
  Or cite him to my bar?
O no! before him I'll be ſtill,
  For juſt his judgments are.

IV.

My Father's rod I'll not deſpiſe,
  Tho', as the prophet ſpoke,
The darling of my weeping eyes
  Has fallen by his ſtroke.

V.

Shall I not yield my child to God,
  Who cannot be unkind?
Shall I not bow beneath his rod,
  With a ſubmiſſive mind?

VI.

Let not my ſinful grief be rous'd
At what God doth perform;
This lovely tender plant is hous'd
From every threat'ning ſtorm.

VII.

He's gone to God, I dare believe,
Let that my heart ſuffice;
He did his infant ſoul receive,
To ſing above the ſkies.

VIII.

What tho' his body is convey'd
Down to the ſilent tomb,
And there in dark diſhonour laid,
And worms his fleſh conſume;

IX.

Yet God his ſleeping duſt will raiſe
In glory bright and ſtrong,
To ſee his face and ſing his praiſe,
Eternity along.

X.

Set looſe, my ſoul, to all below,
Await thy own remove;
Ere long thou wilt be call'd to go,
And join the ſongs above.

XI.

Lord, here before thy ſacred throne,
I yield my all to thee;
Thy will, thy holy will be done,
On all my houſe and me.

XII.

To thee, my God, alone I fly,
My portion and my choice;
In thee, tho' all my children die,
For ever I'll rejoice.

XIII.

Was the dear babe who now is gone,
An idol in my heart?
If ſo, my God has wiſely done,
'Twas needful we ſhould part.

XIV

Search, Lord, this ſinful heart of mine,
Pull every idol down;
And there in all thy glory reign,
Adored and alone.

XV.

Prepare me, Lord, for that bleſs'd day
When thou wilt call me home;
Then let my heart enraptur'd ſay,
Come, dear Lord Jeſus, come!

XVI.

Joyful I'll bid this world farewell,
And take a happy flight,
For ever with my God to dwell
In infinite delight.

XVII

There ſhall I ſee my Saviour's face,
Who groan'd and dy'd for me;
And glory in his ſovereign grace,
To all eternity.

XVIII.

There my triumphant ſoul ſhall ſing,
In ſtrains on earth unknown,
The glories of my God and king,
On his celeſtial throne.

XIX.

There ſhall I meet my pious friends,
Who're gone to God before;
And in that joy, that never ends,
Shall dwell for evermore.

To my Friend Mr. P. W——t, of North America. Thanks for a Preſent of Salt Fiſh and Cyder from that Country.

Dear Sir,

The preſent, which from you I lately received,
Affects me ſo much, if I may be believ'd,
That I am conſtrain'd, in my uſual way,
My thanks thus at large, and in rhyme to repay.
And firſt for the Fiſh, I would have you to know,
Tho' you call it Dumb*, yet I cannot be ſo.
All fiſhes by nature are dumb, I confeſs,
Yet rational creatures their thanks ſhould expreſs.
To be dumb when ſuch favours one's made to receive,
Is a crime of ingratitude, you muſt believe.

* The Americans call it Dumb fiſh.

I would

I would not be dumb to my God, or my friend,
Who're pleaſed ſuch bountiful favours to ſend;
And farther I think, when this Dumb Fiſh is dreſs'd,
And we are regal'd with the pleaſing repaſt,
We ſhan't be unmindful our thanks to declare
To dear Mr. W——t, whoſe friendſhip we ſhare.
'Tis a ſpecies of fiſh which I am, I muſt own,
Exceedingly fond of, and not I alone:
My wife, and my children, and moſt of us all,
Are as fond as myſelf, both the great and the ſmall.
But not only Dumb Fiſh, but Cyder likewiſe,
You kindly have ſent us, which highly we prize.
Twelve bottles of Cyder—dear me! this is kind;
American Cyder, both ſtrong and refin'd.
Thus Salt Fiſh and Cyder unitedly meet
To make our repaſt and your kindneſs complete:
Both the one and the other we cannot but view
As matter of thanks, both to God and to you;
And thus to improve what on earth we enjoy,
Is a rational, chriſtian, and pleaſing employ.
But here I'm aware you'll be ready to ſay,
Do tell me, friend Medley, ſincerely, I pray—
Don't you think your political feelings may be
Much hurt by receiving this preſent from me,
Becauſe from America it was brought o'er,
And America lately has troubled you ſore?
Why truly, dear ſir, I am ready to own,
American conduct has oft made me groan;
And if on this ſubject I wrote my whole mind,
It is much but you'd think me ſevere or unkind.
On the whole, it is therefore perhaps for the beſt,
To ſay little or nothing, and ſo let it reſt.
But be my political thoughts what they may,
I think you'll believe me, dear ſir, when I ſay,

That all who fear God, and partake of his grace,
Whether Britiſh, or whether American race,
I love them ſincerely, and do of the whole
Beſeech him to bleſs them in body and ſoul.
Alas! what is time, and our politics too,
With death and eternity preſent in view?
What are they?—why nothing, ſo trifling and ſmall,
One thought of eternity ſwallows them all.
I'm ſure, for a uſeful employment of mind,
And matters of greater importance I find
Than ſpending my time, or my talents, or thoughts,
In finding, or mending political faults;
'Tis enough, "The Lord reigns," both below and above,
In his purpoſes, counſels, and power and love:
While theſe things I view, all delighted I ſtand,
And cheerfully leave all events in his hand;
And pray that towards me his grace may abound,
And I in Chriſt Jeſus may ever be found;
That he will be pleas'd my poor labours to bleſs,
In preaching to ſinners his glorious grace;
That living, and dying, my ſoul may rejoice
In him as my portion, my glory, my choice;
And with his redeem'd, him in heaven adore,
From England, America, and all the world o'er.
And O that I may have the joy there to view
Among the bleſs'd number, my worthy friend, you.
Believe me, dear ſir, when I freely declare,
That what I now write is a matter of prayer.
May God in Chriſt Jeſus ſhine into your ſoul,
Renew and convert, and illumine the whole!
And may his good Spirit with power divine
Make your heart, lips, and life, all in holineſs ſhine!
May he guide you and guard you, and every day
Be with you, and bleſs you by land and by ſea!

May the word of his grace be the ground of your faith,
And a light to your feet and a lamp to your path!
May ſin, death, and Satan, be vanquiſh'd indeed,
And you from their dreadful dominion be freed!
May you ever be kept from the world and its ſnares,
Nor e'er fall a pray to its flatt'ries or cares;
For what would it profit, dear ſir, on the whole,
Could you gain all the world, if you loſe your own ſoul?
I fear by this time I have tir'd you quite,
And you've ſcarce had patience to read what I write;
I'll therefore conclude with repeating my prayer,
God bleſs you, and bring you his glory to ſhare.

I am your affectionate and obliged Friend and Servant.
S. M.

To my dear Friend Mr. W. A——n, of London.

DEAR SIR,

THE muſe and friend have ſo long ſilent laid,
You may perhaps have thought they both were dead.
Bleſſed be God, not quite; they both can tell
They are, in ſome reſpect, alive and well:
Alive in ſacred friendſhip yet to write,
And well to feel that friendſhip a delight.
Dormant, alas! they too too often are
In things, which ſhould their firſt attention ſhare:
May they awake, and now once more combine,
To aid the pious and the friendly line.

Sure

Sure I may ſay, and ſay without miſtake,
I love, and love you much, for Jeſus' ſake;
And thus I prove it, for whene'er my mind
Calls o'er my friends, you're ſure a place to find;
And tho' a many then are brought in view,
Yet not the leaſt nor yet the laſt are you.
I love them all, and can th' aſſertion prove;
But A——n's a name I dearly love—
'Tis not of yeſterday, dear ſir, you know,
Friendſhip commenc'd between us here below;
Full twice ſeven years around us both have run,
Since our religious friendſhip firſt begun;
And ſince that period firſt commenc'd I've found
My friendſhip grow, and my reſpect abound.
God knows I flatter not, 'tis truth I write,
For in my pious friends I do delight:
It is for them, my honour, and my joy,
My prayer, time, pen, and talents, to employ;
Theſe to their ſervice gladly I devote,
Still with this view their welfare to promote:
And let me ſay, 'tis only for this end,
I once more thus addreſs you, my dear friend.
Much will my ſoul rejoice to hear you ſay
You're kept, thro' grace, a traveller in the way;
And tho' nor trials nor afflictions ceaſe,
Yet in a precious Jeſus you have peace;
That on him ſtill you caſt your every care,
And to him tell your mind in humble prayer;
That ſtill his precious promiſes you plead,
And to him look for every thing you need;
That ſtill you prove, tho' foes and fears attend,
He is your kind, wiſe, mighty, faithful friend;
That ſtill with Job of old, declare you muſt,
That tho' he ſlay you, in him you will truſt;

That

That (in a word) let what will here befall,
Jeſus alone you make your All in All.
And is it ſo? and do theſe things indeed
In ſome reſpects deſcribe the path you tread?
Then bleſs the Lord; whatever Satan ſay,
I dare pronounce you're in the good old way.
Aſk all the ſaints around you, they will tell,
That this way leads to heaven, and not to hell:
Yea, ſearch the ſacred ſcripture's faithful page,
Thus they've been led, you'll find, from age to age.
David, Iſaiah, Heman, Aſaph, Paul,
Walk'd the ſame road, as they bear witneſs all:
They had their foes and fears, and clouds and ſtorms,
And felt and own'd themſelves poor ſinful worms;
In their own hearts they could no goodneſs ſee,
But found and felt themſelves like you and me:
Sometimes aloft their ſouls with joy were borne,
At other times could nothing do but mourn;
But whether joy or mourning was their lot,
A precious Jeſus never was forgot;
No, ſtill to him they cleav'd, and on him lean'd,
And him they proved their kind, their faithful friend;
His hand ſuſtain'd them, and his ſovereign love
Led them in ſafety to the realms above:
There they have join'd th' harmonious bliſsful throng,
Where grace, rich ſovereign grace, is all their ſong;
While their experience ſtands upon record,
To teach and comfort all who fear the Lord.
Well, ſince it then appears, that things are ſo,
Shall we our little hope and faith let go?
Nay, God forbid! for while on earth we dwell,
We'll hold them faſt in ſpite of ſin and hell.
Him let us praiſe and thank for all that's done,
And in his ſtrength with courage ſtill march on;

We ſhall at laſt to him in glory riſe,
And more than conquerors be, and win the prize;
Shall join the triumph of the church above,
And ſing, for ever ſing, Redeeming Love.

The preſent ſeaſon prompts my mind to ſend
Theſe my kind wiſhes to my pious friend;
I wiſh you much increaſe of every grace,
I wiſh you ſtrength to run your Chriſtian race,
I wiſh you patience under every rod,
I wiſh you much ſweet fellowſhip with God,
I wiſh your evidences bright may ſhine,
I wiſh you joy, and comforts all divine,
I wiſh you very ſtrong in precious faith,
I wiſh you well thro' life, and well in death,
I wiſh you ſafe on the celeſtial ſhore,
And there I wiſh you well *for evermore.*

S. M.

To my dear Friend and Brother in Chriſt Mr. John Liveſley of Liverpool, confined under the affliction of a broken Thigh, in the ſeventy-ſixth year of his age.

My aged, honour'd, much reſpected friend,
And brother in the Lord, to you I ſend
The following lines, deſigned to impart
Encouragement and comfort to your heart;
To ſooth your ſorrows, and allay your grief,
And yield your troubled mind ſome ſweet relief.

True! you are now confin'd beneath the rod
Of your all-wiſe, all-holy, gracious God,

Who, tho' you're far advanc'd in age, makes known
His ſovereign pleaſure in your broken bone.
'Twas he appointed this afflicting ſtroke,
Or elſe, be ſure, your thigh had ne'er been broke;
The time, the place, the manner, and the means,
Were his appointment—nothing intervenes
Without the purpoſe of his holy will;
O think of this, dear brother, and be ſtill.
Be ſtill, and know that he is God indeed,
Nor has he ſmote you, but there was a need.
No, not a ſparrow falls upon the ground,
But there his purpoſe and permiſſion's found;
The hair upon our heads he numbers all,
However many, or however ſmall;
Then be aſſured the ſtroke now laid on you
Was his appointment, and permiſſion too.
And wiſely ſo; yes, and as kind as wiſe;
For 'tis becauſe he loves you, that he tries
The faith and patience of your aged heart,
And thus he acts a heavenly Father's part.
Recall, dear ſir, the circumſtances o'er,
And think more cloſely on them than before;
Why muſt you then, that very morning go,
Out on your horſe, amidſt the froſt and ſnow?
Why! why becauſe the Lord would make it known
The time was come, and broke muſt be the bone.
Why muſt you on that very ſpot be led,
Where you in ſafety thought your horſe would tread?
You left the road, that danger you might fly;
You took the cauſeway, fell, and broke your thigh.
And why all this? but, as you now may ſee,
'Twas to fulfil Jehovah's wiſe decree.

Who

Who did the time of this affliction fix,
When you were aged almoſt ſeventy-ſix?
Why came it not a many years ago?
Why! why becauſe the Lord had fix'd it *now*.
Why did it come at all? But by his will,
Whoſe ſovereign purpoſe governs all things ſtill.
Thus recollect yourſelf beneath the rod,
And thus ſee God in all, and all in God.
Thus ſee how fixed, holy, wiſe, and kind,
Are all th' appointments of th' eternal mind.
Never forget, my dear afflicted friend,
This ſtroke was ſent to anſwer ſome wiſe end.
O may this end be known and underſtood
For God's great glory, and your real good;
That thro' the whole you may have cauſe to ſay,
Thanks to his name, 'tis all the kind, right way,
To bring me nearer to him here thro' grace,
And bring me home at laſt to ſee his face;
There ſhall I all his loving kindneſs own,
Yes, there ſhall bleſs him for this broken bone,
And ſing for ever, Praiſed be the Lord,
Tho' bones may break, he never breaks his word.
Fear not, dear brother, then in him to truſt,
Whoſe dealings are all faithful, wiſe, and juſt.
Fear not to yield your all into his hands,
Where all your hope, where all your comfort ſtands;
And be aſſur'd in all he lays on you,
God and his promiſe ſtill are kind and true.
Then ſmile; and O to all around you tell,
Come life or death, with me it ſhall be well;
Well—yes for ever well, I dare atteſt,
Since all things work together for the beſt

To

To them that love the Lord, and called are
By grace divine, a heavenly world to ſhare:
May you, dear brother, all this glory ſee,
And ſay in faith, "Yes, yes, 'tis all for me:
I ſhall, ere long, the better country gain,
And there deliver'd be from ſin and pain;
And there I never, never more ſhall groan,
O'er ſin, or ſorrow, or a broken bone."
Come then, dear Brother, ere that happy day
Shall on you dawn, thus joyful ſing and ſay—
"Farewell, vain world, I've had enough of thee,
I long a brighter, better world to ſee,
I long the happy ſaints above to join,
I long with them to ſing, with them to ſhine,
I long my Saviour's ſmiling face to ſee,
I long to be from ſin for ever free,
I long to reach my bright, my bleſs'd abode,
I long for the embraces of my God,
I long thy promis'd reſt, O Lord, to ſhare,
I long for glory—when ſhall I be there?"
Thus be your precious ſoul in faith employ'd,
Till all that God has promis'd is enjoy'd;
Till the ſweet moment of your glad releaſe
Arrives, and you ſhall enter into peace;
Then ſhall your weakneſs, darkneſs, doubts, and fears,
Hardneſs and dullneſs, ſorrows, ſighs, and tears,
Be all for ever, yes, for ever gone,
And God and glory ſhall be all your own.
May comforts from your Jeſus never ceaſe,
May faith and patience have a ſweet increaſe,
May hope be cheerful, and may love be ſtrong,
And *God in Chriſt* your ſoul-ſupporting ſong.

Who did the time of this affliction fix,
When you were aged almoſt ſeventy-ſix?
Why came it not a many years ago?
Why! why becauſe the Lord had fix'd it *now*.
Why did it come at all? But by his will,
Whoſe ſovereign purpoſe governs all things ſtill.
Thus recollect yourſelf beneath the rod,
And thus ſee God in all, and all in God.
Thus ſee how fixed, holy, wiſe, and kind,
Are all th' appointments of th' eternal mind.

Never forget, my dear afflicted friend,
This ſtroke was ſent to anſwer ſome wiſe end.
O may this end be known and underſtood
For God's great glory, and your real good;
That thro' the whole you may have cauſe to ſay,
Thanks to his name, 'tis all the kind, right way,
To bring me nearer to him here thro' grace,
And bring me home at laſt to ſee his face;
There ſhall I all his loving kindneſs own,
Yes, there ſhall bleſs him for this broken bone,
And ſing for ever, Praiſed be the Lord,
Tho' bones may break, he never breaks his word.
Fear not, dear brother, then in him to truſt,
Whoſe dealings are all faithful, wiſe, and juſt.
Fear not to yield your all into his hands,
Where all your hope, where all your comfort ſtands;
And be aſſur'd in all he lays on you,
God and his promiſe ſtill are kind and true.
Then ſmile; and O to all around you tell,
Come life or death, with me it ſhall be well;
Well—yes for ever well, I dare atteſt,
Since all things work together for the beſt

To

To them that love the Lord, and called are
By grace divine, a heavenly world to ſhare:
May you, dear brother, all this glory ſee,
And ſay in faith, "Yes, yes, 'tis all for me:
I ſhall, ere long, the better country gain,
And there deliver'd be from ſin and pain;
And there I never, never more ſhall groan,
O'er ſin, or ſorrow, or a broken bone."
Come then, dear Brother, ere that happy day
Shall on you dawn, thus joyful ſing and ſay—
"Farewell, vain world, I've had enough of thee,
I long a brighter, better world to ſee,
I long the happy ſaints above to join,
I long with them to ſing, with them to ſhine,
I long my Saviour's ſmiling face to ſee,
I long to be from ſin for ever free,
I long to reach my bright, my bleſs'd abode,
I long for the embraces of my God,
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Thus be your precious ſoul in faith employ'd,
Till all that God has promis'd is enjoy'd;
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Arrives, and you ſhall enter into peace;
Then ſhall your weakneſs, darkneſs, doubts, and fears,
Hardneſs and dullneſs, ſorrows, ſighs, and tears,
Be all for ever, yes, for ever gone,
And God and glory ſhall be all your own.
May comforts from your Jeſus never ceaſe,
May faith and patience have a ſweet increaſe,
May hope be cheerful, and may love be ſtrong,
And *God in Chriſt* your ſoul-ſupporting ſong.

Thus, my dear, aged, my beloved friend,
And brother in the Lord, I here commend
Your ſoul, your all, to Jeſus Chriſt the Lord,
His gracious bleſſing, and his faithful word;
Joyful to think, that, when your race is run,
And you with time, and pain, and ſin have done,
A bleſs'd eternity ſhall you enjoy,
And everlaſting praiſe be your employ.

To a Friend.

Accept, reſpected Friend, the haſty line,
In which nor wit, nor parts, attempt to ſhine;
Theſe I profeſs not—but, what's better far,
With chriſtian friends a chriſtian love to ſhare;
Such friendſhip will, yea muſt, on earth endure,
And love like this will laſt for evermore:
Fix'd on a baſis which can never ſhake,
And ſweetly held in bonds which ne'er can break;
All found in *Him*—in whom his followers prove,
His name is *Jeſus*—and his nature *love*;
To whom his kingdom is reveal'd within,
The life of virtue and the death of ſin.
To them his favours are their daily joy,
His croſs their theme, his praiſe their beſt employ.
Theſe are the truths which real chriſtians prove,
And theſe the friends whom I ſincerely love;
To ſuch my heart united is while here,
With ſuch I hope in glory to appear.

True, 'twas but lately, nor the viſit long,
That rais'd that pleaſure, which awakes my ſong;
But long enough it was to make me ſay,
I truſt I ſhall not ſoon forget the day.
Did I not feel?—yes, ſure I'm not deceiv'd—
That truth by real chriſtians all believ'd;
That thoſe who love what God for them has done,
Love all who bear the image of his Son.
Bleſs'd image! may it in us brightly ſhine,
In words, and works, and tempers all divine;
May God your Father ſtill on you beſtow
The choiceſt favours ever known below;
The peace of God for ever on you reſt,
Of all our bleſſings here, the firſt and beſt;
Unerring wiſdom be your conſtant guide,
And everlaſting truth with you abide;
Almighty power protect you night and day,
Thro' all life's devious, ſhort, and mortal way;
Lean upon God, your all-ſufficient aid,
And be of nothing but of ſin afraid.
Bleſs'd in the dear relation which you ſtand,
Bound to each other more by heart than hand,
May love divine the tender union crown,
And ſhow'r its rich, its ſweet enjoyments down:
Long may your ſouls be ſpar'd on earth, to know
All the choice favours mercy can beſtow;
Be in the way of truth progreſſive ſtill,
And bow ſubmiſſive to his holy will;
May the dear offſpring, which his hand has giv'n,
Daily appear a bleſſing ſent from heaven;
And when the time appointed ſhall arrive,
That you no longer here on earth ſhould live,

Serene and joyful may your ſouls ariſe,
Leave this vain world, and mount above the ſkies,
Fill the bleſs'd manſion which prepared ſtands,
In yonder better houſe, not made with hands:
There may we meet, and joyfully adore
His ſovereign, ſaving love for evermore.

To a young Friend, on the Commencement of a New Year.

SINCE God in mercy has been pleas'd to ſpare
Your life on earth, to ſee another year,
'Tis my poor prayer before his gracious throne,
That this to you may prove "a happy one."
And what can make it ſo? Why only this,
That as you grow in years you may in grace.
In all the beauties of the life divine,
In ſoul and body, may you brightly ſhine;
May knowledge, faith, and love, fill all your ſoul,
And ſweet humility adorn the whole;
May ſerious watchfulneſs, and holy fear,
Throughout your whole deportment ſtill appear;
May pious cheerfulneſs there have its place,
(A cheerful mind's no enemy to grace)
But lightneſs, trifling, and a careleſs frame,
Abhor and fly from, for they'll end in ſhame.
O that you may thro' grace ſtill perſevere,
In fervent, conſtant, holy, humble prayer;

And, as you wiſh the bleſſing of the Lord,
Read, pray, and meditate upon his word.
Watch your own ſinful heart, for don't you know
'Tis your moſt dangerous, moſt deceitful foe?
May God from all its treachery and power
Defend and ſave you every day and hour:
Whoever be your foes, or great or ſmall,
Your own deceitful heart's the worſt of all;
From it may you be ſav'd, and daily prove
A ſweet experience of renewing love.
Next to your heart, O guard your lips and tongue,
Leſt they betray you into all that's wrong;
O watch your words, and talk throughout the whole,
Leſt your lips prove a ſnare unto your ſoul.
Take care what company you love and chooſe,
Cleave to the good, and all the bad refuſe;
'Tis an old proverb—but 'tis very true,
"As your companions are, juſt ſuch are you."
Eſteem and manage well your precious time,
To abuſe or waſte it is a horrid crime;
Let every duty have its time and place,
Duties to men and to the God of grace.
Take heed, I pray you, how you trifle here,
Leſt you find time for work, and none for pray'r;
If time's not found for prayer and reading too,
Beſt things, I'm ſure, cannot be well with you.
Alas! how ſadly ſpent muſt be that day,
When you've found time for work, and none to pray!
This truth you cannot be too often told,
That time more precious is than ſhining gold.
Regard your perſon, and be always ſeen,
According to your ſtation, neat and clean.

'Tis a remark, that I've met with ſomewhere,
That next to godlineſs will cleanlineſs appear;
In the concerns of ſoul and body both,
Religion is no friend to dirt and ſloth;
Yet, on the other hand, with heart and eyes
The antic, fooliſh fop, abhor, deſpiſe:
The golden mean is ſtill the golden rule,
Abhor the ſloven, and deſpiſe the fool.

Then for your buſineſs, be attentive there,
And ſtudy cloſe, with diligence and care;
Let ſome new ſtroke be every day expreſt,
And manly emulation fill your breaſt;
And laſt of all, remember every day,
Time is but ſhort, and never at a ſtay;
Be where you may, or doing what you will,
Death and eternity purſue you ſtill,
And will, ere long, o'ertake both you and I;
As ſure as we are born, we both muſt die.
O may you live to know and love the Lord!
And this new year, new mercies to record!
May God ſtill bleſs you while on earth you ſtay,
And bring you nearer to him every day!
And ſafe in heaven at laſt may you appear,
To ſee his face, and ſing his praiſes there!
Much more at preſent I have not to tell,
But this thro' mercy leaves me pretty well.
Myſelf, your parents, and relations here,
All join in wiſhing you a happy year.
My love preſent to all our Chriſtian friends;
I add no more, and here my letter ends,
With this warm wiſh, and well you know 'tis true,
May heaven bleſs you!—My dear friend, adieu.

S. M.

Thanks

Thanks for the Preſent of a Piſtol Tinder-box.

Dear Sir,

Of all the efforts of a generous heart,
Of all the helps which friendſhip can impart,
What can be ſhewn more needful or more right,
Than helps to turn our darkneſs into light?
Which, as apply'd to body or to mind,
Prove both the help, nor leſs the helper kind;
And having ſuch a help from you receiv'd,
I'm truly thankful, and would be believ'd.
Accept therefore the tribute of a pen,
So prone in rhyme to ſcribble now and then;
Excuſe the ſcribble, and the friend believe,
Who did your preſent thankfully receive,
And now have ſent, tho' in a homely dreſs,
Theſe haſty lines, my gratitude t' expreſs.

A piſtol tinder-box you ſent, to prove
Your gen'rous friendſhip, and your friendly love;
I oft have view'd it, and as oft have found
Grateful ſenſations in my heart abound.
What preſent, thought I, could my friend have ſent,
That better ſerv'd to anſwer the intent
Of all the gen'rous feelings of his heart,
Than this which light in darkneſs can impart?
When in the morning, long before 'tis day,
I riſe, and to my ſtudy ſeek my way,
The firſt thing there, I find I want is light;
Straight ſnap my piſtol, and it comes in ſight:

Match, candle, fire, in quick ſucceſſion flow,
And ſoon with light and heat I'm made to glow.
And if it's aſk'd, what all theſe ſcenes unlocks,
The anſwer is, My piſtol tinder-box;
Which, tho' at firſt it brings forth but a ſpark,
Soon gives me light, tho' it be e'er ſo dark.

Well, my dear ſir, for ſuch a gift as this,
Were I not thankful, ſure 'twould be amiſs.
Thankful indeed I am, and wiſh to ſhew
My gratitude in proper terms to you.
'Tis true, I've nought which I can make you ſhare,
But my beſt wiſhes, and my earneſt prayer;
Theſe I'll employ before the throne divine,
That heavenly light upon your ſoul may ſhine;
That Chriſt, the light of life, the ſon of God,
May in your ſoul ſhed all his love abroad;
Convince, convert, and ſanctify your heart,
And his celeſtial radiance there impart;
Chaſe ignorance and error from your ſoul,
And ſhine reſplendently throughout the whole;
May lead and guide you in the way of peace,
And all your goings and your doings bleſs;
May ſafe conduct you to the world above,
And there for ever fill you with his love.

Void of his heavenly light and quick'ning breath,
Our ſouls are plung'd in darkneſs and in death;
Nor here can any light, or any love,
Diſpel our darkneſs, or our death remove;
But his alone, which, whereſoe'er it ſhines,
Darkneſs diſpels, and all the ſoul refines.
Quicker than ſparks fly out from ſmitten ſteel,
He makes the ſoul new life and light to feel;

Yes,

Yes, in a moment, he can raiſe the ſame
From death and darkneſs to a holy flame ;
Can warm the paſſions with a fire divine,
In holy zeal and love to burn and ſhine.
So true it is, where he his light beſtows,
That ſoul to love and praiſe him warmly glows :
This light from Heaven, that's brighter than the ſun,
Teaches and leads him ſtill which way to run ;
To run with pleaſure in the ways of God,
Nor tire nor faint amid the heavenly road.
Fearleſs of death and hell the ſoul goes on,
Yea, led by this, 'twill fly as well as run
Thro' all the paths of life and path of death,
And then with joy yield up its mortal breath ;
To Heaven conducted by this light divine,
Shall there arrive and dwell in glories all divine.

Thus may his ſpirit and his holy word
Increaſing light and life to you afford,
Till you and I, and all who love his name,
Shall meet in glory and his praiſe proclaim.

Thus wiſhes and prays

your affectionate and obliged,

S. M.

To

To a Daughter on the Birth of her Firſt Child.

My Dear B——,

When the kind hand of an Almighty God
Deliv'rance works, and mercy ſheds abroad;
When in th' extremity of pain and fear,
He makes his gracious goodneſs to appear,
Hears our poor cry, and grants a kind relief,
And thus appears—Deliverer in chief;
Should we not then with gratitude proclaim
Our joyful praiſes to his holy name?
Say then, my dear, my much-lov'd child, O ſay,
Did he not thus for you his arm diſplay?
Has he not heard your cry? Remov'd your fears,
Pity'd your groans, and ſtopp'd your falling tears?
And in the painful, the diſtreſsful hour
Of nature's ſorrow, ſhewn his mighty pow'r?
Granted the kind appearance of his aid,
And you a living, joyful mother made?
Yea, ſince that hour, and be his name ador'd,
He kindly has your health and ſtrength reſtor'd.
O that the God, who makes your life his care,
May root and branch in tender mercy ſpare!
And more than ſpare,—O may he kindly bleſs
Your precious ſouls with all his ſaving grace;
That you may live,—and live indeed to prove
The glorious, endleſs bleſſings of his love.

Think,

Think, my dear B——, think how much is due
Of praiſe to him who thus appears to you.
May your heart feel, and lips and life declare,
How deeply you indebted to him are.
Think, ſpeak, and act, as one who day by day
New praiſes for new mercies would repay.
Thus may you bleſs him, while you dwell below,
And bleſs him in eternal glory too.

Doubtleſs you feel toward your lovely boy
All a fond mother's rapture, care, and joy.
The ſtrong affections in your boſom glow,
And every day, and every hour they grow;
While you the tender, beauteous babe to rear,
Nor care, nor pains, nor kind attention ſpare;
While day and night in ſweet ſucceſſion prove
The truth and ſtrength of your maternal love;
While all the warm emotions of your ſoul
Beam from your eyes, or in your boſom roll;
And you, perhaps, are ready to preſume,
Thus ſhall it be for many a year to come.

Ah, ſoftly here!—and let a father's heart
A needful caution tenderly impart.
True, 'tis a lovely babe,—by all confeſs'd,
A ſight on which a mother's eyes may feaſt.
But it is mortal, and like all below,
Or it from us, or us from it muſt go.
Have we not frequent ſeen as fair a flower
Nipt in the bud, and wither in an hour?
Love it, but not too much—here lies the ſnare,
When things below our beſt affections ſhare.
If huſband, child, or ought on earth ſhall prove
The higheſt, deareſt, object of our love,

Sooner

Sooner or later we ſhall ſurely find,
They're all too vain to ſatisfy the mind.
Of ſuch a conduct evermore beware,
For child or huſband then becomes a ſnare;
On God, in Chriſt, your beſt affections place,
And ſeek true peace and comfort in his grace.

Indeed, I think, of all the lots in life,
There's none more trying than a ſeaman's wife;
Oft her dear friend and partner's far away,
In foreign climes, or traverſing the ſea;
And ſore ſhe miſſes many a tedious while
His company, his counſels, and his ſmile:
While oft, when ſtorms and tempeſts roar around,
Her ſoul ſinks deep beneath the dreadful ſound;
By night all wakeful, while the ſilent tear
Burſts from her eye, and tells her heart-felt fear.

May this dear B—— teach you day by day,
To God, for him, and for yourſelf to pray;
And may you find, to life's remoteſt end,
This gracious God your all-ſufficient friend;
Be ſpar'd and bleſs'd in body and in ſoul,
While here—and while eternal ages roll.

All that a father's heart can wiſh or pray,
For heavenly-bleſſings, conſtant as the day,
I'll wiſh and pray, my dear, for you and yours,
While my poor life or breath to pray endures.
Yes, I'll commit you to his faithful arms,
Who ſafe can keep you from ſurrounding harms;
May He your abſent huſband ſafe reſtore
In peace and mercy to his native ſhore;
Bring him again into your arms with joy,
And with you to embrace his new-born boy;

And may you both, if ſuch God's holy will,
Long upon earth in ſocial comfort dwell;
And fitted be for Heaven's eternal reſt,
Where may you dwell and dwell for ever bleſs'd.

So prays your ever affectionate father,

S. M.

To a Young Lady.

My hearty thanks, my dear young friend,
Theſe few and haſty lines attend,
To own the favour of your note,
With the Hibernian anecdote;
Which having read, and thought it o'er,
And mark'd the goodneſs and the power
Of God's kind hand therein diſplay'd,
Deep was the impreſſion that it made
Throughout my ſoul—and I ador'd
The ſovereign goodneſs of the Lord;
Mercy, which ſaved a huſband's life,
Thro' ſtrong affection of a wife,
When the arm'd murderous rebel ſtood,
And threaten'd there to ſpill his blood.
" No," ſaid his faithful partner, " no;
It neither can nor will be ſo:

Then

Then in her arms embrac'd him round,
Reſolv'd ſhe'd firſt receive the wound,
Yet cry'd, " Thou canſt not hurt us now,
Our God is ſtronger far than thou;
Here let thine eyes, thou murderer, ſee,
If him thou ſlay, thou'lt firſt ſlay me."
Aghaſt, behold, the villain ſtands,
And drops the piſtol from his hands:
Off ſtraight he went—thus God appear'd,
And both their lives in mercy ſpar'd.
Now from this fact, my dear young friend,
What may we learn to ſome good end?
Sure it ſhould teach our hearts to truſt
In God all-gracious, wiſe, and juſt;
Who, tho' ſhould death before us ſtand,
As threaten'd by a murderer's hand,
He our deliverer will appear,
A preſent help divinely near,
Our fears prevent, our foes ſubdue,
And bear us ſafely, kindly through.
Ah, when rebellion's horrid hand
Uplifted ravages a land,
What place can ſafety then afford
From rapine, plunder, or the ſword?
The ancient ſeat, the peaceful cot,
The humble peaſant's happy lot,
All fall alike beneath the hands
Of dire rebellion's hoſtile bands;
Nor age, nor ſex, nor kindred dear,
The barbarous bloody wretches ſpare.
Thus in Hibernia's happy iſle,
Where peace and plenty uſed to ſmile;

Where

Where the rich crops of golden grain
Adorn'd the hill and ſpread the plain;
Where, in the verdant paſture's bed,
The herds and flocks luxuriant fed;
Where friendſhip, generous, firm, and free,
And Iriſh hoſpitality;
Where induſtry and commerce too
Long rear'd their heads in beauteous view;
All theſe combined to ſpread the fame
Of bleſs'd Hibernia's envy'd name.
But now, alas, how chang'd the land,
Since curs'd rebellion's bloody hand
Has lives and property deſtroy'd,
And every honeſt heart annoy'd!
  But here, no more—my pen, deſiſt,
Let ſighs and ſilence tell the reſt;
Yet, gracious God, attend our prayer,
And Britain, ſinful Britain, ſpare;
Save our dear native country, Lord,
From ſin, rebellion, and the ſword.
  Go, my young friend, and ſeek his face,
The God of glory—God of grace;
So ſhall you live, and live to prove
The great ſalvation of his love.
Till form'd for heaven by power divine,
You ſhall with Chriſt in glory ſhine,
And there exulting in his praiſe,
Shall ſpend your everlaſting days.

To a Friend on the Death of an infant Son.

SAY, my reſpected, my afflicted friend,
Does not Jehovah ſtill your good intend?
Yes, by this ſtroke of his correcting rod
He ſtill approves himſelf your gracious God.
True, he has ſmote you in a tender part,
Felt in your now bereaved bleeding heart;
Your new-born lovely babe ſcarce opes his eyes
On our ſad world, but cloſes them, and dies,
As if he found the cup of life below
Fill'd with ſuch loathſome bitters, ſin and woe,
That he refuſed the draught, and ſmiling ſaid,
" No, let me in the grave recline my head,
And body reſt, till all the dead ſhall riſe,
While my ſoul mounts triumphant to the ſkies.
I've had enough of life below the ſun;
Thank heaven, my time was ſhort, my race is run:
Farewell to pain, to ſorrow, and to death,
Joyful in Jeſus' arms I looſe my breath.
My dear, my mourning parents both, farewell;
I go from you with Chriſt in heaven to dwell;
I go to ſee my heavenly father's face;
I go to ſing redeeming love and grace;
I go to learn the ſciences divine;
I go in glory's bright array to ſhine;
I go to joys, which cannot be expreſs'd;
I go to God, to be for ever bleſs'd;
And could you wiſh me back to earth again,
To pine with ſickneſs or to weep with pain?

To

To be with dire convulſions rack'd and tore,
The tortur'd little babe I was before?
Ah no! my happy ſoul's enlarg'd indeed,
Since from its earthly priſon it is freed;
I now can contemplate, I now can ſing,
The loves and glories of my heav'nly king:
With ſaints and ſeraphs now I praiſe the Lord,
Tune my bright harp and ſweep the ſounding chord.
Among that numerous happy train I ſhine,
Whoſe lives on earth were much as ſhort as mine;
Caught from their fathers arms or mothers breaſt,
In Jeſus' boſom we for ever reſt.
But O! the joy when I approach'd the throne!
And ſaw an infant ſpirit like my own,
We gaz'd a moment in each others face,
And ſmil'd and talk'd the language of the place;
And ſoon I learn'd (for heaven makes all things clear)
An *infant brother* came before me here.
O! in what raptures did we then embrace!
And jointly ſung the praiſe of ſovereign grace;
Bleſs'd with our heavenly Father's ſweeteſt ſmile,
Here we converſe and ſing in glory's ſtyle.
No childiſh thoughts or trifles fill our mind,
But joys eternal, pleaſures all refin'd,
Infants in glory ſound his praiſe abroad,
That numerous part of the elect of God.
" Then ſooth your ſorrows, dry up every tear,
Prepare and wait, and pray to meet us here;
And if the ſight can heavenly joys improve,
Ours ſhall increaſe by meeting you above.
Nor wonder, while you're weeping o'er my urn,
Your much lov'd boy ſhould now a preacher turn:

Did you poſſeſs the glories, which I ſhare,
You'd both turn preachers, and the ſame declare.
'Tis true, my voice you never heard on earth,
In the ſhort period 'twixt my death and birth,
Except when ſickneſs, or convulſive pain,
Forc'd me in feeble accents to complain.
But now, no more in infant ſobs I cry,
But bright in glory lift my voice on high:
I ſing to Jeſus, and I long to ſee
My parents here to join the ſong with me.
Follow the Lamb, his precious ways purſue,
And you ſhall find his words of promiſe true.
He'll bring you ſafe to this celeſtial ſhore,
Where we ſhall meet and ſing and part no more.
Till that ſweet period comes, once more adieu!
Remember Jeſus faithful is and true.
Believe us, O! believe us, parents dear!
We wait, we wiſh, we long, to meet you here."

To my dear Friend Mr. W—— of Manchester, confined to his bed with a broken leg.

To ſooth your ſorrows, and ſupport your mind,
My dear afflicted friend, as now confin'd,
Confin'd and under the afflicting rod
Of your all holy, wiſe, and gracious God,
Accept the efforts of a feeble pen,
Feebleſt of all the helpleſs ſons of men,

Which

Which gladly would to you a comfort prove,
Prompted alone by friendſhip and by love.
The ſtroke now on you is the hand of God:
'Twas he appointed and apply'd the rod.
Jehovah often makes afflictions teach,
Yea broken bones may to his children preach:
May your affliction prove the maxim true,
And uſeful, laſting leſſons preach to you.
The firſt great leſſon this—My ſoul, be ſtill,
Bow to, revere, adore, and bleſs his will;
Let this reflection next ſupport your mind—
God cannot err, nor can he be unkind.
Then think again, and to the thought attend—
There was a needs-be for it, O my friend!
Be well aſſur'd ſome holy wiſe deſign
Shall hereby be fulfill'd thro' grace divine.
May it be this! and happy if it ſhould,
To prove, to humble you, to do you good.
Amidſt it all, be this your conſtant care,
Look up to God in humble, fervent prayer;
Plead and intreat, that this the fruit may be,
Your ſoul from ſin, that worſt of ills, to free;
Aſk for much patience, and a ſtedfaſt faith,
To wait his will, and truſt in all he ſaith;
Beg for humility throughout the whole,
And reſignation—cordial of the ſoul;
Aſk for repentance, mourn for follies paſt,
And by the ſacred pages ſtill hold faſt:
For ſanctified afflictions always prove
Bleſs'd expoſitions of the word of love.
How many precious truths therein contain'd,
Which, but for trials, had been unexplain'd!

Entreat that God will by the affliction ſhow
The vanity of all things here below,
Wean you from earth, and ſave you from its ſnares,
Nor let your ſoul be ſufferer by its cares.
The world's a ſlipp'ry place; and O what need,
In all our ſteps and goings, to take heed!
How ſoon a fall is got! and that's not all,
We ſometimes break our bones as well as fall;
If not in body, don't we often find
A broken bone in an enſnared mind?
If we conſult the ſcriptures, David owns,
'Twas ſin which made him cry out broken bones;
And when ſuch broken bones our ſpirits feel,
What tender mercies they require to heal,
And ſet them ſtraight again! But O, our Lord
Heals by a touch, and pardons by a word.
In all your preſent ſenſe of ſharpeſt pain,
Murmur you muſt not—but you may complain;
Complain not of—but to him, that's the way
To find your ſtrength made equal to your day.
His gracious ear attends the ſore complaint
Of each afflicted and diſtreſſed faint.
Remember yet again, thus ſaith the Lord,
Tho' bones may break, I'll never break my word.
No, ſtill his promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And to eternal ages ſhall endure.
If ſovereign mercy ſhall your ſtrength reſtore,
Walk with more caution, than you did before;
Eye well the path of life—be on your guard,
Leſt you ſhould fall, and find your ſoul enſnar'd.
But moſt rejoice, the happy time will come,
When you ſhall reach your everlaſting home;

There,

There, in the preſence of your gracious God,
You'll thank and bleſs him for the afflicting rod;
And never, when to glory you attain,
Shall you of ſin, or broken bones complain;
But, amidſt all the thrones, and ſongs, and choirs above,
Shall there for ever praiſe, ſhall there for ever love.

With tendereſt wiſhes that the Lord may bleſs
Yourſelf, your partner, and your riſing race,
With all the comforts of eternal love,
In grace below, and endleſs joys above,
I humbly take my leave, and drop my pen,
When I have wrote but one word more, Amen.

To a Friend on the preſent of an Inkſtand.

Accept, dear friend, the ſhort, the haſty line,
Where gratitude alone attempts to ſhine:
Not flowery phraſes, or poetic dreſs,
Are needful where we mean but to expreſs
The honeſt feelings of a grateful heart;
Here truth in plainneſs acts a better part.
Not but when heart and tongue together join,
And eaſe and freedom flow from line to line;
Nor truth nor gratitude is ſufferer here,
Each may in all its native charms appear.

Do then accept, my much reſpected friend,
My thanks, my many thanks, which thus I ſend
For the kind preſent, which I ſurely know
Your Chriſtian friendſhip led you to beſtow;
As ſuch I own it is receiv'd by me,
As ſuch I truſt 'twill always valued be.
A flint ſlab inkſtand, poliſhed, bright, and clear,
Where elegance and neatneſs both appear;
Nor theſe alone combine to make it be
Eſteem'd and valued, as it is by me:
Its uſefulneſs is ſuch, full well I know,
Without an inkſtand little could I do;
Nor I alone, but thouſands more beſide,
Would ſuffer much, if inkſtands were deny'd.
Religion, commerce, friendſhip, and the ſtate,
All know the uſe of inkſtands to be great.
Well, hear me farther what I have to ſay,
Your ſhining preſent comes in uſe to day;
And the firſt uſe, that of it I have made,
Is that my thanks to you may thus be paid.
My inkſtand, ink, and pen, all three are new,
And harneſs'd all in gratitude to you;
Then while your preſent cannot be refus'd,
O may it never, never, be abus'd,
To ſerve the cauſe of error, or of ſin,
Nor motley praiſe from mortals ſeek to win;
But in the cauſe of God and truth divine,
Yield many a ſweet and many a uſeful line.
Long may your life on earth be ſpar'd to prove
The growing bleſſings of eternal love;
And may the ſacred ſpirit ſweetly draw
In character divine God's holy law;

Not

Not as with pen and ink by mortals uſed,
But by his power thro' all your ſoul transfus'd;
Keep you, ſtill keep you in his love and fear,
Bleſs you, ſtill bleſs you while you ſojourn here,
And in his own good time and own wiſe way,
Conduct you ſafe to everlaſting day;
There may I meet you, and with you adore,
With all the ranſom'd race, his love for evermore.

To Dr. Stillman, of Boſton, in North America, on the Death of his Daughter in the twenty-third year of her age.

And has your heavenly Father, and your God,
Thus on you laid his wiſe and holy rod?
And has he thus by his all-ſovereign ſtroke
The near, the dear parental union broke?
And has he thus from your delighted eyes
Caught the dear object to the brighter ſkies?
Think then, dear ſir, nor let your ſorrows flow,
What heavenly love reveal'd to her below.
Yes, 'twas this love diſpell'd her every fear,
Made ghaſtly death an angel's form to wear,

Caus'd her to triumph o'er the gloomy grave,
And dying ſing the power of Chriſt to ſave.
This made her long eternally to be
From earth, and ſin, and death for ever free;
Made her enraptur'd ſoul with ardour ſay,
"*Why do his chariot wheels ſo long delay?*"
This made her ready, and deſirous too,
Her dear Redeemer's ſmiling face to view;
Looſen'd the tender bonds of earthly love,
Her heavenly Bridegroom's promis'd bliſs to prove;
Claſp'd in his arms to yield her dying breath,
And riſe to glory thro' the ſhades of death.
Then weep no more, dear brother, for that day,
But as a ſtill-man thus adoring ſay,
"Be ſtill, my ſoul, and know that he is God;
Meekly ſubmit, and bow, and kiſs the rod:
In his all-ſovereign, wiſe, and holy choice,
I muſt, I can, I will, I do rejoice."

Amen.

To the Memory of the late Mr. Torial Joſs, Miniſter of the Goſpel, who departed this Life on the 17th day of April, 1797, aged 66 years, inſcribed with great reſpect to my honoured and dear friend Samuel Foyſter, Eſq. By Samuel Medley.

And is the venerable pilgrim gone?
His mortal life, and all his labours done!
And has the heaven-taught mariner at laſt
Gain'd the bleſs'd port, where every ſtorm is paſt?
Has my dear brother Joſs, that man of God,
Left this dark world, and reach'd his bright abode?
Yes! yes he has! All thanks to ſovereign grace,
He's ſafe arriv'd, and views his Saviour's face;
Where, as united to the choirs above,
He ſings, for ever ſings, redeeming love.
Jeſus, who lov'd and bought him with his blood,
Call'd him in early life, and form'd his ſoul for God;
Led and inſtructed him in truth divine,
And thro' his ſoul made his bright image ſhine;
On him rich gifts beſtow'd—that he one day
His Saviour's name and glory might diſplay;
Taught him the Spirit's mighty ſword to wield,
Then call'd him forth, and ſent him to the field,
Where long he ſtood, with honour and applauſe,
A faithful champion in his maſter's cauſe.
Thouſands, yea, ſcores of thouſands, bleſs'd the Lord,
Who rais'd him up to preach the ſacred word.
See the vaſt crowds attentive all around,
Hang on his lips, and catch the joyful ſound;

The

The dead are quicken'd, and the trembling ſoul,
Pointed to Jeſus, flies, and is made whole;
Mourners are comforted, the weak made ſtrong,
And ſovereign grace becomes their joyful ſong;
The firm believer finds the word made good,
His faith increaſed, and his ſtrength renew'd;
The poor backſlider, from his falls reſtor'd,
Returns and weeps, and claims again his Lord.
Thus own'd and honour'd by his maſter's grace,
Stedfaſt he ran, and ſweetly clos'd his race.
London and Briſtol, Glouceſterſhire and Wales,
Long had his labours, where the gracious gales
Of heavenly influence follow'd with the word,
And ſweetly ſeal'd the doctrine of the Lord.
Nor was it merely he with gifts was fraught;
His life adorn'd the Goſpel which he taught:
Grave, and yet cheerful, modeſt, humble, mild,
In ſenſe a man, ſimplicity a child;
Nor guile, nor craft, his countenance betray'd;
His manly, honeſt looks, his heart diſplay'd;
The hoary head, which God's own word reveres,
Silver'd with age *, gave beauty to his years.
A choice companion in the ways of God,
To help his fellow pilgrims on the road;
In converſation, ſweet, inſtructive, clear,
And much his ſoul excell'd in fervent prayer:
Thro' grace he could, and did with holy zeal
Wreſtle with God, and, Jacob like, prevail.
Taught by the word of truth, he firmly ſtood
And pray'd for Zion's, and his country's good.

* His hair was uncommonly ſtrong and beautiful, and in his latter years it was almoſt perfectly white.

A genuine

A genuine friend of Britiſh liberty,
Nor bigot, ſlave, nor flatterer was he.
With honour thus his Chriſtian courſe he ran—
A pious, uſeful, valuable man.

But the appointed hour is now arriv'd,
When Zion here muſt of him be bereav'd.
A burning fever is the ſignal given,
To call him hence, and waft his ſoul to heaven.
Ent'ring the vale of death, he ſaid, " 'Tis well,
Jeſus has bleſs'd me with a heavenly ſmile."
As thro' his frame the mortal ſymptoms ran,
Joyful he cry'd, " 'Tis over!—all is done!
How good my maſter is!—and I'm near home;
I come, my deareſt Lord, to thee I come.
Now can I ſing, becauſe he makes me prove,
Indeed, his banner over me is love."
Juſt at the laſt, with faltering ſpeech he ſaid,
" See the kind angels waiting round my bed;
They're ſent to fetch me, where I long to be,
Jeſus, my Lord! eternally with thee!"
Then rais'd his feeble hands, and laid them down,
Drew his laſt breath, and dy'd without a groan;
Preſaging future life, no more to die,
And bliſs coeval with eternity.

Thus liv'd and dy'd this ſervant of the Lord,
A painful, faithful preacher of his word;
Ripen'd in age, and ſtedfaſt in the faith,
Joyful he ſunk into the arms of death;
His ſoul upmounted to the realms of day,
Let the dark tomb awhile retain his clay,
Which with immortal blooming joys ſhall riſe,
When the laſt trumpet ſhakes the vaulted ſkies.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

So ſleep the ſaints, and ceaſe to groan,
When ſin and death have done their worſt;
Chriſt has a glory like his own,
Which waits to clothe their riſing duſt.

Imitation of an Epigram by Toplady.

Says Satan—" Man, I fain would have you know
What joys and pleaſures I have to beſtow:
You live too much below a happy ſtate,
Come taſte my banquet, freely drink and eat."
Man gave aſſent, and ſtraightway, to his coſt,
The bait he ſwallow'd, and his peace he loſt.
Says Satan, " Now I have you, you're my own;
Your faith, your hope, your Chriſt, your all, is gone!"
Man ſtrove and ſtruggled from his guilt and pain
To free himſelf, but, ah! 'twas all in vain.
Sorrow was there, and all her tears would try
To ſet him free, but freedom came not nigh.
Jeſus, the greateſt friend man ever knew,
Saw his diſtreſs, and ſwift to ſave him flew.
A ray of love divine ſhone thro' his ſoul,
A word from Jeſus inſtant made him whole:
" Man, thou art mine, I bought thee with my blood,
And ſtill I live to make that purchaſe good.
Tho' the foul tempter may thy ſoul annoy,
Yet neither hell nor ſin ſhall thee deſtroy.
Satan, be gone! my grace has won the day."
Man ſmil'd, and Satan frown'd, and fled away.

Advice

Advice to a Parent—A Fragment.

Look up to God in praiſe and prayer,
And baniſh all diſtruſtful care:
Yet may a care parental find
A conſtant place within your mind;
A care to act your part aright,
And of this maxim ne'er loſe ſight;
Let, ever let, your children ſee
Their father will their maſter be;
And never, upon no pretence,
With your authority diſpenſe,
Leſt, to your ſhame and ſore diſgrace,
Your children mock you to your face.
Such things, as oft it has been known,
Have brought grey hairs with ſorrow down;
But I forbear, I only meant,
Not to accuſe, but drop a hint.

Admonition to a Friend—A Fragment.

And now I am writing, permit me to ſay
A word or two briefly of beſt things, I pray.
How glad ſhould I be, did I know that your ſoul
Was pardoned thro' grace, and by Jeſus made whole!

What

What I mean is, that *you* could from Scripture maintain,
And prove by experience, you were born again;
For what will it profit a man, on the whole,
Should he gain all the world, if he loſe his own ſoul?
Now think, my dear friend, what a number of years
Already you've paſs'd in this valley of tears;
Your age is advancing, and you growing old,
And ah! you have often and often been told,
That no ſinful mortal can heaven attain
Except by the Spirit he is born again.
And are theſe aſſertions of Jeſus all true?
O! then let me aſk you, how is it with you?
Are you born again of the Spirit, or not?
Ah! let not this queſtion be aſk'd and forgot;
Do think on it cloſely, examine and ſee,
No queſtion on earth more important can be.
If you're born again, then you certainly know,
There once was a time, when you were not ſo;
You once were in blindneſs, and hardneſs, and ſin,
Nor ſaw, felt, or thought, of the ſtate you were in;
But if your heart's changed, then you are poſſeſs'd
Of the light of the glorious Goſpel of Chriſt;
And you have been made both to ſee and to feel,
By nature and ſin you're deſerving of hell;
That no kind of duties, or works of your own,
Can e'en for the ſmalleſt tranſgreſſion atone;
That guilty, polluted, and ruined by ſin,
Is the ſtate which by nature you really are in;
And therefore you're led this concluſion to draw,
You ne'er can be ſav'd by the works of the law.
Your mouth is here ſtopp'd, and you've nothing to ſay,
But "God, for Chriſt's ſake, ſhew me mercy, I pray."

This truth then you're made with delight to receive,
That Jeſus is precious to them that believe;
Convinc'd and condemn'd before him you fall,
Acknowledging him to be all, and in all.
His blood and his righteouſneſs only, you find,
Can ever give comfort or peace to your mind;
And therefore unto him alone you apply,
Crying, "Jeſus, Lord, ſave me, or elſe I muſt die;"
And thus you're encourag'd to look to the Lord,
From many ſweet promiſes found in his word.
His word you will ſearch, and continue in prayer,
And own 'tis by grace, that you are what you are;
And this will ſtill lead you in practice to ſhow,
That all your ſalvation to Jeſus you owe.
You'll walk in his way, and rejoice in his love,
Still finding your help cometh all from above;
You'll watch, and you'll pray, and you'll ſtrive againſt ſin,
And long to be holy without and within;
You'll live in the hope of his kingdom to come,
And bleſs him who tells you, that *yet there is room*;
In Chriſt you will triumph o'er Satan and death,
And joyfully to him reſign your laſt breath;
And then to your heavenly manſion arrive,
There with him for ever in glory to live.
O may you, my friend, all theſe bleſſings enjoy,
And praiſes eternal ſhall be your employ.

S. M.

To my Friend Mr. S——s of Briſtol. Thanks for the Preſent of a curious Specimen of Cottam Stone.

You doubtleſs know, dear Sir, as well as me,
That when in light divine God's word we ſee;
Sweet beams of pleaſure and of profit too
Shine thro' the whole of what we read and view.
Thus for example, when our Saviour ſaid,
Suppoſe a ſon aſk'd of his father bread,
Could he a father's tender love diſown
By giving him inſtead of bread a ſtone?
Or if a fiſh ſhould be the ſon's demand,
Would he a *ſerpent* thruſt into his hand?
Or if an egg were his dear child's requeſt,
Would he a ſcorpion put into his breaſt?
Moſt ſurely no, ſays nature with diſdain,
What father's heart could ſuch vile thoughts retain?
Mark then, dear Sir, and ſpecial notice take,
What ſweet improvement of it did he make.
If ye then, being evil, ſaith our Lord,
Know to your children how good things t' afford,
O how much more your heavenly father's love
Will give his holy Spirit from above
To thoſe who for it on him humbly call,
Though they have ſinners been, or great or ſmall!
What bleſſed truths are theſe for Chriſt to paint;
To teach us ſtill to pray, and never faint!
Though Satan and our unbelief ſhould ſay,
That we ſhould always faint, and never pray;

That what I've ſaid above is true indeed,
And ſo ſelf-evident, no proof you need.
I truſt your own experience, day by day,
Proves that your Heavenly Father hears you pray;
And tho' all this with you I gladly own,
Yet may not thanks be due but for a ſtone?
Moſt ſure they may; and 'tis with this intent,
That I to you have all this ſcribble ſent.
Know then, dear ſir, for I would have it known,
That ſafely I received——The Cottam Stone.
A ſtone indeed—in which a curious eye
A thouſand pleaſing beauties may deſcry.
Oft as the mimick landſcape there I view—
I ſee—or think I ſee—ſtill ſomething new.
Rivers, and clouds, and men, and plants, and trees
Riſe—and in various forms the fancy pleaſe;
With it I'm pleas'd, and for it, let me ſay,
Accept my hearty thanks, dear ſir, I pray.
Permit me only one requeſt to make,
Which you, I truſt, will not unkindly take;
That if in future you ſhould chance to find,
Or ſtone, or foſſil, which may ſtrike your mind,
Or ſpar, or cryſtal, or be what it will,
Which may the great Creator's works reveal,
You'll keep it, till, on ſome convenient day,
You may it ſafely unto me convey.
Pardon, dear ſir, the freedom which I take,
If I've preſum'd, excuſe for friendſhip's ſake.
But I ſeem loath my pen ſhould down be laid,
Till of the ſubject ſome improvement's made.
A ſtone in ſcripture frequently is found
A copious emblem, in the joyful ſound;

Nor on this emblem does the word inſiſt
So much, as when apply'd to Jeſus Chriſt;
He there is call'd, and by his ſaints is known,
To be to them, indeed——A living ſtone;
In Him as ſuch what wond'rous things are found,
There life, and peace, and love, and joy abound:
Yea 'tis moreover in the ſcripture ſaid,
He's the foundation ſtone, which God has laid;
The ſure foundation there He's laid alone,
To build our faith, and hope, and ſouls upon;
Tho' earth's foundations ſhake, and be no more,
Yet Chriſt, the great foundation, ſtands ſecure.
Yes, there a Precious Stone—He's ſaid to be;
And precious is He not, to you and me?
O yes, I truſt He is—and we muſt own,
He is our *Pearl of Price*, our *Precious Stone*.
In Him what glories! beauties all divine,
Reſplendent and for ever ever ſhine;
Compar'd with what the ſoul in Him enjoys,
Jewels on earth are gaudy, trifling toys;
Their beauty, worth, and luſtre, muſt decline,
While His, to all eternity, ſhall ſhine.
Farther—this emblem thus the ſcripture paints,
He is—A Tried Stone to all his ſaints;
Tried, indeed, when he ſuſtain'd the load
Of all our ſins—and all the wrath of God;
Yea men, and devils too, have try'd him, both
With all their ſubtilty, and all their wrath.
But He remains, and ever ſhall endure,
The tried ſtone, immoveable and ſure;
His ſaints have try'd him, and have always found
Safety, and reſt, and peace in Him abound;

This they with joy to all on earth proclaim,
And to eternity ſhall do the ſame.
Once more, of Him, 'tis in the ſcripture ſaid,
That as a corner ſtone, He's alſo laid;
Angels and men, both Jews and Gentiles, are
In one grand fabric all united here;
Thro' the vaſt building every gracious ſoul
Views Chriſt, the ſtrength and beauty of the whole.
Then what, compar'd with Him, are all the ſtones
Which *Cottam's plain* or rich *Golconda* owns?
O may this *ſtone!*—this *pearl of price* be ours,
While time and while eternity endures;
Take *diamonds*, *rubies*, *pearls*, and all the reſt,
Whoever will—with Chriſt may we be bleſt;
Living and dying, may we him adore,
And with *Him* dwell at laſt, for evermore.

S. M.

The Broken Pipe—A Fragment.

WHEN my pipe's broke, and my tobacco's gone,
And I ſit muſing on it all alone,
Such thoughts as theſe will often fill my head—
Thus will it be, when I myſelf am dead.
My poor frail body, by death's final ſtroke,
Will like my pipe be all to pieces broke;
And like a broken pipe, 'twill then be found
Not fit for uſe, but caſt into the ground.

Thus pipe and body, when they're brok they're ſpoil'd,
For ſmoke and ſin have both of them defil'd.
  Juſt ſo the mortal pleaſures of the day,
Which we enjoy while in this houſe of clay;
Juſt ſo our lives, juſt ſo our fleeting breath,
Will, like the ſmoke, evaporate in death:
Then ſhall I prove the truth, which God has ſpoke—
What is your life? a vapour!—yea—a ſmoke.
  But here for ever bleſſed be the Lord,
For light and comfort from his holy word:
The broken mortal body ſhall ariſe,
In bright immortal glories to the ſkies;
Purg'd, and for ever freed from ſin and death,
There ſhall I draw all pure, immortal breath;
Jeſus for ever I ſhall there adore,
Nor pipes, nor ſmoke, be ever needed more.

APPENDIX.

Thoughts on an Air Balloon, written in the year 1784.

I READ your letter, and this afternoon
Rhym'd theſe few thoughts about this *Air Balloon.*
When firſt 'twas talk'd of, doubtleſs many folk
Would think the whole was nothing but a joke.
An air balloon! cries one—what can it be?
I wiſh I could this mighty wonder ſee.
'Tis, ſays another, an outlandiſh thing,
That mounts in air, and flies with ne'er a wing.
That flies with ne'er a wing! replies a third;
Then, ſure I am, it cannot be a bird,
No, nor a beaſt, a fourth began to cry,
For ſure I am, that beaſts can never fly.
A fifth, who thought the whole affair was evil,
Said he much fear'd, leſt it ſhould be the devil.
Another conjurer, juſt as wiſe as he,
Said, it, perhaps, a miracle might be:
While many wiſe old women in a pother,
Smoked, talk'd, and wonder'd much, with one another:
Nay little children, on their daddy's knee,
Cry'd, O, this air balloon!—what can it be?
Perhaps, 'tis ſomething made juſt now a day,
To take the naughty boys and girls away.
Thus children, fools, old women, and the like,
Wonder'd and ſtar'd, as if their hearts would break;

While men of ſenſe, who knew the whole affair,
Could not but ſmile to ſee the noddies ſtare:
They knew th' effect by judging of the cauſe,
And that the whole was rul'd by nature's laws.
At length the day arriv'd—Well! who was there?
Why full ten thouſand folks to gape and ſtare;
And gape and ſtare they did with longing eyes,
Waiting the moment when it ſhould ariſe.
At length the cord was cut, and up it flew—
"There—there it goes," was heard the crowd all through.
See how it ſhines, ſays one.—Dear me, how fine!
Pray, ſays another, who d'ye think's within?
Some ſaid, they'd take upon them to declare,
A cobbler and his lap-ſtone both were there;
Some ſaid a ſheep, and others ſaid a cock,
Some ſaid a gooſe, and others ſaid a duck.
Well! when they'd gaz'd about eight minutes o'er,
'Twas got ſo high it could be ſeen no more.
Home they all went.—Says one, It pleas'd me quite.
I ſaw it, ſays another, "*out of ſight.*"
Why, did you? ſays a *third*—then I dare ſay,
You ſurely ſaw it a prodigious way.
Many there were ſaw the Balloon ariſe,
And gaz'd till they had loſt it in the ſkies;
But you, it ſeems, have beat them all outright,
For you declare you ſaw it—"out of ſight."
I've heard of ſome who ſaid that they could view
As far as they could ſee—and farther too.
Perhaps you're one of thoſe—and if you are,
You'd better ſtaid there ſtill to gape and ſtare;
You might have ſeen through all the ſpace it paſs'd,
Quite to the ſpot where it would fall at laſt.

But

But let us now the ſmiling part forſake,
And of it ſome improvement ſtrive to make.
I think an Air Balloon moſt fairly can
Be made an em'lem of a wicked man.
I alſo think, that in it we may view
The hypocrite, and the vain coxcomb too.
Though each of theſe ſhould riſe, and touch the moon,
They'd fall at laſt—juſt like an *Air Balloon*.
Now firſt let's view the wicked man, and ſee,
If with an Air Balloon he won't agree.
Empty he is of all that's good and kind,
And air inflammable fills all his mind;
Foul air, not fit for human ſouls to breathe,
Foul as the fumes of ſin, and hell, and death:
Light, vain, inconſtant, all his goings are,
Drove by his luſts as winds, or here or there.
True, his outſide may glitter, and may ſhine,
With wealth and honours, no *Balloon* more fine;
Borne up by theſe, ſo high he may ariſe,
As to attract a many thouſand eyes;
And ſome may think him happy—ſad miſtake!
What would he be, ſhould the Balloon but break?
In that dread ſtate, in which he daily flies,
He'd fall, and ſink to hell, no more to riſe;
His glitt'ring tinſel, and his gaudy pride,
And all his high flown honours muſt ſubſide.
Or if he grovels in a lower line,
And wallows in his luſts juſt like a ſwine;
If here death ſtrikes him, (and who knows how ſoon?)
He'll die in ſtench, juſt like an Air Balloon.
Next let us then the hypocrite review,
And here again the emblem will hold true;

For

For ſure I am it may be proved ſoon,
A hypocrite's juſt like an Air Balloon.
As long as in religion he'll abide,
You'll ſee him wear a mighty fine outſide;
But his religion only is a ſkin,
And, like an Air Balloon, 'tis vaſtly thin.
Sometimes in talk ſo high you'll ſee him riſe,
You'd think he'd left the earth, and reach'd the ſkies;
And thus in words he'll float as in the air,
So high as e'en to make ſome good folks ſtare:
Who for a ſeaſon may think all is right,
While they obſerve his outſide and his flight.
But ah, within him does no good thing dwell,
For his inſide's the very ſink of hell!
Ere long you'll find his high profeſſion's o'er,
And down he falls in ſin, to riſe no more.
Now let us next the poor vain coxcomb ſee,
And nothing but an Air Balloon is he.
Behold this maccaroni—ſee him come,
Stiffen'd all o'er, like tiffany with gum.
Lace, paſte, and powder, make him mighty fine,
No, not an Air Balloon can him outſhine;
Ay, but his heart and ſkull are empty quite
Of ev'ry thing that's either good or right.
To hear him talk, O what a horrid tide
Flows from his lips of nonſenſe, froth, and pride!
He thinks he all things knows, for 'tis his rule,
That ev'ry one except himſelf's a fool.
He knows—what knows he not, or great or ſmall?—
Why, he knows not himſelf—ſo nothing knows at all.
He's here and there, and ever on the wing,
A poor conceited, empty, uſeleſs thing.

Sometimes

Sometimes he talks and rattles on ſo high,
He'd have you think his head had touch'd the ſky;
But after all that he has ſaid or done,
He's light and empty as an Air Balloon;
And if his heart's not chang'd by God moſt high,
Juſt like an Air Balloon he'll ſink and die.
Not ſo the real Chriſtian—he, through grace,
Is what he ſeems to be in heart and face;
Outward he's made in holineſs to ſhine,
Nor leſs his heart is fill'd with grace divine;
Up to his God his meditations riſe,
His beſt affections ſoar above the ſkies;
Not toſs'd by winds, nor ranging through the air,
His ſteady ſoul mounts up by faith and prayer,
While God's own ſpirit guides him in the way,
And power divine preſerves him day by day.
Grave, firm, and ſolid in the Chriſtian path,
He perſeveres in ſtedfaſt, humble faith;
His ſoul is upright, and his conduct proves,
He is the man whom God his Saviour loves.
Belov'd he is of all who know the Lord,
Who love his name, and live upon his word;
His end is joyful, and th' appointed day
He meets with pleaſure—dies—and ſoars away.
Up to the boſom of his Father, God,
He riſes, ſmiles, and ſhines along the road;
Legions of angels guard his ſpirit home,
Where ſin, nor death, nor ſorrow, e'er can come.
Behind him he has left a ſweet perfume
Of holineſs, which ſhall outlive the tomb;
The tomb ſhall one day burſt—his body riſe
To bright immortal glories in the ſkies.

There ſhall he join the ſhining choirs, who ſing
Eternal anthems to their God and King.
Thus the true Chriſtian ſhall be proved ſoon,
The very contraſt to an *Air Balloon.*
O may *this ſtate*, dear Sir, be yours and mine,
On earth below to grow in grace divine,
And then mount up to heaven, for ever there to ſhine!

To Mr. D. J——k, by way of Thanks for the Preſent of a Hare.

DEAR Sir, as I find I've a moment to ſpare,
I take up my pen to ſend thanks for the *Hare.*
Indeed 'twas a nice one, as ever was found,
I don't think a better is left on the ground;
And in it your kindneſs and friendſhip I view,
Which I well know are grateful, reſpectful, and true;
And I to this proof on't, I'll venture to ſay,
Am as heartily welcome as flowers in *May.*
A well-roaſted hare, if the ſauce be but good,
To me is a diſh of agreeable food.
Some perſons there are, whom I have heard ſay,
(Though I think they're miſtaken a bit, by the way)

That

That a hare and twelve penn'orth of ſauce, put together,
Are both worth a ſhilling, and ſcarcely that either.
But as for myſelf, as I hinted before,
I really look on them worth many times more.
One objection indeed I have to declare,
And that's to the method of killing the hare;
By hunting with horſes, with dogs, and with men,
As though 'twas a lion arous'd from his den.
As ſoon as they ſee her, dear me, what a cry!
And away over hedges and ditches they fly.
Such ſhouting, and bawling, and hallooing is there,
Sure the men are more mad than any March hare.
And yet thus employed I've ſeen heretofore,
Dogs, horſes, and men, full a hundred or more.
I ſometimes have thought, ſuppoſe there were found
As many fierce lions as hares on our ground,
Or blood-thirſty tigers, or ravening wolves,
'Tis a queſtion with me if they'd venture themſelves,
So boldly and bravely as now they can do,
When a poor ſqueaking hare is the game they purſue.
It brings to my mind a ſtory I've heard,
And that it is true I think need not be fear'd.
A patient from Bedlam not long ago came,
Who was got pretty well, and grown pretty tame;
Was advis'd to ſome diſtance from town to repair,
In hopes to be mended by good country air.
He took the advice, to the country he went,
Where chiefly his mornings in walking he ſpent;
And though he grew better, yet might it be ſeen
His whims and vagaries he had now and then.
One morning, as uſual, while walking abroad,
He heard a moſt terrible noiſe near the road;

On a hare, as ſhe paſs'd him, he juſt caſt his eye,
Not ever once dreaming 'twas ſhe caus'd the cry.
As onward he walk'd, and the noiſe nearer drew,
He ſoon had dogs, horſes, and hunters in view;
The ſight and the noiſe were ſo ſudden and ſtrange,
They made the man ſtart, and his countenance change.
In ſhort, from the whole of the ſenſes he had,
He could not help thinking the people were mad;
And ſo to one of them who followed on foot,
He ſtepp'd up in haſte, and this queſtion he put—
Pray tell me, my friend, what's all this ado?
Theſe dogs, men, and horſes, pray where will they go?
Why, maſter, they're going a hunting, he cries.
A hunting! ſays t'other, quite ſtruck with ſurpriſe;
A hunting of what, pray to me declare?
Why, maſter, they're going a hunting a hare.
A hare! ſays the madman; what is that, I pray?
Why it paſs'd you, ſaid t'other, juſt now in the way.
What that little thing which paſs'd by me juſt there,
Is that what they're hunting—is that call'd a hare?
And are all theſe horſes, theſe dogs, and theſe men,
Employ'd in purſuing that little thing, then?
I wiſh, ſays the madman, they'd take my advice,
And leaving their hunting, get home in a trice;
For if that my maſter ſhould happen this way,
He'll take them to Bedlam as ſure as the day.
O dear, the poor creatures are certainly mad,
And that not a little—they're all very bad.
I know I myſelf have had this diſeaſe,
But never was I half ſo mad as are theſe.
If theſe are th' effects of the fine country air,
I'll go back to Bedlam, we're far better there;

For though in that houſe there are ſcenes of diſtreſs,
No madneſs on earth can be equal to this.
From the whole this remark may on Bedlam be made,
More patients are out, than are in, who are mad.

THE END.

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